

U P O N T H I S
C O N T I N E N T

• *A New Chronicle of America* •

ABEL PLENN

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FOR MY WIFE AND FELLOW-WRITER,
DORIS TROUTMAN PLENN;
FOR THE MEMORY OF
MY MOTHER AND FATHER,
IDA AND HARRY PLENN;
AND FOR THE FEW AND THE MANY OTHERS
WHOSE CHERISHING EFFORT
AND RENEWING SPIRIT
KEEP THE HORIZONS OF AMERICAN
PIONEERING FOREVER PRESENT



. . on this continent a new nation . . .

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



FOR E W O R D



Although the present historical chronicle of the U.S.A. makes its appearance as a companion-book to this author's *The Southern Americas*, and generally follows the method developed in the earlier book of alternating excerpts selected from diaries, letters and other original sources with the author-editor's own commentary (which is printed in oblique type), there are differences in purpose as well as technique that are perhaps worth noting.

First and foremost, the earlier volume dealt with a more or less alien society and culture as far as the North American reader is concerned, and consequently the attention to factual material within the basic framework of interpretation was necessarily much greater than in the present chronicle, which deals with an historical development whose broad outlines are more or less familiar to the reader. For pretty much the same reason, it was possible—and felt to be desirable—to employ a more informal tone (at times a colloquial and even intimate one) in tracing this panoramic narrative of American discovery and change for the reader in any one of the forty-eight states. Hence, for example, the more than occasional use of the collective pronoun "we" in appraising people and events—and the significance behind both.

Most important of all, in fact, is the intention throughout of bringing the underlying meanings rather than the personalities or the episodes into the first plane of relief. In other words, although the presentation of both personalities and episodes as fresh sources as well as good and even exciting reading has been one of the author-editor's first concerns, his principal care has been to tell the dramatic story of the metamorphosis of this continent and its settlers and pioneers into a nation and a people not only for the sake of the story itself—but also because of whatever new

light the narrative might throw on the American people's evolving sense of values. If the emphasis in the text appears to be on past incident, the interpretation throughout the book is purposely conceived in the light of present and future values, social as well as cultural.

For aid and encouragement in the preparation and writing of this book I am indebted chiefly to my wife, Doris Troutman Plenn, whose confidence in its progress remained firm under trying circumstances, and whose criticism and suggestions were as helpful as they were generous. I am also grateful for her permission to include certain materials—such as the Onondaga chieftain's account of the founding of the Iroquois peace league, and the quotation from colonial Governor Dunmore's statement of the American character—that were discovered in the course of research undertaken with her more than a decade ago, some of which were embodied in a joint dramatic work entitled *U. S. Odyssey*.

I am indebted, further, to the New York Public Library, among others, for its courtesy in extending to me the use of the American History room, the Reserve Collection, map room, typewriting room, and other facilities during the preparation of this volume, and to the publishers and others mentioned below for their cooperation in allowing me to reprint copyrighted material used in the body of this book. The sources from which this material and all other quoted passages have been selected are cited in part in the text, and in full in the "Bibliographical References."

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Al Capp for permission to quote from a broadcast over WJZ-ABC given on August 15, 1948.

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A. P.

Rock Tavern, N. Y.

January 1949



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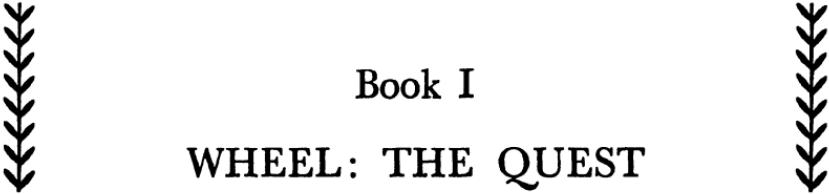
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• *A New Chronicle of America* •





Book I

WHEEL: THE QUEST

. One .

S E E K E R S

. Seck, and ye shall find, knock, and it
shall be opened unto you

THE NEW TESTAMENT

TOWARD THE SUN

What do we seek? From our beginnings upon this continent, we asked ourselves the question that was the key to our daily lives as men and women, as it was the key to our ultimate destiny as a national community — as it was to become the key to the fate of all the peoples of the world.

What do we seek? The question was put forward from the start. But the answer could not be given in one piece or at one time. It had to be searched for in the very action that lay ahead — action of everyday thinking as well as doing, and all of it, or nearly all, different. It had to be looked for, long and painstakingly, in the events and the concern that lay behind.

We were wise though groping children, knowing we had to make our new world in our own image, following the recognized example of the rest of nature around us. Knowing, too, that the image had to be fitted with energy — occasionally with skill and care, sometimes with love — into the resisting, challenging place we had chosen (and which had been chosen for us) to be our home. Knowing that, first of all, we had to open up the land —

even as the great gods of our Zuñi brothers had opened that symbolic, mythical mountain to create this world and to shape its men:

Then did the Sun-father take counsel within himself, and casting his glance downward espied, on the great waters, a Foam-cap near to the Earth-mother. With his beam he impregnated and with his heat incubated the Foam-cap, whereupon she gave birth to Uanam Achi Píah-ko, the Beloved Twain who descended. First, Uanam Ehkona, the

*Of the Twain Deliverers
of Men; Part of the
Zuñi Creation Myth*

Beloved Preceder, then Uanam Yáluna, the Beloved Follower—Twin brothers of Light, yet Elder and Younger, the Right and the Left—

like to question and answer in deciding and doing.

To them the Sun-father imparted, still retaining, control-thought and his own knowledge-wisdom, even as to the offspring of wise parents their knowingness is imparted and as to his right hand and his left hand a skillful man gives craft, freely surrendering not his knowledge. He gave them—of himself and their mother the Foam-cap—the great cloud-bow, and for arrows the thunderbolts of the four quarters (twain to either), and for buckler the fog-making shield which—spun of the floating clouds and spray, and woven (as of cotton we spin and weave)—supports as on wind, yet hides (as a shadow hides) its bearer, defending also.

And of men and all creatures he gave them the fathership and dominion, also as a man gives over the control of his work to the management of his hands.

Well instructed of the Sun-father, they lifted the Sky-father with their great cloud-bow into the vault of the high zenith, that the earth might become warm and thus fitter for their children—men and the creatures. Then along the trail of the sun-seeking Póshaiyank'ya (the wisest of wise men and the foremost, the all-sacred master, he who appeared in the waters below), they sped backward swiftly on their floating fog-shield, westward to the Mountain of Generation.

With their magic knives of the thunderbolt they spread open the uncleft depths of the mountain, and still on their cloud-shield—even as a spider in her web descendeth—so descended they unerringly, into the dark of the under-world. There they abode with men and the creatures, attending them, coming to know them, and becoming known of them as masters and fathers, thus seeking the ways for leading them forth.

Now there were growing things in the depths, like grasses and crawling vines. So now the Beloved Twain breathed on the stems of these grasses (growing tall, as grass is wont to do toward the light, under the opening they had cleft and whereby they had descended), causing them to increase vastly and rapidly by grasping and walking round and round

them, twisting them upward until lo! they reach forth even into the light.

And where successively they grasped the stems, ridges were formed, and thumb-marks whence sprang branching leaf-stems. Therewith the two formed a great ladder whereon men and the creatures might ascend to the second cave-floor, and thus not be violently ejected in after-time by the throes of the Earth-mother and thereby be made demoniac and deformed.

Up this ladder, into the second cave-world, men and the beings crowded, following closely the Two Little Mighty Ones. (Yet many fell back and, lost in the darkness, peopled the under-world, whence they were delivered in after-time and terrible earth-shakings, becoming the monsters and fearfully strange beings of olden times.) Lo! in this second womb it was dark as is the night of a stormy season, but larger of space and higher than had been the first, because it was nearer the navel of the Earth-mother, hence named K'ólin tehuli—the Umbilical-womb, or the Place of Gestation.

Here again men and the beings increased and the clamor of their complainings grew loud and beseeching. Again the Two, augmenting the growth of the great ladder, guided them upward—this time not all at once, but in successive bands to become in time the fathers of the six kinds of men (the yellow, the tawny gray, the red, the white, the mingled, and the black races), and with them the gods and creatures of them all. (Yet this time also, as before, multitudes were lost or left behind.)

The third great cave-world, whereunto men and the creatures had now ascended, being larger than the second and higher, was lighter, like a valley in starlight, and named Awisho tehuli—the Vaginal-womb, or the place of Sex-generation or Gestation. For here the various peoples and beings began to multiply apart in kind one from another.

And as the nations and tribes of men and the creatures thus waxed numerous as before, here, too, it became overfilled. As before, generations of nations now were led out successively (yet many were lost, also as hitherto) into the next and last world-cave, Tépahaian tehuli—the Ultimate-uncoverable, or the Womb of Parturition.

Here it was light like the dawning, and men began to perceive and to learn variously according to their natures, wherefore the Twain taught them to seek first of all our Sun-father, who would, they said, reveal to them wisdom and knowledge of the ways of life—wherein also they were instructing them as we do little children. Yet like the other cave-worlds, this too became, after long time, filled with progeny.

And finally, at periods, the Two led forth the nations of men and the kinds of being, into this great upper world, which is called Ték'ohaian tlahnane—or the World of Disseminated Light and Knowledge or Seeing . . .

They crouched when they walked, often indeed, crawling along the ground like toads, lizards and newts; like infants who still fear to walk straight, they crouched, as before-time they had in their cave-worlds, that they might not stumble and fall, or come to hurt in the uncertain light thereof. And when the morning star rose they blinked excessively as they beheld its brightness and cried out with many mouth-motionings that surely now the Father was coming. But it was only the elder of the Bright Ones, gone before with elder nations and with his shield of flame, heralding from afar (as we herald with wet shell scales or crystals) the approach of the Sun-father.

And when, low down in the east the Sun-father himself appeared—what though shrouded in the midst of the great world waters—they were so blinded and heated by his light and glory that they cried out to one another in anguish and fell down wallowing and covering their eyes with their bare hands and arms. Yet ever anew they looked afresh to the light and anew struggled toward the sun as moths and other night creatures seek the light of a camp fire—yea, and what though burned, seek ever anew that light!

Thus ere long they became used to the light, and to this high world they had entered. Wherefore, when they arose and no longer walked bended, lo! it was then that they first looked full upon one another . . .

OUR NAMES REMEMBERED

Into this high world we came, Zuñis, of Cíbola the powerful, and other peoples of the same great Pueblo family where learning and lore would reach high if not far there on those purple heights of the mesa in the southwest.

In that same aboriginal world, we arose eastward and to the north as the growing, conquering, uniting Iroquois. Toward the south we were Appalachians and Cherokees and the ancient Chicoreans. Westward and north again, we were the multitudinous Algonquins, migrating in every direction. More to the west we called ourselves Dakotas and

sometimes Sioux. We were of the lineage known as Snake. And farthest toward the setting of the sun we belonged to the tribes of the Athabasca.

We were these and hundreds of others that came under their tribal roof. Flatheads and Nez Perces, Hoopas and Walla-Wallas, we roamed the far western latitudes. Up from the southwest and east to the lakes, we were Omaha, Osage, Crow and cruel Pawnee. Root-Diggers, we called those of us who had been chased by the Blackfeet southward from Canada. From the Coosawhatchee to the Appalachicola and on to the Tallapoosa, we were known as the Muskoki or the Creek, allied to our brothers the Mobile and the Seminole, the Choctaw and the Chickasaw — and the Uchees and others as well.

Allied in another union, under the Algonquin roof that spread like the wings of a huge bird flying from the eastern coast westward and to the north, we were Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Piankeshaw and Pottawatomie, we were Sac and Fox and Illinois. We were the neutral Shoshone.

But neutrality was scarce among us. It was scarcely known at all to that greatest of the early confederacies, the Iroquois or Six Nations, who controlled the Mohawk Valley and the waterways down which they sped on all sides, conquering as they went.

We were the conquering Iroquois — and yet we believed in peace as much as we practiced war. We believed in the ways of peace, and in the men who tried to lead us into those ways, such as the man who first urged us to form a union and whom we would long remember (and later deify) under the name we gave him —

Hiawatha the wise teacher of men:

Tarenyawago taught the Six Nations arts and knowledge. He had a canoe which would move without paddles. It was only necessary to will it, to compel it to go. With this he ascended the streams and lakes. He taught the people to raise corn and beans, removed obstructions from their water-courses and made their fishing-grounds clear. He

From the Verbal Narrations of an Onondaga Chief helped them to get the mastery over the great monsters which overran the country, and thus prepared the forests for their hunters.

His wisdom was as great as his power. The people listened to

him with admiration, and followed his advice gladly. There was nothing in which he did not excel good hunters, brave warriors, and eloquent orators.

He gave them wise instructions for observing the laws and maxims of the Great Spirit. Having done these things, he laid aside the high powers of his public mission, and resolved to set them an example of how they should live.

For this purpose, he selected a beautiful spot on the southern shore of one of the lesser and minuter lakes . . . called Tioto. . . . Here he erected his lodge, planted his field of corn, kept by him his magic canoe, and selected a wife. In relinquishing his former position, as a subordinate power to the Great Spirit, he also dropped his name, and according to his present situation, took that of Hiawatha, meaning a person of very great wisdom, which the people spontaneously bestowed on him.

He now lived in a degree of respect scarcely inferior to that which he before possessed. His words and counsels were implicitly obeyed. The people flocked to him from all quarters, for advice and instruction. Such persons as had been prominent in following his precepts, he favored, and they became eminent on the war-path and in the council-room.

When Hiawatha assumed the duties of an individual, at Tioto, he carefully drew out from the water his beautiful talismanic canoe, which had served for horses and chariot, in his initial excursions through the Iroquois territories, and it was carefully secured on land, and never used except in his journeys to attend the general councils. He had elected to become a member of the Onondaga tribe, and chose the residence of this people, in the shady recesses of their fruitful valley, as the central point of their government.

After the termination of his higher mission from above, years passed away in prosperity, and the Onondagas assumed an elevated rank, for their wisdom and learning, among the other tribes, and there was not one of these which did not yield its assent to their high privilege of lighting the general council-fire.

Suddenly there arose a great alarm at the invasion of a ferocious band of warriors from the north of the Great Lakes. As they advanced, an indiscriminate slaughter was made of men, women, and children. Destruction threatened to be alike the fate of those who boldly resisted, or quietly submitted. The public alarm was extreme.

Hiawatha advised them not to waste their efforts in a desultory manner, but to call a general council of all the tribes that could be gathered

together from the east to the west. And he appointed the meeting to take place on an eminence on the banks of Onondaga Lake.

Accordingly all the chief men assembled at this spot. The occasion brought together vast multitudes of men, women, and children—for there was an expectation of some great deliverance.

Three days had already elapsed, and there began to be a general anxiety lest Hiawatha should not arrive. Messengers were despatched for him to Tioto who found him in a pensive mood. . . . He communicated his strong presentiments that evil betided his attendance. These were overruled by the strong representations of the messengers, and he again put his wonderful vessel in its element, and set out for the council, taking his only daughter with him.

She timidly took her seat in the stern, with a light paddle, to give direction to the vessel—for the strength of the current of the Seneca river was sufficient to give velocity to the motion till arriving at So-hah-hi, the Onondaga outlet. At this point the powerful exertions of the aged chief were required, till they entered on the bright bosom of the Onondaga.

The grand council, that was to avert the threatened danger, was quickly in sight, and sent up its shouts of welcome as the venerated man approached and landed in front of the assemblage. An ascent led up the banks of the lake to the place occupied by the council. As he walked up this, a loud sound was heard in the air above—as if caused by some rushing current of wind.

Instantly the eyes of all were directed upward to the sky, where a spot of matter was discovered descending rapidly and every instant enlarging in its size and velocity. Terror and alarm were the first impulses—for it appeared to be descending into their midst—and they scattered in confusion.

Hiawatha, as soon as he had gained the eminence, stood still, and caused his daughter to do the same, deeming it cowardly to fly, and impossible—if it were attempted—to divert the designs of the Great Spirit. The descending object had now assumed a more definite aspect, and as it came down, revealed the shape of a gigantic white bird, with wide extended and pointed wings, which came down swifter and swifter, with a mighty swoop—and crushed the girl to the earth.

Not a muscle was moved in the face of Hiawatha. His daughter lay dead before him, but the great and mysterious white bird was also destroyed by the shock—such had been the violence of the concussion, that it had completely buried its beak and head in the ground. But the

most wonderful sight was the carcass of the prostrated bird . . . covered with beautiful plumes of snow-white shining feathers. Each warrior stepped up and decorated himself with a plume (and it hence became a custom to assume this kind of feathers on the war-path—succeeding generations substituted the plumes of the white heron) . . .

But yet a greater wonder ensued:

On removing the carcass of the bird, not a human trace could be discovered of the daughter. She had completely vanished.

At this the father was greatly afflicted in spirits, and disconsolate. But he roused himself as from a lethargy and walked to the head of the council with a dignified air, covered with his simple robe of wolf-skins, taking his seat with the chief warriors and counsellors—and listening with attentive gravity to the plans of the different speakers.

One day was given to these discussions. On the next day he arose and said:

"My friends and brothers, you are members of many tribes and have come from a great distance. We have met to promote the common interest and our mutual safety. How shall it be accomplished?

"To oppose these northern hordes in tribes singly, while we are at variance often with each other, is impossible. By uniting in a common band of brotherhood, we may hope to succeed. Let this be done, and we shall drive the enemy from our land. Listen to me by tribes:

"You the Mohawks—who are sitting under the shadow of the Great Tree, whose roots sink deep in the earth, and whose branches spread wide around—shall be the first nation because you are warlike and mighty.

"You the Oneidas—who recline your bodies against the Everlasting Stone, that cannot be moved—shall be the second nation because you always give wise counsel.

"You the Onondagas—who have your habitation at the foot of the Great Hills, and are overshadowed by their crags—shall be the third nation because you are all greatly gifted in speech.

"You the Senecas—whose dwelling is in the Dark Forest, and whose home is everywhere—shall be the fourth nation because of your superior cunning in hunting.

"And you the Cayugas—the people who live in the Open Country, and possess much wisdom—shall be the fifth nation because you understand better the art of raising corn and beans, and making houses.

"Unite, you five nations, and have one common interest—and no foe shall disturb and subdue you! You, the people, who are as the feeble

bushes, and you who are a fishing people, may place yourselves under our protection—and we will defend you. And you of the south and of the west may do the same—and we will protect you. We earnestly desire the alliance and friendship of you all.

“Brothers, if we unite in this great bond, the Great Spirit will smile upon us and we shall be free, prosperous and happy. But if we remain as we are, we shall be subject to his frown—we shall be enslaved, ruined, perhaps annihilated (we may perish under the war-storm, and our names be no longer remembered by good men nor be repeated in the dance and song!).

“Brothers, these are the words of Hiawatha. I have said it. I am done.”

THE WHITENESS OF HIS SKIN

Hiawatha’s words were heeded, his plan was adopted. And the echoes of the achievement and the hope he left behind him—as he sailed into the Indian sky seated in his magical birch canoe—were still there when a new challenge arose over our land:

From the east, the south, the north, and soon from the west too, more of us came: people from the Old World.

What did we seek? We were the newcomers now, following in the path of those who had opened the sea lanes before us (the effort made by the two sons of Eric the Red five centuries before, the possibilities indicated later by some wise men of a Europe awaking after the gloom of the Dark Ages). We followed the straight and hardy course, now, of the simple fishermen of England and France who had found the good banks of Newfoundland, no less than we followed the more uncertain charts of the learned geographers of the times.

Whatever we sought (and now it was mainly the westward passage to the gold and spices of the East that our rulers and our merchants hungered for), we were willing to seek it under another’s flag:

With Columbus the Genoese, flying the ensign of Spain, we reached the western Indies we thought was Japan. With Vespucci, another Italian, whose name Amerigo would embrace the vast American world (as he had embraced the flag of Portugal for his pioneering job), we touched the continent of the south.

Westward and to the north, to Cape Breton Island, then south almost to Chesapeake Bay, we sailed for the glory and future power of England — our captain was John Cabot, and he was Italian too.

And a dozen years after we had tramped through Florida with the Spaniard, Ponce de Leon, our sailing colors were those of Francis I of France — but we took our orders from the Italian, Verazzano. 1524 it was, and we lay off the Carolina coast.

While at anchor on this coast, there being no harbor to enter, we sent the boat on shore with twenty-five men, to obtain water—but it was not possible to land without endangering the boat, on account of the immense high surf thrown up by the sea (as it was an open roadstead). Many of the natives came to the beach, indicating—by various friendly

John de Verazzano on the Carolina Coast, 1524 signs—that we might trust ourselves on shore. One of their noble deeds of friendship deserves to be made known. . . :

A young sailor was attempting to swim ashore through the surf, to carry them some knick-knacks—as little bells, looking glasses and other like trifles. When he came near three or four of them he tossed the things to them, and turned about to get back to the boat. But he was thrown over by the waves, and so dashed by them, that he lay as it were, dead upon the beach.

When these people saw him in this situation, they ran and took him up by the head, legs, and arms, and carried him to a distance from the surf. The young man, finding himself borne off in this way, uttered very loud shrieks, in fear and dismay—while they answered as they could in their language, showing him that he had no cause for fear.

Afterwards, they laid him down at the foot of a little hill, when they took off his shirt and trousers, and examined him — expressing the greatest astonishment at the whiteness of his skin. Our sailors in the boat, seeing a great fire made up and their companion placed very near it—full of fear, as is usual in all cases of novelty—imagined that the natives were about to roast him for food. But as soon as he had recovered his strength, after a short stay with them—showing by signs that he wished to return aboard—they hugged him with great affection and accompanied him to the shore. Then, leaving him that he might feel more secure, they withdrew to a little hill—from which they watched him until he was safe in the boat.

This young man remarked that these people were black . . . that they had shining skins, middle stature, and sharper faces, and very delicate bodies and limbs, and that they were inferior in strength but quick in their minds. That is all that he observed of them.

Departing hence, and always following the shore which stretched to the north, we came, in the space of fifty leagues, to another land, which appeared very beautiful and full of the large forests. We approached it, and going ashore with twenty men, we went back from the coast about two leagues, and found that the people had fled and hid themselves in the woods for fear.

By searching around, we discovered in the grass a very old woman and a young girl of about eighteen or twenty, who had concealed themselves for the same reason. The old woman carried two infants on her shoulders, and behind her neck a little boy eight years of age.

When we came up to them they began to shriek and make signs to the men who had fled to the woods. We gave them a part of our provisions, which they accepted with delight. But the girl would not touch any—everything we offered to her being thrown down in great anger.

We took the little boy from the old woman to carry with us to France, and would have taken the girl also—who was very beautiful and very tall. But it was impossible because of the loud shrieks she uttered as we attempted to lead her away.

THE POWER OF CIBOLA

The cries grew louder, and so did the war whoops. The tears (and the blood) of the Indian began to flow to the farthest corners of the continent. But the Indian fought back in many ways for years and decades to come.

“Dry up the river,” (and he meant the Mississippi) said one Indian chief to Hernando de Soto of Spain — more lately of Pizarro’s legions in Peru — “and I shall believe that you are, as you say, a child of the sun.” Instead, it was De Soto who was dried up by the river, after he had cut his way up to what would be Georgia, across the future Alabama, over the big river waiting for his bones, all the way up to what we call Missouri, and back down the river to die before the year 1542 was half over.

West of the great river, other Spaniards besides De Soto were looking

for the "mysteries" — El Dorado, Quivira, even Cíbola, which Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions, including the Negro slave Esteban, had described as a great and powerful city after their shipwreck and their trek across Florida and Texas and New Mexico. And just about the time De Soto started on his long and fatal quest from the landing in Florida, the man known as Esteban or Estebanico returned, no longer a slave.

He returned to New Mexico as a guide for the zealous but wishful friar, Marcos de Niza. He returned with the hope that the Indians would still consider him a magic-working god — "the black Mexican" — and would still favor him with plenty of gifts and a new abundance of followers and females.

But even the lucky Esteban's star was already nearing its end, as Marcos de Niza, head of the ill-fated expedition, was about to find out:

Continuing our journey, at a day's march from Cíbola, we met two other Indians, of those who had gone with Esteban, who appeared bloody and with many wounds. At this meeting, they and those that were with me set up such a crying, that out of pity and fear they also made me cry. So great was the noise that I could not ask about Esteban nor of what had happened to them. So I

*Fray Marcos de Niza
Records Adversity in
New Mexico; 1538* begged them to be quiet, that we might learn what had passed. They said to me:

"How can we be quiet, when we know that our fathers, sons, and brothers who were with Esteban, to the number of more than three hundred men, are dead? And we no more dare to go to Cíbola, as we have been accustomed."

Nevertheless, as well as I could I endeavored to pacify them and to put off their fear (although I myself was not without need of someone to calm me). I asked the wounded Indians concerning Esteban and as to what had happened. They remained a short time without speaking a word, weeping along with those of their towns.

At last they told me that when Esteban arrived at a day's journey from Cíbola, he sent his messengers with his calabash to the lord of Cíbola to announce his arrival and that he was coming peacefully and to cure them. When the messengers gave the lord the calabash and he saw the rattles, he flung it furiously on the floor and said: "I know these people. These rattles are not of our style of workmanship. Tell them

to go back immediately or not a man of them will remain alive." Thus he remained very angry. The messengers went back sad, and hardly dared to tell Esteban of the reception they had met. Nevertheless they told him, and he said that they should not fear, that he desired to go on, because, although they answered him badly, they would receive him well. So he went and arrived at the city of Cíbola just before sunset, with all his company—which would be more than three hundred men, besides many women. The inhabitants would not permit them to enter the city, but put them in a large and commodious house outside the city. They at once took away from Esteban all that he carried, telling him that the lord so ordered.

"All that night," said the Indians, "they gave us nothing to eat nor drink. The next day, when the sun was a lance-length high, Esteban went out of the house and some of the chiefs with him. Straightway many people came out of the city and, as soon as he saw them, he began to flee—and we with him. Then they gave us these arrow-strokes and cuts, and we fell, and some dead men fell on top of us. Thus we lay till nightfall, without daring to stir. We heard loud voices in the city and we saw many men and women watching on the terraces. We saw no more of Esteban and we concluded that they had shot him with arrows as they had the rest that were with him—of whom there escaped only us."

. . . I told them that Our Lord would chastize Cíbola and that when the Emperor knew what had happened he would send many Christians to punish its people. They did not believe me—because they say that no one can withstand the power of Cíbola.

LOST IN ADMIRATION

We saw defeat with Esteban, and soon we met frustration with Coronado, who rode in his armor of gold all the way from Compostela in old Mexico up to California and Arizona and New Mexico. Down to Texas and up to Oklahoma, into Kansas and maybe Nebraska, in one of the longest expeditions ever made — until, suddenly, he gave up, to go hurrying back to Spain. His vision of the shining Seven Cities with their treasures of silver and gold was gone, and all he could see now was the treasure of wife and home he had left behind.

But others kept on, and we kept on with them. We moved against

obstacles of nature and man, with the French under Cartier, under Joliet and Marquette, under Champlain, under La Salle and the Belgian, Hennepin. With the barons seeking new land and new fame, the friars searching for new souls, the trappers and traders on the look-out for beaver and other precious pelts. We moved from Canada down the St. Lawrence, across and around the five great petals of the five blue Lakes. Down to the Ohio and all along the Mississippi and the Missouri River shore.

We kept on, too, with the enterprising, mercantile Dutch — who, like the British and French kings and queens and their merchants (and their pirates and buccaneers), were already busy on sea and land challenging the immense power and the enormous wealth won by Spain and Portugal in the New World and in the islands of the true East.

Our flag for the moment was Holland's (though our captain was an Englishman) and we sailed along the Atlantic coast before heading for the fine broad river (broader even than a Dutchman's breeches) that would bear our commander's name. Hendrik, born Henry, Hudson and the rest of us could see the Indians watching us and our good ship, the Half Moon, eyeing us not as fellow-humans but as sky-spirits bringing rare gifts:

It now appears to be certain that it is the great Mannitto bringing them some kind of game such as they had not before. But other runners soon after arriving, declare it a large house of various colors, full of people—yet of quite a different color . . . dressed in a different manner . . . And that one . . . altogether red . . . must be the Mannitto himself.

The Indians Record the Arrival of a Ship; 1609

They are soon hailed from the vessel—though in a language they do not understand. Yet they shout . . . in their way. Many are for running off to the woods, but are pressed by others to stay—in order not to give offence to their visitors, who could find them out and might destroy them.

The house—or large canoe, as some will have it—stops, and a smaller canoe comes ashore with the Red Man and some others in it. Some stay by this canoe to guard it. The chiefs and wise men—or councillors—have composed a large circle, unto which the Red-Clothed Man with two others approach.

He salutes them with friendly countenance, and they return the salute after their manner. They are lost in admiration, both as to the color of the skin of these whites, as also to their manner of dress; yet most as to the habit of him who wore the red clothes, which shone with something they could not account for.

He must be the great Mannitto, supreme being, they think—but why should he have a white skin?

A large hockhack (or drinking-gourd) is brought forward by one of the Mannitto's servants, and from this a substance is poured out into a small cup and handed to the Mannitto. The Mannitto drinks, has the glass filled again, and hands it to the chief next to him to drink. The chief receives the glass, only smelleth at it, and passes it on to the next chief—who does the same.

The glass thus passes through the circle without the contents being tasted by any one, and is upon the point of being returned again to the Red-Clothed Man, when one of their number, a spirited man and great warrior, jumps up, harangues the assembly on the impropriety of returning the glass with the contents in it—that the same was handed them by the Mannitto in order that they should drink it as he himself had done before them, that this would please him, but to return what he had given to them might provoke him and be the cause of their being destroyed by him. And that since he believed it for the good of the nation that the contents offered them should be drunk, and as no one was willing to drink it, he would—let the consequence be what it would. And that it was better for one man to die than a whole nation to be destroyed.

He then took the glass, and bidding the assembly a farewell, drank it off. Every eye was fixed on their resolute companion to see what an effect this would have upon him—and he soon beginning to stagger and, and at last dropping to the ground, they bemoan him. He falls into a sleep, and they view him as expiring.

He awakens again, jumps up, and declares that he never felt himself before so happy as after he had drank the cup. Wishes for more. His wish is granted—and the whole assembly soon join him.

But we also brought new tools for the good of the body, for the growth of the mind and heart. We came bringing the leaping axe and the lifting plow, the wheel that rolled and the wheel that spun — and a world of other man-made wonders for man's work and man's ease. Nor did we neglect to bring the new and richer tools of the spirit that we had received both recently and in the more distant past of our Old World —

the precept to love our neighbors as ourselves, the principle to think and to act in accord with our convictions and beliefs (and to believe in accordance with our conscience).

We came with the aim (God willing) of building not only a more prosperous life, but also a moral and just one. We were pioneers for England in the south (short-lived we were on Manteo off North Carolina, and here to stay in the later beginning in Virginia in 1607 under that stalwart and loquacious gentleman Captain John Smith). But in the north we came first neither as entrepreneurs nor even as pioneers. We came as English pilgrims —

As dissidents, as Separatists seeking a more lasting haven than Holland, where we had sojourned for more than a decade. Seeking a clean haven free from the sins of the old world order. The Mayflower folk, bound for a stretch of land free of the Old World's dogma and decay, we rode through the storm at sea, we faced the wilderness ahead, with little food and less warmth — and our souls still fired with the vision of founding a brotherly way of life responsible only to the just Lord's vigilant and ever-burning eye:

September 6: . . . Now all being compact together in one ship, they put to sea again with a prosperous wind, which continued diverse days together—which was some encouragement unto them. Yet, according to the usual manner, many were afflicted with sea-sickness . . . After they had enjoyed fair winds and weather for a season, they were en-

*The People of the
Mayflower; from Bradford's
Journal; 1620* countered many times with crosswinds, and met with many fierce storms—with which the ship was shroudly shaken and her upper works made very leaky. And one of the main beams in the mid-ships was bowed and cracked, which put them in some fear that the ship could not be able to perform the voyage.

So some of the chiefs of the company, perceiving the mariners to fear

the sufficiency of the ship—as appeared by their mutterings—they entered into serious consultation with the master and other officers of the ship, to consider in time of the danger—and rather to return than to cast themselves into a desperate and inevitable peril. And truly there was great distraction and difference of opinion amongst the mariners themselves; fain would they do what could be done for their wages' sake (being now half the seas over). And on the other hand they were loath to hazard their lives too desperately.

But in examining of all opinions, the master and others affirmed they knew the ship to be strong and firm under water—and as for the buckling of the main beam, there was a great iron screw the passengers brought out of Holland, which would raise the beam into his place. The which being done, the carpenter and master affirmed that with a post put under it, set firm in the lower deck, and otherways bound, he would make it sufficient.

And as for the decks and upper works, they would caulk them as well as they could. And though with the working of the ship they would not long keep staunch, yet there would otherwise be no great danger if they did not overpress her with sails.

So they committed themselves to the will of God, and resolved to proceed . . .

After long beating at sea, they fell with that land which is called Cape Cod—the which being made and certainly known to be it, they were not a little joyful. After some deliberation had amongst themselves and with the master of the ship, they tacked about and resolved to stand for the southward (the wind and weather being fair) to find some place about Hudson's river for their habitation. But after they had sailed that course about half the day, they fell amongst dangerous shoals and roaring breakers, and they were so far entangled therewith as they conceived themselves in great danger. And the wind shrinking upon them withal, they resolved to bear up again for the Cape, and thought themselves happy to get out of those dangers before night overtook them—as by God's providence they did.

And the next day they got into the Cape harbor, where they rode in safety . . .

Being thus arrived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth—their proper element . . .

Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before)—they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies, no houses or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succour. It is recorded in scripture as a mercy to the apostle and his shipwrecked company, that the barbarians showed them no small kindness in refreshing them. But these savage barbarians, when they met with them . . . were readier to fill their sides full of arrows than otherwise.

And for the season—it was winter, and they that know the winters of the country know them to be sharp and violent and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men? And what multitude there might be of them, they knew not . . .

Which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For, summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weather-beaten face; and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hew.

If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed—and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. If it be said they had a ship to succor them, it is true—but what heard they daily from the master and company? . . . That with speed they should look out a place with their shallop, where they would be at some near distance—for the season was such as he would not stir from thence till a safe harbor was discovered by them, where they would be and he might go without danger. And that victuals consumed apace—but he must and would keep sufficient for themselves and their return. Yea, it was muttered by some that if they got not a place in time, they would turn them and their goods ashore and leave them!

Let it also be considered what weak hopes of supply and succor they left behind them, that might bear up their minds in this sad condition and trials they were under—and they could not but be very small. It is true, indeed, the affections and love of their brethren at Leyden was cordial and entire towards them—but they had little power to help them, or themselves. And how the case stood between them and the merchants at their coming away, hath already been declared.

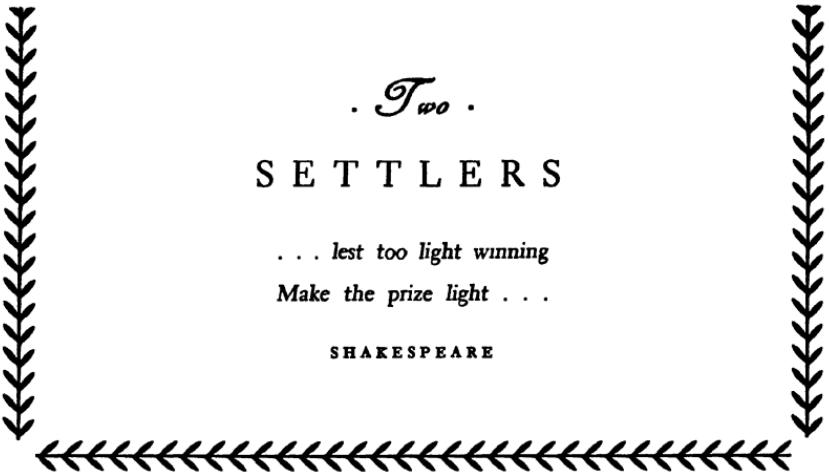
What could now sustain them but the spirit of God and his grace?

May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness—but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voice, and looked on their adversity . . . Let them therefore praise the Lord, because he is good, and his mercies endure forever. Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord show how he hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressor.

For better or worse, our feet were set (more firmly than those earlier pilgrim feet of our Huguenot brethren martyred by the Spaniard near the Florida line). Our feet were set on the road of deliverance from the Old World's tyranny over body and soul, our wings of brotherhood were sprouting.

And in our wondering eyes there shone the moving light of heaven (and that other Eye that could see from Dan to Beersheba) moving westward over our new-found haven — lifting from the thin, precious strip on the Atlantic, soon over aged Appalachia, past the iron sinews of Allegheny, into the long embrace of the plains and beyond, with the strident youth of the Rockies, to a new birth in the tallness of the West.

Our feet were on the new earth (our proper element). But the land was wild, and often fierce. It had to be tamed — yet made to give and grow. That would take skill and patience, sometimes care, occasionally even love. And wherever it would not be tamed, that was where it still had to be won.



. *Two* .

SETTLERS

. . . lest too light winning
Make the prize light . . .

SHAKESPEARE

A SURE PLEDGE

It was not easier to win the land from the trees and the boulders, the stumps and the stubborn roots, than from the people already living on it.

On the rocky soil of the Massachusetts people, as on the rich Virginia loam named for that English queen who liked to be known as the virgin (even to her favorite gentlemen friends), the ground had to be won from the Indian when it could not be bought for a pittance or obtained for nothing more than the red man's hope of some future benefit.

And when the Indian's friendship, or at least a provisional peace, could not be won in any other way, then his chief's daughter could be abducted — even if it was the same Pocahontas who had saved Captain John Smith's life. It was done with the best and most honorable of intentions — for the sake of love and marriage, and incidentally, of course, to obtain a sure pledge of peace and a firmer foothold on the land that would not remain virgin much longer:

It chanced Powhatan's delight and darling—his daughter Pocahontas (whose fame hath even been spread in England by the title of Non-parella of Virginia)—in her princely progress, I may so term it, took some pleasure in the absence of Captain Argall, to be among her friends

at Pataomecke . . . to exchange some of her father's corn for theirs . . .
Hamor's Account of Certain Events in Virginia, 1613 residing some three months or longer. It for-
tuned, upon occasion either of promise or profit, Captain Argall to arrive there when

Pocahontas, desirous to renew her familiarity with the English and delighting to see them, would gladly visit us as she did—of whom no sooner had Captain Argall intelligence, but he dealt with an old friend and adopted brother of his, Iapazeus, how and by what means he might procure her captive (assuring him that now or never was the time to pleasure him if he intended indeed that love which he had made profession of) so that in ransom of her he might redeem some of our Englishmen and arms now in the possession of her father, promising to use her courteously.

Iapazeus promised his best endeavors and secrecy to accomplish his desire—and thus wrought it, making his wife an instrument (which sex has ever been most powerful in beguiling enticements) to effect his plot which he had thus laid. He agreed that himself, his wife and Pocahontas would accompany his brother, Argall, to the waterside . . . His wife should feign a great and longing desire to go aboard and see the ship—which, being there three or four times before, she had never seen—and should be earnest with her husband to permit her.

He seemed angry with her making—as he pretended—so unnecessary a request . . . especially . . . without the company of women, which denial she taking unkindly must feign to weep (as who knows not that women can command tears). Whereupon her husband seeming to pity those counterfeit tears, gave her leave to go aboard, providing it would please Pocahontas to accompany her.

Now was the greatest labor to win her—guilty perhaps of her father's wrongs. Yet by her earnest persuasions she assented. So forthwith aboard they went.

The best cheer that could be made was seasonably provided. To supper they went, merry on all hands—especially Iapazeus and his wife, who, to express their joy, would ere be treading upon Captain Argall's foot (as who shall say " 'Tis done, she is your own!").

Supper ended, Pocahontas was borne in the gunner's room. But Iapazeus and his wife desired to have some conference with their brother, which was only to acquaint him by what stratagem they had betrayed his prisoner, as I have already related. After which discourse, to sleep they went.

Pocahontas, mistrusting their policy, was first up and hastened Iapa-

zeus to be gone. Captain Argall, having secretly well rewarded him with a small copper kettle and some other less valuable toys so highly by him esteemed that doubtless he would have betrayed his own father for them, permitted both him and his wife to return, but told him that for divers considerations . . . he would reserve Pocahontas—whereas she began to be exceeding pensive and discontented . . .

Long before this time, a gentleman of approved behavior and honest carriage, Master John Rolfe, had been in love with Pocahontas, and she with him—which thing, at the instant that we were in parley with them, myself made known to Sir Thomas Dale (the Governor) by a letter from him whereby he entreated his advice and furtherance in his love, if so it seemed fit to him for the good of the plantation. And Pocahontas acquainted her brethren therewith.

Which resolution Sir Thomas Dale well approving, was the only cause he was so mild amongst them—who otherwise would not have departed the river without other conditions.

The news of this pretended marriage came soon to Powhatan's knowledge, a thing acceptable unto him—as appeared by his sudden consent thereunto—who, some ten days after, sent an old uncle of hers named Opachisco to give her, as his deputy, in the church . . .

It pleased Sir Thomas Dale (myself being much desirous before my return for England to visit Powhatan and his Court, because I would be able to speak somewhat thereof by mine own knowledge) to employ myself and one Thomas Salvage who had lived three years with Powhatan and speaks the language naturally—one whom Powhatan much affecteth—upon a message unto him. Which was: to deal with him if by any means I might procure a daughter of his who (Pocahontas being already in possession) is generally reputed to be his delight and darling, and surely he esteemeth her as his own soul—for a sure pledge of peace.

MEETING-GROUND

We beat them down by ruse and ruthless bargaining — ready to impose our price if need be (and the need was found and would be found again) by the force of our better arms. Our numbers were still few — but how much greater our power because of the steel and the iron, the gun and the powder, our workmen at home (the Old World was still home for many of us) had provided us with! And how much greater our power

because of our shrewder understanding of trade and our knack for driving a deal so that a swindle might seem to be a bargain.

In the middle-lands of the long eastern strip that was being settled, in the territory of the Iroquois tribes, the Leni-Lenape, and others, the chief weapon was trade, and the traders were mainly the Dutch.

We were the commerce-minded Dutch, our special pride being New Amsterdam, the future city of New York. Shaped like a great shark, our principal trading center lay at the entrance to our Hudson's River on one side, and the River East on the other. A harbor of harbors — waiting there for us — and it had been bought from the Indians for less than it would have taken to pay for the repairs on a small piece of our dike back in the Old World.

We were the hard-driving Dutch, and we were not without our fearless pioneers — men like Arent van Curler among others — pushing their stolid frames and square countenances into the midst of tribes whose friendship was an unknown factor:

December 30, 1634: Without anything to eat we went to the Senecas . . . and after marching awhile the savages showed me the branch of the river that passes by Fort Orange and past the land of the Mohawks. A woman came to meet us, bringing us baked pumpkins to eat. This road was mostly full of beeches and beautiful flat land . . . After four or five miles' marching, the savages prayed us to fire our guns, and so we did but loaded them again directly.

From Arent van Curler's Journal; 1634-35

When near the Senecas' castle to the northwest, we saw a large river, and on the other side thereof tremendously high land that seemed to lie in the clouds. Upon inquiring closely into this, the savages told me that in this country the Frenchmen came to trade.

And then we marched boldly to the castle, where the savages opened to let us pass. And so we marched through them by the gate—which was three and a half feet wide, and at the top were standing three big wooden images, of cut wood, like men, and with them I saw three scalps fluttering in the wind, that they had taken from their foes as a token of the truth of their victory . . .

When at last we arrived in the chief's house, I saw there a good many people that I knew. And we were requested to sit down in the chief's place where he was accustomed to sit, because at the time he was not

at home, and because we felt cold and were wet and tired. They at once gave us to eat, and they made a good fire . . .

In the afternoon one of the council came to me, asking the reason of our coming into his land, and what we brought for him as a present. I told him that we did not bring any present, but that we only paid him a visit. He told us that we would not be allowed to do so, because we did not bring him a present.

Then he told us how the Frenchmen had come thither to trade with six men, and had given him good gifts, because they had been trading in this river with six men in the month of August of this year. We saw very good axes to cut the underwood, and French shirts, and coats, and razors. And this member of the council said we were scoundrels, and would not be admitted, because we paid not enough for their beaver skins. They told us that the Frenchmen gave six hands of seawan—wampum—for one beaver, and all sorts of things more.

The savages were pressing closely upon us, so that there was hardly room for us to sit. If they had desired to molest us, we could hardly have been able to defend ourselves. But there was no danger . . .

December 31, 1634: On Sunday the chief of this castle came back (his name is Arenias) and one more man. They told us that they returned from the French savages, and some of the savages shouted "Jawe arawi!"—which meant that they thanked him for having come back. And I told him that in the night we should fire three shots. And he said it was all right, and they seemed very well contented.

We asked them all sorts of questions about their castles and their names, and how far they were away from each other. They showed us—with stones and maize cakes. And Jeronimus then made a chart of it . . .

January 1, 1635: Another savage scolded at us. We were scoundrels (reason as told before). And he looked ill-tempered. Willem Tomassen got so excited that the tears were running along his cheeks. And the savages, seeing that we were not at all contented, asked us what was the matter, and why we looked so disgusted at them. There were in all 46 persons seated near us—if they had intended to do mischief, they could easily have caught us with their hands and killed us without much trouble.

But as I had listened long enough to the Indian's bragging I told him they all were scoundrels, and he was the biggest scoundrel of them all. He laughed at this and said he was not out of temper by the com-

pliment: "You must not grow so furious, for we are very glad that you came here."

And after that Jeronimus gave the chief two knives, two pairs of scissors, and a few awls and needles that we had with us. And in the evening the savages suspended a band of seawan, and some other stringed seawan that the chief had brought with him from the French savages as a sign of peace and that the French savages were to come in confidence to them. And he sang . . . after which all the savages shouted . . . and after that another band of seawan was suspended, and he sang . . . and all the savages shouted as hard as they could: "Hy, hy, hy!"

After long deliberation they made peace for four years, and soon after everyone returned to his home.

"JUST KEEP GOING"

Up and down the curvesome coast of our Atlantic, from Maine's ever-green mitten (a neat fit, for the time being, over the promoting hand of Sir Ferdinando Gorges of England) to the Spanish boot of Florida, we were busy getting the land from the Indians. We were busy getting their aid and their counsel — and sometimes even their crops — to make the going easier for ourselves.

We were taking the land and taking the beaver (taking a hand after they gave us a finger). Taking the game from the forests, and the fish from the rivers — from the Altagash and the Penobscot, from the Savannah, and west, with the French, from the Scioto and the Muskingum, the Wabash and Kaskaskia, to the Mississippi and beyond.

Westward and south, to New Mexico and all the way to the land of the Californias, we were still looking for another Peru, another Mexico, another treasure of silver and gold and cities rich with booty and coppery women and slaves. We were the Spanish — the friar as well as the conquistador — still searching for the "mysteries."

Sometimes we found them — at least we knew from the Indians (a notoriously unimaginative folk without a trace of cleverness) that the silver and gold, the shining cities and fabulous "mysteries," were on the road ahead. All we had to do, they informed us over and over again, was "just keep going."

After having passed all these nations and all these settlements or *rancherias*, by whom we were welcomed with great friendliness and joy—being given in all of them maize, frijoles and calabashes (not great in amount nor in proportion to the great multitude of the people nor to our needs) on the day of the Conversion of the Glorious Apostle St. Paul,

Escobar Hears Wondrous Tales in California; 1605 we arrived with great joy at the sea or Gulf of California, where we saw, according to the declaration of seamen, the finest bay, or port (for it is called by both names) which any of them had ever seen.

We called it the Port of the Conversion, since it was discovered on that day. It is formed by the Buena Esperanza River, where it enters the sea, with a mouth three or four leagues wide, according to the statements of the seamen who with me saw it. The mouth of the river is divided into two by a small isle which is in the middle, and is a league and a half or two leagues long. It runs from southeast to northwest, and provides a fine shelter for the bay, leaving each mouth a league and a half or two leagues wide . . .

Among the Indians of this coast there were found many white shells, and others green, of various shades, from which some of the Indians to whom we put questions said that they were accustomed to obtain large pearls—but we were unable to find any of them among the Indians, although the Governor made great efforts to do so.

When we returned from the sea and had reached the Vacecha nation, where the Indian chief called Otata had told us of the islet containing the silver or tin which they told us were there, and of the yellow metal of which the Indians of the Laguna made bracelets, he and many others reaffirmed the same things which they formerly had told us, without any contradiction—although it had been more than forty days since they had first told us, there being added the testimony of many other Indians, who affirmed it anew . . .

This Indian, Otata, also told us of all the people who live on the Buena Esperanza River, clear up to its source, showing this to be close to the sea, toward the northwest, as did many others likewise, all asserting that the Gulf of California makes this complete turn. He told us also of the people who live between the Buena Esperanza River and the sea, making a drawing of the country on a piece of paper—on which he indicated many nations of people so monstrous that I will make bold to affirm them with no little fear of being discredited through not having seen them—which I was unable to do on account of the lack of men and horses, and particularly of supplies . . . and on account of the little

or no grass which the country promised, so that for horses so weak and worn out as were most of those which we had, the enterprise appeared almost impossible . . . Nevertheless, I make bold to relate what I have heard stated to a great multitude of Indians in my person . . .

The Indian Otata told us in the presence of many others, who corroborated his story, of a nation of people who had ears so large that they dragged on the ground, and big enough to shelter five or six persons under each one . . . Not far from this nation, he said, there was another whose men had virile members so long, they wrapped them four times around the waist, and that in the act of generation the man and woman were far apart . . .

Likewise, we learned from this Indian and the others that near the foregoing people there was another nation with only one foot . . . They told us of another nation, not far from the last, who lived on the banks of a lake in which they slept every night—entirely under the water. These people, they said, were the ones who wore handcuffs and bracelets of yellow metal . . .

We learned from all these Indians that near this last nation there is another which always sleeps in trees. The reason we could not ascertain, whether it was for fear of wild beasts or insects, or from some natural characteristic or custom of theirs . . . The monstrosities of another nation, which they said was near this one, did not stop here, for they sustained themselves solely on the odor of their food, prepared for this purpose—not eating it at all, since they lacked the natural means to eliminate . . . They told us of another nation not far from this one which did not lie down to sleep but always slept standing up, bearing some burden on the head.

We pursued the will-o'-the-wisps — some of them fashioned for us by the Indians, others of our own making. But we went ahead, just the same, with the job of winning the soil that we would some day call our own.

We were winning the land, by fair means and foul. And we were slowly washing the war paint from the minds and hearts of the Indians. In and around Plymouth, while we planted the maize brought to us by the red men, we were also planting the seed of our new faith of brotherhood in the wilderness of their souls.

What would the harvest be?

Out of the pagan wilderness — where, with all its sensuous, pristine way of life, the ultimate credo was the rule of those in power (not necessarily the strong) over the helpless (not at all necessarily the weak) — would we build our garden of brotherly love? Would we construct our longed-for community in humble honor of man as well as his Maker, here on this promised land?

. *Three* .

R E D E E M E R S

... the nature of man is part of a nature
which is not subject to impediments . . .

MARCUS AURELIUS

NO COMMON DEATH

Slowly but surely the ways of the white man were becoming those of the Indian. Idleness and dissoluteness were discouraged, gambling and the possession of several wives were severely condemned when they could not be banned without the risk of enmity and war. Under the guidance of preachers in knee breeches, and friars in flowing robes, the Indians (still favoring, however, their own loin cloths and feathers) studied the new tongues and the skills, the faiths and the purposes brought by the men from England and France, Holland and Spain.

In the new schools — and out of them, too — the original folk of the land were learning the meaning of God's mercy as well as the importance of fencing their ground with ditches and stone walls, with the aid of the white man and the white man's tools. With the help of the shovel and spade, the mattock and the crow of iron, they were beginning to grow industrious.

But they were also becoming aware of the other ways of the whites — the rivalry and the fight for power and trade among the different nations. And the Indians had to take sides, so that their old feuds among each other became far worse, now, as they were absorbed into the white man's wars. Where before it had been the Algonquins against the Iroquois, for instance, now it was the Algonquins and the French allied against the English and the Iroquois. There was no evidence of

mercy in this war, fought with the newer weapons of knife and gun (and brain fired with rum) as well as the older instruments of death—the arrow and the burning dart, the torch and the tomahawk.

There was no mercy shown to the English captive by the Algonquins. There was no pity for the Frenchman fallen in the hands of the Iroquois—no pity for Father Isaac Jogues, singled out for martyrdom in the New World's spreading rivalries:

... Having weighed before God, with all the impartiality in my power, the reasons which inclined me to remain among those barbarians or to leave them, I believed that our Lord would be better pleased if I should take the opportunity to escape.

Daylight having come, I went to greet Monsieur the Dutch Governor, and declared to him the opinions that I had *Father Isaac Jogues among the Iroquois; 1643* adopted before God. He summons the chief men of the ship, signifies to them his intentions, and exhorts them to receive me, and to keep me concealed—in a word, to convey me back to Europe. They answer that, if I can once set foot in their vessel, I am in safety; that I shall not leave it until I reach Bordeaux or La Rochelle.

“Well, then,” the Governor said to me, “return with the savages, and toward the evening, or in the night, steal away softly and move toward the river; you will find there a little boat which I will have kept all ready to carry you secretly to the ship.”

After very humbly returning thanks to all those gentlemen, I withdrew from the Dutch, in order better to conceal my design. Toward evening, I retired with ten or twelve Iroquois into a barn, where we passed the night.

Before lying down, I went out of that place, to see in what quarter I might most easily escape. The dogs of the Dutch, being then untied, run up to me; one of them, large and powerful, flings himself upon my leg, which is bare, and seriously injures it. I return immediately to the barn; the Iroquois close it securely and, the better to guard me, come to lie down beside me—especially a certain man who had been charged to watch me.

Seeing myself beset with those evil creatures, and the barn well closed, and surrounded with dogs, which would betray me if I essayed to go out, I almost believed that I could not escape. I complained quietly to

my God, because, having given me the idea of escaping. . . . "He hath inclosed my ways with hewn stone" . . . and "Thou hast set my foot in a large room." . . .

I spent also that second night without sleeping. The day approaching, I heard the cocks crow. Soon afterward, a servant of the Dutch farmer who had lodged us in his barn, having entered it by some door or other, I accosted him softly, and made signs to him (for I did not understand his Flemish), that he should prevent the dogs from yelping. He goes out at once—and I after him, having previously taken all my belongings (which consisted of a little Office of the Virgin, of a little Gerson or small edition of the *Imitatio Christi*, and a wooden Cross that I had made for myself), in order to preserve the memory of the sufferings of my Savior.

Being outside of the barn, without having made any noise or awakened my guards, I cross over a fence which confined the enclosure about the house. I run straight to the river where the ship was—this is all the service that my leg, much wounded, could render me, for there was surely a good quarter of a league of road to make.

I found the boat as they had told me—but, the water having subsided, it was aground. I push it, in order to set it afloat. Not being able to effect this, on account of its weight, I call to the ship, that they bring the skiff to ferry me. But no news. I know not whether they heard me—at all events no one appeared.

The daylight meanwhile was beginning to discover to the Iroquois the theft that I was making of myself. I feared that they might surprise me in this innocent misdemeanor. Weary of shouting, I return to the boat. I pray God to increase my strength. I do so well, turning it end for end, and push it so hard, that I get it to the water.

Having made it float, I jump into it, and go all alone to the ship, where I go on board without being discovered by any Iroquois. They lodge me forthwith down in the hold, and in order to conceal me they put a great chest over the hatchway.

I was two days and two nights in the belly of that vessel, with such discomfort that I thought I would suffocate and die with the stench. I remembered then poor Jonas, and I prayed our Lord, *Ne fugerem a facie Domini*—"Let me not flee from the face of the Lord"—that I might not hide myself before his face, and that I might not withdraw far from his wishes . . . I prayed him to overthrow all the counsels which should not tend to his glory, and to detain me in the country of those infidels if he did not approve my retreat and my flight.

The second night of my voluntary prison, the minister of the Dutch came to tell me that the Iroquois had indeed made some disturbance and that the Dutch inhabitants of the country were afraid that they would set fire to their houses or kill their cattle. They have reason to fear them, since they have armed them with good arquebuses.

To that I answered, *Si propter me orta est tempestas, projicite me in mare*—“if the storm has risen on my account, I am ready to appease it by losing my life.” I had never the wish to escape to the prejudice of the least man of their settlement.

Finally it was necessary to leave my cavern. All the mariners were offended at this—saying that the promise of security had been given me in case I could set foot in the ship, and that I was being withdrawn at the moment when it would be requisite to bring me thither if I were not there; that I had put myself in peril of life by escaping upon their words; that it must needs be kept, whatever the cost.

I begged that I be allowed to go forth, since the captain who had disclosed to me the way of my flight was asking for me.

I went to find him in his house—where he kept me concealed. These goings and these comings having occurred by night, I was not yet discovered.

I might indeed have alleged some reasons in all these encounters, but it was not for me to speak in my own cause—but rather to follow the orders of others, to which I submitted with good heart. Finally, the captain told me that it was necessary to yield quietly to the storm, and wait until the minds of the savages should be pacified—and that everyone was of this opinion.

So there I was, a voluntary prisoner in his house, from which I am writing back to you . . .

That ship which had wished to save my life, sailed without me . . . If our Lord do not protect me in a manner well-nigh miraculous, the savages, who go and come here at every moment, will discover me. And if ever they convince themselves that I have not gone away, it will be necessary to return into their hands.

Now if they had such a rage against me before my flight, what treatment will they inflict on me, seeing me fallen back into their power? I shall not die a common death—the fire, their rage, and the cruelties which they invent, will tear away my life.

WHILE THEY SLEPT

They tore away his life, just as he had known they would.

But neither the Indian nor the white held a monopoly on cruelty or ruthlessness. The whites could strike, too, with deliberation and without pity.

In the same year that Father Jogues made his temporary escape (to return voluntarily later and meet his death by torture) the Dutch governor — director, he was sometimes called — struck at the Raritans:

The 24th of February, sitting at a table with the governor, he began to state his intentions: that he had a mind to “wipe the mouths” of the Indians—that he had been dining at the house of Jan Claesz. Damen, where Maryn Adriaensz, and Jan Claesz. Damen, together with Jacob Planck, had presented a petition to him to begin this work. I answered

De Vries Reports Some Hair-Raising Deeds in the New Netherlands; 1643 him that there was no sufficient reason to undertake it, that such work could not be done

without the approbation of the twelve men, that it could not take place without my assent (who was one of the twelve men), that moreover I was the first patroon, and no one else hitherto had risked there so many thousands. And besides being patroon, I was the first to come from Holland or Zeeland to plant a colony, and . . . he should consider what profit he could derive from this business—as he well knew that on account of trifling with the Indians we had lost our colony in the South river at Swanendael, in the Hoere-kil, with thirty-two men, who were murdered in the year 1630. And . . . in the year 1640, the cause of my people being murdered on Staten Island was a difficulty which he had with the Raritaense Indians, where his soldiers had for some trifling thing killed some Indians and brought the brother of the chief a prisoner to the Mannates . . .

But it appeared that my speaking was of no avail. He had, with his co-murderers, determined to commit the murder, deeming it a Roman deed, and to do it without warning the inhabitants in the open lands . . . Each one might take care of himself against the retaliation of the Indians—for he could not kill all the Indians.

When I had expressed all these things in full, sitting at the table, and the meal was over, he told me he wished me to go to the large hall

which he had been lately adding to his house. Coming to it, there stood all his soldiers ready to cross the river to Pavonia to commit the murder. Then spoke I again to Governor William Kieft:

"Stop this work. You wish to break the mouths of the Indians, but you will also murder our own nation, for there are none of the farmers who are aware of it. My own dwelling, my people, cattle, corn, and tobacco will be lost."

He answered me, assuring me that there would be no danger, that some soldiers should go to my house to protect it. But that was not done.

So was this business begun between the 25th and 26th of February in the year 1643:

I remained that night at the governor's, sitting up. I went and sat in the kitchen, when, about midnight, I heard a great shrieking, and I ran to the ramparts of the fort, and looked over to Pavonia. Saw nothing but firing, and heard the shrieks of the Indians murdered in their sleep. I returned again to the house by the fire.

Having sat there awhile, there came an Indian with his squaw, whom I knew well, and who lived about an hour's walk from my house, and told me that they two had fled in a small skiff—that they had betaken themselves to Pavonia, that the Indians from Fort Orange had surprised them, and that they had come to conceal themselves in the fort. I told them that they must go away immediately, that there was no occasion for them to come to the fort to conceal themselves—that they who had killed their people at Pavonia were not Indians, but the Swannekens (as they call the Dutch) had done it.

They then asked me how they should get out of the fort. I took them to the door, and there was no sentry there, and so they betook themselves to the woods.

When it was day the soldiers returned to the fort, having massacred or murdered eighty Indians, and considering they had done a deed of Roman valour in murdering so many in their sleep . . . Infants were torn from their mothers' breasts, and hacked to pieces in the presence of the parents, and the pieces thrown into the fire and in the water. And other sucklings were bound to small boards, and then cut, stuck, and pierced, and miserably massacred in a manner to move a heart of stone. Some were thrown into the river, and when the fathers and mothers endeavored to save them, the soldiers would not let them come on land, but made both parents and children drown—children from five to six years of age, and also some old and decrepit persons.

Many fled from this scene, and concealed themselves in the neighboring sedge, and when it was morning, came out to beg a piece of bread and to be permitted to warm themselves. But they were murdered in cold blood and tossed into the water. Some came by our lands in the country with their hands, some with their legs cut off, and some holding their entrails in their arms. And others had such horrible cuts and gashes that worse than they were could never happen.

And these poor simple creatures, as also many of our own people, did not know any better than that they had been attacked by a party of other Indians . . . After this exploit, the soldiers were rewarded for their services, and Director Kieft thanked them by taking them by the hand and congratulating them.

"I SPEAK OF CONSCIENCE"

In the midst of the white man's violations of his creed of mercy and his generous words of brotherliness, bold voices were raised to redress the wrongs, and even to redeem the sinner.

Indian voices were lifted — along with the tomahawk — from the Connecticut Valley to New Mexico. But they were soon stilled (some, like the Pequots, forever).

Other voices would echo over the land for all time —

The voice, for example, of protest by one man against the rise of a Puritan theocracy in Massachusetts which had supplanted the free and devout community of Separatists (not a bishop among them, and every workman an interpreter of God). A single voice rising out of the wilderness they had driven him into, rising still higher out of the free colony of Rhode Island founded by him:

The far-reaching voice of Roger Williams, the Seeker, warning the new oppressors of the deep and dangerous significance of their acts:

Oh how comes it . . . that I have heard so often, and heard so lately, and heard so much, that he that speaks so tenderly for his own, hath yet so little respect, mercy or pity to the like conscientious persuasions of other men? Are all the thousands of millions of millions of consciences,

at home and abroad, fuel only for a prison, for a whip, for a stake, for a gallows? Are no consciences to breathe the *Roger Williams, in a Letter to Gov. Endicott of Mass.* air, but such as suit and sample his?

1651 May not the most High be pleased to hide from his as well as from the eyes of his fellow-servants, fellow-mankind, fellow-English? And if God hide from his, from any, who can discover? Who can shut when he will open? And who can open when he that hath the key of David will shut? . . .

I speak of conscience—a persuasion fixed in the mind and heart of a man, which enforceth him to judge . . . and to do so and so, with respect to God, his worship, etc. This conscience is found in all mankind, more or less—in Jews, Turks, Papists, Protestants, Pagans, etc. . . .

The Maker and Searcher of our hearts knows with what bitterness I write, as with bitterness of soul I have heard such language as this to proceed from yourself and others—who formerly have fled from (with crying out against) persecutors! You will say, “This is your conscience”? You will say, “You are persecuted, and you are persecuted for your conscience”? No: “you are conventiclers, heretics, blasphemers, seducers. You deserve to be hanged. Rather than one shall be wanting to hang him, I will hang him myself. I am resolved not to leave an heretic in the country—I had rather so many whores and whoremongers and thieves came among us.”

Oh Sir, you cannot forget what language and dialect this is—whether not the same unsavory and ungodly, blasphemous and bloody, which the Gardiners and Bonners (prelates and persecutors) both former and later used to all that bowed not to the state golden image, of what conscience soever they were! . . .

Oh remember, it is a dangerous combat for the potsherds of the earth to fight with their dreadful Potter: it is a dismal battle for poor naked feet to kick against the pricks. It is a dreadful voice from the King of Kings and Lord of Lords: “Endicott, Endicott, why hunttest thou me? Why imprisonest thou me? Why finest, why so bloodily whippet, why wouldest thou (did not I hold thy bloody hands) hang and burn me?”

Yea, Sir, I beseech you remember that it is a dangerous thing to put this to the “may be,” to the venture of hazard, to the possibility. “Is it possible”—may you well say—“that since I hunt, I hunt not the life of my Savior and the blood of the Lamb of God? I have fought against many several sorts of consciences: is it beyond all possibility and hazard

that I have not fought against God, that I have not persecuted Jesus in some of them?"

Sir, I must be humbly bold to say—that 'tis impossible for any man or men to maintain their Christ by their sword, and to worship a true Christ; to fight against all consciences opposite to theirs, and not to fight against God in some of them and to hunt after the precious life of the true Lord Jesus Christ. Oh remember whither your principles and consciences must in time and opportunity force you. 'Tis but worldly policy and compliance with men and times (God's mercy overruling) that holds your hands from murdering of thousands and ten thousands were your power and command as great as once the bloody Roman Emperors' was!

The truth is—and yourself and others have said it—by your principles such whom you count heretics, blasphemers, seducers, are to be put to death. You cannot be faithful to your principles and consciences if you satisfy them with but imprisonment, fining, whipping and banishing the heretics, and by saying that banishing is a kind of death, as some chief with you (in my case formerly) have said it.

Sir, 'tis like you knew or have heard of the man that said he would never conform publicly, although he did subscribe in private for his liberty's sake of preaching—that, although he did conform in some things, yet in all he never would; that although he did himself yield, yet he would not molest and force others; that although he yielded, that others did molest them, yet himself would never persecute. And yet did all.

But oh poor dust and ashes, like stones once rolling down the Alps, like the Indian canoes or English boats loose and adrift, where stop we until infinite mercy stop us—especially when a false fire of zeal and conscience drives us, though against the most holy and eternal himself?

Oh remember the black catalogues it hath pleased the most jealous and righteous God to make of his fiery judgments . . . on eminent and remarkable persecutors even in this life! It hath been his way and course in all countries—in Germany, France and England (especially), whatever their pretences have been against heretics, rebels, schismatics, blasphemers, seducers, etc. How hath he left them to be their own accusers, judges, executioners—some by hanging, some by stabbing, some by drowning and poisoning themselves, some by running mad, and some by drinking in the very same cup which they had filled to others!

Scarcely two decades before, we had come as the Pilgrims seeking a worthy way of life free of the lust for power over man or his soul — scarcely a score of years since that first cruel year of our settlement, when more than half of us died from the lack of fuel and food for our bodies. But we had had to surrender our pattern of freedom to the ways imposed by the wealth and growing power of the Puritan owners and directors of Massachusetts Bay, who had founded that adjoining colony at Salem and then Boston ten years after our humble landfall at Plymouth.

Now we were the stern heads of the Bay colony (firm and fanatical believers in Calvin's system of the elect), determined to implant order and discipline in all New England — including what had once been Gorges' and Mason's colony of Maine. We were Winthrop, we were Endicott, we were Cotton and Mather, and then Cotton Mather, zealously concerned over the need to maintain our self-constituted authority as authorized agents for God. Ours was the power (if not the glory), and our influence would strike deep into New England and into the whole land — from Staten Island to Catalina — for many decades to come.

But we were also Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams and Thomas Hooker (Connecticut's bold founder) and the others, challenging the justice and sway of the rising theocracy. We were the redeemers of the heritage of free thought (and the decision and will of the many) brought by the Separatist seekers.

More and more of us were coming now from the Old World, crowded with people and short of food, teeming with worship and thick with sin. We were rolling in like a great wheel (the kind Ezekiel saw). And these were some of the wheels within that wheel:

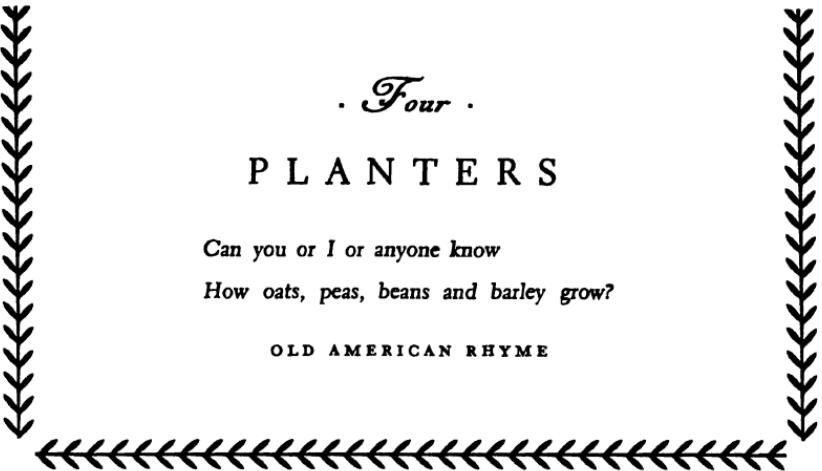
Ulstermen of Ireland, and Palatine Germans. Swedes on the Delaware, and Swiss in Pennsylvania and to the south. Catholics from Protestant England, and Huguenots from Catholic France. From Senegambia, Negro slaves; indentured servants from Wales; and from Portugal, Jewish refugees fleeing from the Inquisitors' wrath.

We rolled in like God's wheel. This was the promised land. We rolled in to stay.



Book II

BELT: THE JOINING



• *Four* .

PLANTERS

*Can you or I or anyone know
How oats, peas, beans and barley grow?*

OLD AMERICAN RHYME

ONE KETTLE AND MANY PROMISES

The land was coming under the sway of the white settlers, and the new settlements were growing bigger, spreading farther along the coasts and deeper into the interior, up and down the multiple river shores. The land was being carved and chopped into colonies belonging to different nations. Their flags and their languages differed, but they all wanted the same thing: soil in which to plant, ground on which to build. Earth in which to take root, as was befitting God's noblest creature, man.

It was there to be used, the Indian maintained — and when he sold, it was at the insistence of the whites. Knowing little and caring less about deeds and titles (who can own our mother the earth?) the Indian sometimes sold land that was not even his but was part of some other tribe's hunting grounds. And often enough, he sold because he knew that, otherwise, it would be taken from him by force.

Then there were times when he tried hard not to commit himself on an offer at all, to keep from getting involved in the fight between rival nations for the same territory. There was the time, for instance, when the Indian tried to keep from being drawn by the Dutch into their conflict for the control of the lower Delaware — after the Swedes had built Fort Christina there:

The . . . General caused the interpreter to ask . . . Mattehoorn, Pemennatta and Sinquessen, whether they were chief and proprietors of the lands situate on the west side of this river at present partly incorporated and settled by the Swede? Whereunto, Mattehoorn in the name of all, answers, that they were great chiefs and proprietors of the lands, both by ownership and by descent and appointment of Minquaas and River Indians — wherefore they had power to sell and to make over the lands. And what they did—that should be done and remain.

A Land Deal Is Discussed with Some Indians; 1651
A . . . It being proposed and asked by the General, through the interpreter, what and how much land the Swedes had bought from the sachems or chiefs on this river, Mattehoorn, the Sachem, answered by asking another question: why was not the Sachem of the Swedes present —that they might ask himself, and hear him?

The General's reply was—that being invited, he was apparently unwilling to come.

The Chief Mattehoorn answered, secondly—that all nations coming to the river were welcome to them, and that they sold their land indiscriminately to the first who asked it. Thirdly, the Chief Mattehoorn declared that the Dutch nation have been the earliest comers and discoverers of the river—who also, first of all, settled thereon among them—and that they have always maintained good friendship and commerce with the Dutch (adding thereunto an account of presents which were exchanged between them and the Dutch nation).

As a further evidence and declaration, he also added that one Cornelis—with one eye, or a film on his eye—was the first who, coming here, made his dwelling on the river.

The aforesaid did not fully answer the proposition of the General—who then, through his interpreter, repeated and renewed the question in the following manner: that it was neither his nor his nation's custom to buy or occupy any lands which were rightfully bought and occupied by any other nation. He, therefore, requested, before proceeding to purchase any more lands, first to know what lands the Swede had bought, and of whom, and what lands were now free, and who were the right owners.

The question thus put, the Sachem Mattehoorn made the following declaration: that when Minuyt came to the country with a ship, he lay before the Minquaas Kil, where he the Sachem then had a house and lived; that Minuyt then presented him with and gave him a kettle and other trifles—requesting of him as much land as Minuyt could set a house on, and a plantation included between six trees, which he the

Sachem sold him. And Minuyt promised him half the tobacco that would grow on the plantation—although it was never given to him.

He declared further, that neither the Swedes nor any other nation had bought lands of them as right owners, except the patch on which Fort Christina stood, and that all the other houses of the Swedes, built at Tinnecongh, Kingsessing in the Schuylkil, and at other places, were set up there against the will and consent of the Indians, and that neither they, nor any other natives, had received anything therefor.

. . . It is confirmed by the aforesaid Sachem's declaration, that the land which the Swede at present occupies, was bought neither by him nor by any other nation, except where Fort Christina stands and the Schuylkil, heretofore conveyed to Arent Corssen.

The General further asked through the interpreter whether they, the Sachems, were, then, right owners of that land at present occupied by the Swedes on the west shore, and further westward to the Bay or mouth of the river—and whether they will sell the aforesaid land that still remains unsold.

The answer of the aforesaid Sachems was: "If we sell the Great Sachem of the Manhattans the land from the Schuylkil down to the Bay, where then will the houses of the Swedes remain? Will the Sachem of the Swedes, then, not do us harm, on that account, or put us in prison or beat us . . . ?"

Whereupon the General made answer: that they need expect little or no difficulty therefrom, inasmuch as the Schuylkil lands were given and conveyed seventeen and eighteen years ago to Arent Corssen, which deed he, the Sachem, did renew and confirm in the year 1648, so that there was no question on this head . . . He, therefore, had the question once more put to them—whether the lands from the west point of the Minquaas Kil down to the Bay or the mouth of the river were free and unsold, and would they sell them to the General?

To which the Sachem answered: "Why, Sachem, do you ask that question so often? We told you the lands are not sold to any person."

After a little consultation together, the three sachems aforesaid rose up—to wit, Mattehoorn, Pemenatta and Sinquesen. And Pemenatta spoke, saying: "The Swede builds and plants, indeed, on our lands—without buying them or asking us. Wherefore should we refuse you, Great Sachem, the land? We will rather present than sell the Great Sachem the land: so that, should the Swedes again pull down the Dutch houses and drive away the people, you may not think ill of us, and we may not draw down your displeasure."

... The General having promised and consented, they presented him the aforesaid land. And the sachems gave him and the remaining bystanders the hand, in sign of conveyance and free gift: to wit—the land from the west point of the Minquaas Kil, where Fort Christina stands, called in their language Supeskongh, unto Boompgens hook, in their language called Neuwings.

And Pemenatta, the present and ceding proprietor, stipulates that whenever anything is the matter with his gun—it shall be repaired for nothing. And when he comes empty among our people, they shall remember to give him some maize, and again a token of friendship.

VERY FEW POOR

Acquiring the land was only half of the problem faced by the expanding colonies — the other half was the need for labor to clear the multiplying tracts of new ground, cultivate them, construct and maintain more dwellings and more out-buildings on them, and finally, help to take care of the planter and his own growing family.

In most of the colonies, this was the immediate and seemingly simple answer: the white indentured servant, and the Negro slave.

The country is yearly supplied with vast quantities of goods from Great Britain—chiefly London, Bristol, Liverpool, Whitehaven, and from Scotland. The ships that transport these things often call at Ireland to victual, and bring over frequently white servants, which are of three kinds: 1. Such as come upon certain wages by agreement for a certain time; 2. such as come bound by indenture, commonly called kids, who are usually to serve four or five years; and 3. those convicts or felons that are transported, whose room they had much rather have than their company—for abundance of them do great mischiefs, commit robbery and murder, and spoil servants that were before very good.

An Account of the Laboring Inhabitants of Virginia;
1724

But they frequently there meet with the end they deserved at home—though indeed some of them prove indifferent good . . . These are to serve seven, and sometimes fourteen years, and they and servants by indentures have an allowance of corn and clothes, when they are out of

their time—that they may be therewith supported till they can be provided with services or otherwise settled.

With these three sorts of servants are they supplied from England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, among which they that have a mind to it may serve their time with ease and satisfaction to themselves and their masters, especially if they fall into good hands . . .

The last sort, for the most part . . . are loose villains . . . to prevent too great a stock of which servants and Negroes, many attempts and laws have been in vain made.

These, if they forsake their roguery together with the other kids . . . when they are free, may work day-labor, or else rent a small plantation for a trifle almost. Or else turn overseers, if they are expert, industrious, and careful. Or follow their trade, if they have been brought up to any: especially smiths, carpenters, tailors, sawyers, coopers, bricklayers, etc.

The plenty of the country, and the good wages given to work-folks occasion very few poor—who are supported by the parish, being such as are lame, sick or decrepit through age, distempers, accidents, or some infirmities. For where there is a numerous family of poor children, the vestry takes care to bind them out apprentices, till they are able to maintain themselves by their own labor. By which means they are never tormented with vagrant and vagabond beggars, there being a reward for taking up runaways that are at a small distance from their home—if they are not known or are without a pass from their master, and can give no good account of themselves, especially Negroes . . .

The Negroes live in small cottages called quarters, in about six in a gang, under the direction of an overseer or bailiff, who takes care that they tend such land as the owner allots and orders, upon which they raise hogs and cattle, and plant Indian corn, or maize, and tobacco for the use of their master—out of which the overseer has a dividend or share, in proportion to the number of hands, including himself. This with several privileges is his salary, and is an ample recompense for his pains and encouragement of his industrious care, as to the labor, health and provision of the Negroes.

The Negroes are very numerous, some gentlemen having hundreds of them of all sorts, to whom they bring great profit—for the sake of which they are obliged to keep them well and not over-work, starve or famish them, besides other inducements to favor them . . . though indeed some masters, careless of their own interest or reputation, are too cruel and negligent.

The Negroes are not only increased by fresh supplies from Africa and the West India islands, but also are very prolific among themselves. And they that are born here talk good English, and affect our language, habits and customs . . .

Yet are they kept under by severe discipline upon occasion, and by good laws are prevented from running away, injuring the English, or neglecting their business . . . They and their posterity are not at their own liberty or disposal, but are the property of their owners . . . The children belong to the master of the woman that bears them. And such as are born of a Negro and an European are called Mulattoes. But such as are born of an Indian and Negro are called Mustees.

Their work is to take care of the stock, and plant corn, tobacco, fruits, etc. . . . Though they are out in the violent heat . . . yet in wet or cold weather there is little occasion for their working in the fields, in which few will let them be abroad—lest by this means they might get sick or die, which would prove a great loss to their owners, a good Negro being sometimes worth three (nay four) score pounds sterling . . .

So that upon this (if upon no other account) they are obliged not to overwork them, but to clothe and feed them sufficiently, and take care of their health.

WHAT WORSE THING?

The first Negro slaves had been taken to Virginia by the Dutch (who had captured them in a fight with a Spanish ship) in 1619. It was the same year the colony got its own legislature, the House of Burgesses (a house of future fame). It was the year before the Separatists landed at Plymouth in their search for a free and fraternal way of life.

In the very dawn of settlement, the Negro slaves were here in small but growing numbers, helping to harness the American wilderness, turning its wildness to man's use—for the weal of their owners and their owners' children (even unto the tenth generation).

Together with the white indentured servant, the Negro slave supplied the enduring stone foundation of labor on which the colonial economic structure was being raised. And at the beginning, the lot of the slave differed little from that of the white servant bound to his master for a specified term. Servitude was a temporary state for both, a state which could and would be redeemed, and at the end of which they could look

forward to living the life of freer men, owning their own piece of soil, in the places already settled — or, more often, along the new frontier that was moving slowly to the Ohio, to the Mississippi and up and down its eastern shore.

But as the need for a more permanent source and supply of cheap labor became more urgent to the expanding colonies, fewer indentured whites and more Negro slaves were imported. Fewer Negroes were given their freedom. Until finally, in most of the colonies, the status of the slave (and of his offspring) was established by law as more or less permanent, immovable — except by the owner's consent — and subject to the conditions affecting any other piece of "property."

There were slaves in Massachusetts as well as in Virginia, in Connecticut as in the Frenchman's Louisiana or on the extensive domains of the Dutch patroons up and down the Hudson. The Indians, as they moved (and were pushed) farther and farther west, took Negro slaves with them. Even that Seeker among seekers, Roger Williams, in his liberty-loving Rhode Island, was the owner of slaves. In the colony founded by William Penn (who got the land in payment of a debt owed by the Crown, and opened it up as a haven for the Quakers and other despised and hard-working sects of England and Germany and elsewhere) there were slaves almost from the beginning —

but not all the people of Pennsylvania were able or willing to tolerate the spread or even the existence of slavery among them. As early as 1688, a few men belonging to the peaceful sect of Mennonites, recent immigrants from Germany and Holland, registered the first written protest against slavery in this land:

These are the reasons why we are against the traffic of men-body, as followeth. Is there any that would be done or handled at this manner — viz., to be sold or made a slave for all the time of his life? How fearful and fainthearted are many on sea when they see a strange vessel — being afraid it should be a Turk and they should be taken and sold for

Some Mennonites Register a Protest in Pennsylvania; 1688 slaves in Turkey! Now what, is this better done as Turks do?

Yea, rather is it worse for them which say they are Christians . . .

The most part . . . are brought hither against their will and consent,

and . . . many of them are stolen. Now, though they are black, we cannot conceive there is more liberty to have them slaves as it is to have other white ones.

There is a saying: that we shall do to all men like as we will be done ourselves—making no difference of what generation, descent, or color they are. And those who steal or rob men, and those who buy or purchase them—are they not alike? Here is liberty of conscience, which is right and reasonable. Here ought to be likewise liberty of the body—except of evildoers, which is another case. But to bring men hither, or to rob and sell them against their will, we stand against.

In Europe there are many oppressed for conscience' sake. And here there are those oppressed which are of a black color. And we, who know that men must not commit adultery!—yet some do commit adultery in others, separating wives from their husbands, and giving them to others. And some sell the children of those poor creatures to other men.

Oh, do consider well this things—you who do it—if you would be done at this manner? And if it is done according Christianity?

You surpass Holland and Germany in this thing. This makes an ill report in all those countries of Europe—where they hear . . . that the Quakers do here handle men like they handle there the cattle. And for that reason some have no mind or inclination to come hither.

And who shall maintain this your cause, or plead for it? Truly we cannot do so, except you shall inform us better hereof—viz., that Christians have liberty to practise this thing. Pray! What thing in the world can be done worse towards us than if men should rob or steal us away and sell us for slaves to strange countries, separating husband from wife and children?

Being, now, this is not done at that manner we will be done at, therefore we contradict and are against this traffic of men-body. And we who profess that it is not lawful to steal, must likewise avoid to purchase such things as are stolen, but rather help to stop this robbing and stealing if possible . . . Such men ought to be delivered out of the hands of the robbers and set free . . . Then is Pennsylvania to have a good report.

Instead, it hath now a bad one, for this sake, in other countries. Especially because the Europeans are desirous to know in what manner the Quakers do rule in their province—and most of them do look upon us with an envious eye . . .

If once these slaves (which they say are so wicked and stubborn men) should joint themselves, fight for their freedom, and handle their masters and mistresses as they did handle them before—will these masters and

mistresses take the sword at hand and war against these poor slaves . . . ? Or have these . . . not as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?

Now consider well this thing—if it is good or bad? And in case you find it to be good to handle these blacks at that manner, we desire and require you hereby lovingly that you may inform us herein (which at this time was done)—viz., that Christians have liberty to do so, to the end that we shall be satisfied on this point and satisfy likewise our good friends and acquaintances in our native country to whom it is a terror or fearful thing that men should be handled so in Pennsylvania!

THE OTHER SIDE

This was the protest, signed on the eighteenth day of April in that year, by Gerhard Hendricks and Dirck Op den Graeff, by Francis Daniel Pastorius (the founder of busy Germantown) and by Abraham Op den Graeff. These were the warning words, the distress signal, hoisted from the honest heart.

But slavery went on, and slavery spread. Some of the Mennonites themselves, moving from Pennsylvania into Virginia, and from there to North Carolina, became the masters of slaves.

All along the southern seaboard (from the Potomac down through Williamsburg, past Cape Henry, circling old Dismal Swamp and across Albemarle Sound, past Hatteras and Pamlico, New Bern down to Cape Fear, down to the Santee and the Yemassee) the slaves were getting more numerous, the masters and their families more prosperous—and the plantations bigger and more beautiful:

Mr. Roger More, hearing we were come, was so kind as to send fresh horses for us to come up to his house—which we did, and were kindly received by him, he being the chief gentleman in all Cape Fear. His house is built of brick, and exceeding pleasantly situated about two miles from the town, and about half a mile from the river (though there

*A Visitor among Some
Carolina Planters; 1734*

is a creek comes close up to the door, between two beautiful meadows about three miles length. He has a prospect of the town of Brunswick, and of another beautiful brick house, a building about half

a mile from him, belonging to Eleazer Allen, Esq., late speaker to the Commons House of Assembly in the province of South Carolina . . .

On the 20th of June we left Mr. Roger More's, accompanied by his brother, Nathaniel More, Esq., to a plantation of his up the northwest branch of Cape Fear river . . . We reached the Forks, as they call it, that same night, where the river divides into two very beautiful branches, called the North-east and the North-west, passing by several pretty plantations on both sides.

We lodged that night at one Mr. Jehu Davis's, and the next morning, proceeded up the northwest branch. When we got about two miles from thence, we came to a beautiful plantation belonging to Captain Gabriel, who is a great merchant there—where were two ships, two sloops, and a brigantine, loading with lumber from the West Indies . . .

The next night we came to another plantation belonging to Mr. Roger More, called the Blue Banks, where he is going to build another very large brick house. This bluff is at least a hundred feet high, and has a beautiful prospect over a very fine large meadow, on the opposite side of the river. The houses are all built on the southwest side of the river, it being for the most part high champaign land . . .

I am credibly informed they have very commonly fourscore bushels of corn on an acre of their overflowed land. It very rarely overflows but in the winter time, when their crop is off. I must confess I saw the finest corn growing there that ever I saw in my life, as likewise wheat and hemp.

We lodged there that night at one Captain Gibbs's, adjoining to Mr. More's plantation, where we met with very good entertainment. The next morning we left his house and proceeded up the said river to a plantation belonging to Mr. John Davis, where we dined. The plantations on this river are all very much alike as to the situation, but there are many more improvements on some than on others. This house is built after the Dutch fashion, and made to front both ways on the river; and on the land, he has a beautiful avenue cut through the woods for above two miles, which is a great addition to the house.

We left his house about two in the afternoon, and the same evening reached Mr. Nathaniel More's plantation, which is reckoned forty miles from Brunswick. It is likewise a very pleasant place on a bluff upwards of sixty feet high . . . About three days after my arrival at Mr. More's, there came a sloop of one hundred tons, and upward, from South Carolina, to be laden with corn, which is sixty miles at least from the bar. I never yet heard of any man who was ever at the head of that river, but

they tell me the higher you go up the better the land, and the river grows wider and wider. There are people settled at least forty miles higher up, but indeed the tide does not flow, at the most, above twenty miles higher.

Two days after, I was taken very ill of an ague and fever, which continued on me for near a month, in which time my companions left me and returned to South Carolina. When I began to recover my health a little, I mentioned to Mr. More the great desire I had to see Waccanaw Lake, as I had heard so much talk of it, and had been myself a great way up the river, that I was sure by the course of the country I could not be above twenty miles from thence. He told me he had a Negro fellow who he thought could carry me to it, and that he would accompany me himself with some others of his acquaintance. On the 18th of July we set out . . .

We returned back to Mr. More's . . . having satisfied our curiosity, and the next morning set out with an intent to take a view of the north-east branch . . . We lay that first night at Newtown, in a small hut, and the next day reached Rocky Point, which is the finest place in all Cape Fear. There are several very worthy gentlemen settled there, particularly Colonel Maurice More, Captain Herne, John Swan, Esq., and several others. We stayed there one night, and the next morning set out on horseback to take a view of the land backwards, imagining that there might be only a skirt of good land on the river. But I am sure I rode for above twenty miles back, through nothing but black walnut, oak and hickory.

We returned the same night to Rocky Point, and the next morning set out for a plantation belonging to Mr. John Davis, within six miles of Brunswick—where I was a second time taken ill, so that I thought I should have died. But by the providence of God, and the care of good Mrs. Davis, I recovered in a fortnight's time, so that I was able to set out on my journey to South Carolina.

I took leave of that worthy family on the 10th of August, when she was so kind as to force me to take a bottle of shrub, and several other things with me. I reached Mr. Roger More's the same night, where I was again handsomely received . . . I left his house the next morning . . .

About eight I reached little Charlotte, where I waited for the ferry-boat till nine—in which time I had like to have been devoured by mosquitoes. About half an hour after, I arrived at Captain Hernes's and, thank God, met with good entertainment. I slept very well all the night, and in the morning . . . set out on my journey to Little river . . .

When I was about half way over the Long bay, I intended to stop at the next spring and take a tiff of punch. But by some unfortunate accident—I know not how—when I came within sight of the spring, my bottle unluckily broke, and I lost every drop of my shrub. But examining my bags, I accidentally found a bottle of cherry brandy, with some gingerbread and cheese, which I believe good Mrs. More ordered to be put up unknown to me. I drank two drams of that (not being willing it should all be lost in case it should break) and, mounting my horse, took some gingerbread and cheese in my hand and pursued my journey . . .

By eight I reached Murrels, where I met with plenty of rum, sugar, and lime juice . . . The next morning I set out from thence, and by noon reached Master's or Winneaw ferry, but the ferry-boat being gone adrift, could not get over till near ten at night—after I had supped upon a wild turkey.

The next I set out from Shingleton's . . . and the same night reached Daubuth's. The next morning I set out from thence, and about two miles from the house met with a possum, which is very like a little pig—it has a false belly, so that when they have young ones, if you fright them, they immediately run into the bag, which closes up immediately. I reached Witton's by noon—and had my possum dressed for dinner.

The same night I reached Mr. More's in Goose creek, and the next night I arrived at Charleston.

Deep in the roots of the soil that was owned by the crown, or royally chartered to companies of merchant “adventurers,” or granted by king to proprietor or patroon, the main economic foundations of the colonial continent were being laid. They were the labor of servant and slave, and the work and perseverance of the pioneering “planters,” as the first free colonists were called.

From these foundations, a new and unique structure of colonial wealth and property was rising fast, depending more and more on the natural resources of the land, and the skill and energy of the imported servant and slave to wrest the resources from the land. Depending less and less upon support from the Old World.

A new and growing agrarian economy, and a new kind of pioneer, were being born:

Released at last from their indentures, the men and women servants

of yesterday, joined by other freemen more recently arrived from a Europe ravaged by war and hunger, poverty and plague, were moving westward. They were building their log cabins in the heavy wilderness (the one beyond the one they had already helped to clear) where the hostile Indians lay in wait — where the flying arrow, still unspent, quivered in the struck heart, ten paces or less from the threshold of home.

While the slaves had to remain behind to build other plantations, other villages, and even other towns for their masters (from Homosassa way up to Manassas), the new freemen picked up their freshly redeemed liberty, with whatever tools and arms they could get, to start the long trek across the old and toward a new frontier.

For decades to come, these folk in calico and sunbonnet, coonskin cap and beaver coat — North Irishmen whose grandfathers had migrated from Scotland a hundred years before, Germans from the ruined Palatinate, Huguenots from France, Spaniards from Florida, boys and girls from Wales, and Englishmen as well — would be a growing thorn in the side of the colonial authorities “back east.” The ever-new frontiersmen would be a constant reminder that it was not yet time for our land and its changing people to turn to set or established ways.

. *Five* .

G O V E R N O R S

The cursed clamour of a people strangely and
fiercely possessed of the Devil.

COTTON MATHER

BETTER BEFITTING THE FISHMARKET

At one end of the colonial axis stood the frontiersman, the staunch inheritor of the free pioneering spirit brought by the first seekers and settlers. At the opposite end sat the royal governors and the other representatives of the crowns of Europe that owned a piece of this continent. In between were the earlier, now prospering colonists — who alternately sided with and against the king's men in the disputes and the issues of the day.

From the beginnings, in every colony — whatever the flag that waved over its forts — there was friction between the royal governors and their retinues, on the one hand, and most of the struggling colonists, on the other. The friction was considerable (and growing worse) in New Netherland, where Governor, or Director, Stuyvesant had a talent that amounted to genius when it came to antagonizing and making enemies of the people:

As regards the Director, his manner in court has been, from his first arrival unto this time, to browbeat, dispute with and harass one of the two parties—not as beseemeth a judge, but like a zealous advocate. This has caused great discontent everywhere, and has gone so far and had such an effect on some, that many dare not bring any suits before the

A Remonstrance from New Netherland; 1649

court, if they do not stand well—or passably so—with the Director. For, whom he opposeth hath both sun and moon against him.

In addition to the fact that he hath himself appointed and obliged so many Councillors, some of whom also are well disposed, so that he can constrain the others by plurality of votes, he likewise frequently submits his opinion in writing—and that so fully and so amply that it takes up some side, and then his word is: “Gentlemen, this is my opinion; if any one have aught to object to it, let him express it.”

If any one, then, on the instant, offer objection—which is not very easy unless he be well grounded—his Honor bursts forth, incontinently, into a rage and makes such a to-do that it is dreadful. Yea, he frequently abuses the Councillors as this and as that, in foul langage better befitting the fishmarket than the Council board. And if all this be tolerated, he will not be satisfied until he have his way.

To prove this by example and certificates, though possible, would, however, carry us to too great a length. But we all say and affirm that such has, from the commencement, been and still continues daily to be, the common practice—and that this is the conduct and bearing in the Council of the Director who is president and head thereof. Let us now, also, cursorily speak of each of the other Councillors:

Lubbert van Dinklagen, the Vice-Governor, hath for a long time exhibited great dissatisfaction, and on several occasions, and for divers matters, hath protested against the Director and his appointed Council, but it is only of late (after some others had offered opposition). He had been previously so influenced by fear that he durst not oppose the Director—but was obliged to let many things take their course and submit to them. To which, he afterwards declared, he had great objection because they were unjust, but he saw no other way to secure peace—for the Director himself said, in Council, that he would treat him worse than Wouter van Twiller had ever done, if he would not obey his wishes. This man is then overruled.

Let us now proceed further:

Monsieur La Montanie had been in the Council in Kieft's time, and was then, by many, greatly suspected. He hath no commission from Fatherland; was, also, driven off his land by the war; is deeply in the Company's debt, and is, therefore, under the necessity of dissembling. But it is sufficiently notorious, and has been heard from himself, that he was not pleased with, and disapproved of, that administration.

Brian Muyson (Nuton), lieutenant of the soldiers, comes next.

This man dreads the Director, and honors him as his benefactor. Besides being very ignorant and inexperienced in the law, he is totally unacquainted with our Dutch language, so that he is entirely unqualified to reply to the elaborately written opinions—except that he indeed must and will say, “Yes.”

Adrian Keyser, the Commissary, who came here as Secretary, is also sometimes admitted to the Council. This man hath not forgotten much law, but says himself that he lets God’s water run over God’s field. This man, then, can say nothing, and dare not say anything—for so much devolves on him that it is best that he keep quiet.

The captains of the ships have also a vote in the Council when they are ashore: such as Jelmer Tomas and Paulus Lenaertse (who was appointed naval agent on his first arriving here, and has always had a seat in the Council, but he is now a freeman). Every one can easily imagine the amount of knowledge these men—who have spent all their lives at sea and have been brought up to ship business—possess of matters of law and of husbandmen’s disputes. Besides which, the Director keeps them so dependent that they dare not speak . . . They did not fare the worse for it, however. For Paulus Lenaertse hath but trifling wages and yet has built a better dwelling-house here than any other person. How this is done, is too deep for us. For though the Director is aware of these things, he nevertheless observes silence when Paulus Lenaertse begins to get excited, which he would not suffer from any other person—and this gives rise to divers unfavorable surmises.

To complete the bench of justice, there still remain the Secretary and the Fiscal Hendrick van Dyck—who has been formerly here as Ensign. Director Stuyvesant excluded him 29 months from the Council board—for the reason, among others, as his Honor stated, that he cannot keep a secret, but divulges whatever is done there. He also frequently declared that he was a villain, a scoundrel, a thief, etc. And all this is well known to the Fiscal, but he dare not adopt the right course in the matter, and in our opinion 'tis not advisable for him to do so—for he is a man wholly intolerable alike in words and deeds. What shall we say of one whose head is a trouble to him and whose screw is loose, especially when it is surrounded by a little sap in the wood—which is no rare occurrence, as he is master at home!

Cornelis van Thienhoven, the Secretary, comes next. A great deal might be said of this man, more even than we are able to set forth. For brevity’s sake, however, we shall select here and there a few traits. He is crafty, subtle, intelligent, sharp-witted—good gifts when properly

applied. He is one of those who have been longest in this country, is thoroughly acquainted with every circumstance relating both to the Christians and the Indians. With the Indians even, he has run about like an Indian—with little covering and a patch before him through lust for the prostitutes to whom he has ever been excessively addicted, and with whom he has had so much intercourse that no punishment nor menaces of the Director can drive him from them.

SPANISH PETREL

In the Spanish colony of New Mexico, the people had their worries, too. Among other things, they had to keep from getting caught in the middle of the long struggle for power between the crown and the church and their representatives on this continent.

The stakes in that struggle were high with respect to power as well as wealth. They were high indeed for a certain governor of New Mexico — a stormy Spanish petrel, Count de Peñalossa.

The Count of Peñalossa was born at Lima, the capital city of Peru, in the year 1624. There are few houses in America as illustrious as his, since he is allied to several grandees of Spain—such as the Dukes of Sessa and Escalona, the Counts of Pieño en Rostro, and the Marquises of Maya. On his father's side he is descended from the houses of *The Count of Penalossa Sums up a Stormy Career—His Own* Peñalossa and Briseño, Ocampo, Verdugo, and Cordova; and on his mother's side from those of Arias de Anaya, Valdivia, Cabrera, and Bobadilla.

Pedro Arias de Avila, first governor of Terra Firma, was his great-great-grandfather. Diego de Ocampo, admiral of the South Sea, and Pedro de Valdivia, who at his own cost conquered the kingdom of Chile, were his great-grandfathers. The Commander Diego de Peñalossa, his grandfather, son of Alonzo Fernández de Peñalossa, Knight of the Order of Alcantara, was born in Spain. He went over to America with his kinsman, the Marquis de Cañete, Viceroy of Peru . . .

The Count of Peñalossa, at the age of fifteen, was appointed regidor of the city of La Paz; he was then twice ordinary alcalde and thrice justicia mayor in the same city. He raised at his own expense two com-

panies of infantry for the assistance of Chile, and one of eighty men which he led to war against the Chuncho Indians, who had revolted, and who were forced to submit.

He was soon after made captain of cavalry, governor of the province of Omasuyos, ordinary alcalde of the city of Cuzco. And at last he purchased the office of provincial alcalde of the city of Paz and of the five provinces dependent thereon. This office, which still belongs to him, cost him fifty thousand crowns.

During the time that he exercised it he quarreled with the brother of the Count of Salvatierra, Viceroy of Peru. This altercation and the desire of seeing Spain induced him to leave Peru. He embarked at the port of Callao in the year 1652. The vessel on which he embarked foundered in sight of the port of Payta. He there lost more than forty thousand crowns, and saved only ten or twelve thousand crowns in pearls and precious stones.

He soon after proceeded to Panama, where he resolved to go and see his uncle, Don Alonzo Briseño y Córdova, Bishop of Nicaragua. On his way he was again shipwrecked and with difficulty reached that prelate, who then supplied him with means to go with an equipage becoming his rank to Mexico, capital of New Spain, where, at the court of the viceroy, he awaited news and money from Peru.

The Duke of Albuquerque was then viceroy of New Spain, and he received the Count of Peñalossa so favorably that he induced him to resolve to remain in Mexico. Soon after, the duke gave him two companies of infantry. In the year 1655 he gave him command of all the infantry—which he sent to the assistance of the fleet commanded by the Marquis of Montalegre, who had retired to Vera Cruz to avoid the fleet of sixty-eight men-of-war which Cromwell sent to America, and which seized the island of Jamaica.

During the time that the Count of Peñalossa was at Vera Cruz the same viceroy gave him orders to proceed to Havana with the same infantry, in order to have an eye to the preservation of that important post, in which he remained eleven months.

On his return the Duke of Albuquerque made him alcalde mayor or governor of the province of Xiquilpa. To this he added the government of Chilcota and the office of his lieutenant-general in the same provinces, situated in the country of Michoacan. And he gave him several other important offices during the rest of his viceroyalty.

The Marquis Count De Baños having succeeded the Duke of Albuquerque, great complaints were made to him against Don Bernard López

de Mendizával, Governor of New Mexico—whose greatest crime was his falling out with the inquisitors and their partisans. Nevertheless he was recalled, and the Count of Peñalossa was selected to command in his stead and to appease the troubles ordinary in that country.

His commission as governor and captain-general of New Mexico was issued to him at the end of the year 1660, and he proceeded to go thither in 1661. He at last halted for two months at Zacatecas to await his equipage, and one month at Parral, in New Biscay, in order to provide himself with necessaries.

He appeased the troubles in New Mexico, made war on the hostile Indians and Apaches—whom he defeated and compelled to sue for peace. He founded two new cities, erected several public buildings, and discovered new countries.

But he had the misfortune—as most of his predecessors had—to become involved with the inquisitors. The commissary-general of the Inquisition assumed a boundless authority and wished to dispose sovereignly of everything. So that, to check his tyrannical and extravagant enterprises, the governor was compelled to arrest him as a prisoner for a week in a chamber of the palace, after which he set him at liberty—in the hope that he would be more moderate in the future.

In the year 1664 the Count of Peñalossa returned to Mexico by the ordinary route of Parral, where he spent three months and a half, in order to propose to the viceroy the conquest of the countries which he had discovered. But the Inquisition (which never pardons the least thing done against its supreme authority) had him arrested in Mexico, and detained him there as a prisoner for thirty-two months.

It made inquiry into all his actions and all his words, and at last sold all his property for eighty-six thousand crowns (although it amounted to more than three hundred thousand, of which he has the inventories in his power), deprived him of his governorship, declared him incapable of holding any other in New Spain, and condemned him to a fine of fifty-one thousand crowns—and refused to restore him the remaining thirty-five thousand.

BY RUBBING THEIR STOMACHS

It was an impressive sight (it was meant to be) to see the once-powerful Peñalossa — in the auto-da-fé that he was forced to undergo because of his “unrestrained language against priests and lords inquisitors, and

some absurdities that bordered on blasphemy" — wearing black velvet and Flemish point lace, but without a cloak or hat, and carrying a green candle in his hand as he marched in the dread procession.

There were other sights, equally impressive in other ways, during those slowly forming colonial years. There were the constant, sharpening rivalries among the various European powers that owned this continent and administered it through their governors and their soldiery, their courts and their commerce.

By 1664 the rivalries had crystallized into large-scale aggression, sometimes without the formality of war (though there was plenty of that, too). In that year the power of the Dutch was broken on this continent by the English, as the Swedish power on the Delaware had been broken a short time before by the Dutch. New Netherland was no more — but New York was born (ring in the new!) and the pattern of the colonial continent's future was already being laid.

While the war between the powers for the ownership of the continent (as much of it as they knew to exist) continued, sporadic and savage, the colonials' push into the heart of the continent also went on. Sometimes they were even led by a king's representative — maybe a governor, or a future governor. Such a man, and a pioneer in his own right, was D'Iberville —

Leading an expedition for France along the Mexican Gulf, as the seventeenth century ponderously neared its end:

M. de l'Esquelet, lieutenant of the *Badine*, went to reconnoiter the two frigates, which he discovered were Spanish — the one mounting eighteen, the other twenty guns. They had been engaged in establishing a colony here [Pensacola], for the space of four months. The commander, Don Andrés de Arriola, received our officer very politely, who told him that

D'Iberville's Narrative of a Royal Expedition; 1699 the King heard that some five or six hundred Canadians had descended for the purpose of taking possession of the mines, and that we were sent to arrest them; that we had captured the two gun-boats, who were pirates, and that he had learned there was another in these seas carrying fifty or sixty guns — the *François*, that joined us at St. Domingo. We were in want of wood and water — but in order to obtain it, we must enter the river.

The commander replied that he had orders to permit no one to enter the river. Nevertheless, he permitted M. l'Esquelet to enter, and sent his major on board of us in a long-boat, whom we saluted with three guns.

The Spaniards have erected a stockade fort here, and have about three hundred men, with two Augustine and two Recollect monks.

M. l'Esquelet and the major arrived on board the *François* about two o'clock, with presents for the Marquis de Chateaumorand, who had sent on shore several demijohns of wine.

On Wednesday, the 28th (of January), we went with our three ships and canoes to sound the entrance of the bay—called by the Spaniards Santa María de Gálvez de Pensacola. We found it a beautiful harbor—the shallowest water we found . . . was twenty feet.

About noon the captain of one of the Spanish frigates came in a boat with orders for us not to enter. We had already weighed anchor, which we let fall again. The captain informed us that we could only be permitted to anchor in front of the river, where wood and water would be brought to us.

It was apparent that their sailors had learned from ours that we were visiting this coast for the purpose of forming a colony. Our officers thought it prudent to go no farther.

This is certainly a most beautiful port, equal at least to that of Brest—and has been lost to us by delay. There are masts enough in this bay to supply the whole marine of France.

At six o'clock we hoisted our felucca on board, regretting the necessity of quitting such a beautiful place . . .

On Sunday, February the first, our felucca having returned from making its reconnaissance, said they found no water, according to the report made by M. l'Esquelet. Nevertheless, when this gentleman arrived on board, he stated that he found five fathoms—which caused M. D'Iberville to go himself and make an examination . . .

On Wednesday, the 4th, brisk wind N.N.W. At eleven o'clock M. D'Iberville came on board. He had been absent since Sunday, and was unable to reach the shipping on account of the boisterous weather. He reported but twelve feet of water in the pass, which is tortuous—but within he found five fathoms . . .

On Thursday, the 5th, we weighed anchor, and with a light northerly wind, we steered W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S.W., and at noon we took the meridian and found $29^{\circ}50'$. At six o'clock, the lookout at mast-head discovered several islands in the bay of Mobile.

On Friday, the 6th, in the morning, the long-boat of the Badine was sent out to reconnoiter a pass which was seen between the islands mentioned, and the main land. The *François* and long-boats made sail to join us . . .

On Friday, the 13th, M. D'Iberville, having seen the Indians kindling fires upon the larger island three leagues to the north, took with him Father Anastasius to make them a visit. They landed in a gun-boat and a bark-canoe . . . We landed at two o'clock P.M. and saw the tracks of the Indians who had left since morning, and tented here.

On Saturday, the 14th, having breakfasted, we marched along the shore. M. D'Iberville and his Indian guide at the same time perceived the tracks of two savages who had come from their hiding-place. He returned to our fire, took two hatchets, four knives, some beads, vermillion, and two pipes filled with tobacco, as presents—and to show them that our intentions were peaceable.

The shallop and bark kept along the shore, while M. D'Iberville, his Indian guide, and Father Anastasius walked on foot. At some distance they saw three Indians who took flight in their canoes—seeing which, M. D'Iberville also took to his canoe and forced them on shore.

Two made good their escape, but the third, who was old and sickly, fell into his hands. Presents were given to him, and he was made to understand that our mission was friendly and not warlike. The Indian appeared to comprehend and be well satisfied. M. D'Iberville added that he was going to tent a short distance from this spot; he made a sign for us to go on shore and kindle a fire for him, which we did with pleasure. His thigh was badly diseased.

Some of our men who had gone out to hunt, surprised an old woman who had concealed herself. They conducted her to the old man where we were. She was nearly frightened to death. We gave her some presents, and she saw how well we treated the old man, who promised that so soon as his people returned he would make them pull some Indian corn for us.

We left them together and returned to our cabin. The old woman visited the Indians that same evening and told them all that happened.

On Sunday morning, the 15th, M. D'Iberville and Father Anastasius went again to visit the old man. But unfortunately, the fire having caught to the dry grass near him, he found it difficult to remoye himself. We laid the poor creature upon a bear's skin, where he expired within a half hour, before our eyes.

Hearing the others approaching us with songs, we waited for them some time. But through fear, they would not come near us. We then returned to our cabin. At six o'clock they encountered our hunters, who gained their confidence so far as to get their consent to come with them.

They came dancing and singing, holding in their hands a large club, which appeared to be an instrument of war.

We embraced them after their manner—by rubbing their stomachs—after which we gave them pipes and presents of every description. Then M. D'Iberville sent for the large brass kettle, that we might dine together. Two old women pulled the ears of corn to feast us in return.

They called us their allies, and taught us some words of their language, after which we returned to our cabin.

PATRON OF THE POOR

The French were beginning to swarm over the land — from the Ohio down the western side of the Alleghenies to the Gulf, across to the Mississippi and up to the big Missouri and the bigger Lakes, up to Quebec and Canada. The territory they claimed — by proxy of their trappers and traders of furs moving through the wilderness, their Indian mistresses and wives waiting near every post and fort — was vast. It was not more vast, however, than the ambitions of Louis, the Sun King, who called the whole of it Louisiana.

Less spectacular, but more solid, the power of the English was also going up. The foundations were meant to be more lasting. They were building not only forts and trading posts, but real settlements where they had cleared the stubborn land and planted their own crops — often with the aid of their wives, who had come with them from Perth Amboy and Providence, from Boston and from Charleston, or maybe even from the Old World.

The English power and the English influence were being spread in many ways — even by some of the poorest and most despised people of England:

The convicts from the debtors' prisons, the ostracized followers of unorthodox faiths (Congregationalists and Quakers, Lutherans and

Huguenots, and even some Catholics and Jews) who brought a flood of new energy with their new-found hopes to the colony founded for them by Mr. Oglethorpe:

Having got the pilot on board, we went up to Savannah river, and about eight at night reached the town of Savannah, which is about ten miles from the bar . . . We were very handsomely received by the honorable James Oglethorpe, Esq., one of the trustees for establishing that new colony, who is a very worthy gentleman and one that has undergone a

A Young Gentleman Looks at the Young Colony of Georgia; 1737 great many hardships in setting of it, and one the English nation will always be bound to pray for. It is to be wished all other gentlemen, especially those that have it in their power, would have the good of their country, and of all his majesty's subjects, as much at heart as this honorable gentleman.

Savannah is a very pleasant town, being situated on a beautiful bluff, at least sixty feet high, on the said river. It is a fine navigable river, so that ships of any burden may come up to the town—and a great many miles above.

The town is very regularly laid out, and they have now at least forty houses in it. They are at present obliged to have all their things up by a crane from the water—but I understand Mr. Oglethorpe has laid some scheme for another contrivance. The houses are all of them of the same size, that is 22 by 16.

There are still to be seen the four beautiful pines Mr. Oglethorpe first encamped under with the first forty that went over with him—and where he lay himself for near a twelvemonth, till in short the place was nothing but rags . . . Even now he lays in a house without a chimney in it, and indeed much harder than any of the people that are settled there.

In the middle of the town they have reserved a spot of land, which they intend to build a church on, as soon as possible . . . They have a place, at present, set apart for public worship on Sunday, where the children are educated all the rest of the week.

They have likewise a very beautiful public store, full of necessities, as tools, etc., for the poor people that come over there, as likewise provisions which are delivered out to them very regularly. They have likewise conveniences for all those that come over there, till they have built them a house.

The honorable trustees have a beautiful garden there, consisting of ten acres, where are a great many white mulberry trees, vines, and orange trees raised, on purpose for the poor people. Their lots in town consist of one quarter of an acre, but they have other lots a small distance out of town, consisting of five acres, which is designed for plantations.

I do not in the least question, but by the great assistance they have had from England—which has been laid out to the best advantage—and the good economy of the honorable trustees, it will, in a few years time, become a flourishing country.

The chief manufacture they go upon is silk and wine, and it will not be long before they will bring both to perfection.

I think it is the pleasantest climate in the world, for it is neither too warm in the summer nor too cold in the winter. They have certainly the finest water in the world, and the land is extraordinarily good. This may certainly be called the land of Canaan . . .

They have a large guard-house, where are several guns mounted, and they keep watch night and day. They have likewise begun building a large lighthouse that is to be upwards of fourscore feet high, and is to be set upon the point of Tybee island for directions for shipping . . .

I set out from thence, accompanied by two other gentlemen in a canoe with four oars, up the said river, and in the afternoon reached Purysburg, which is about 24 miles from Savannah . . . The land thereabouts is, generally speaking, very good—but the poor people have been unjustly cheated of the best part of it (I mean that part lying between them and Savannah) . . . They have already built, at their own expense, a very pretty fort, and can mount on occasion 24 guns. The town is at least one mile and a quarter long . . . They have at present only barracks to lie in. But the people seem to be very industrious, and had they but some small supply from England, it would shortly become a flourishing place . . .

I left Purysburg, and reached Savannah by dinner time, where I was again well received by Mr. Oglethorpe, who was pleased to keep open house for all gentlemen comers and goers—so long as the people had the happiness of his company there.

The silk and wine production was a fiasco. And so was the governor's strict rule about keeping rum and slaves (though he had made his

own great fortune from the African slave trade) out of his Georgia colony.

Nevertheless, here, more than a century after the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, was a new attempt to revive, and to perpetuate, that early seeking spirit. It was not so practical as the attempt made by Penn in the now prospering colonies of Pennsylvania and Delaware. But by its greater boldness it was also more meaningful for the developing continental conscience, which was slowly growing aware of persecutions forgotten and promises unfulfilled.

For the time being at least, Savannah — rather than the Puritans' thriving town of Salem, the Penns' Philadelphia (brotherly love inscribed in its cornerstone), or even Roger Williams' free (except to the slaves) city of Providence — had become the haven for the seekers after hope.

. *Six* .

M E R C H A N T S

We shall need likewise many more servants.

PLATO

SO GOOD AN EXAMPLE

While the conflicts between the royal governors and the colonists in general were growing sharper, other men besides the planter were acquiring prosperity and social stature in the colonies:

A powerful class of colonial merchants and other entrepreneurs was coming to life. Their roots were spreading in each province, across the hedges, across the stone and wooden fences, through the colonial sub-soil, branching over borders into other provinces, entwining themselves and moving forward (like the Virginia creeper, no less) over the frontiers into colonies owned by other nations, all the way from the Gullah swamps in the south, north to the Quebec heights, and down, spilling westward through the rich waterways, through the slowly waking middle-border lands, down to the coves along the Gulf. Their roots were taking hold, though ever so slowly, in the vastness of the Texas hills and plains, where villages and even towns were going up. The roots of commerce here were Spanish and they were still thin, but they reached all the way west through New Mexico and the desert Arid Zone (that would be Arizona) to the promising buds of colonial California.

Some of the merchants had practiced their trade in the Old World. But most of them now were products of their own or their father's or grandfather's pioneering efforts in the new land. Many of them were successful farmers and plantation-owners, spreading their own sturdy

roots of confidence in their purpose and skill (and in the skill as well as the drive of their slaves and hired laboring folk) into new fields of industry —

into the "mystery" of iron-making, for instance, with pioneers like Colonel Spottswood in Virginia and part of what would be North Carolina taking the lead (he and the knowing iron-makers from Africa who were bound to him). He and his enterprising friend and disciple, William Byrd — planter, merchant, surveyor, and scribe:

We all kept snug in our several apartments till nine, except Miss Theky, who was the housewife of the family. At that hour we met over a pot of coffee, which was not quite strong enough to give us the palsy. After breakfast the colonel and I left the ladies to their domestic affairs, and took a turn in the garden, which has nothing beautiful

From William Byrd's Diary of His Visit with Col. Spottswood; 1732 but three terrace walks that fall in slopes one below another. I let him understand that, besides the pleasure of paying him a visit, I came to be instructed by so great a master in the mystery of making of iron—wherein he had led the way, and was the Tubal Cain of Virginia.

He corrected me a little there, by assuring me he was not only the first in this country, but the first in North America, who had erected a regular furnace . . . They ran altogether upon bloomeries in New England and Pennsylvania, till his example had made them attempt greater works. But in this last colony, they have so few ships to carry their iron to Great Britain, that they must be content to make it only for their own use, and must be obliged to manufacture it when they have done . . .

He hoped he had done the country very great service by setting so good an example . . .

The four furnaces now at work in Virginia circulated a great sum of money for provisions and all other necessaries in the adjacent counties . . . They took off a great number of hands from planting tobacco, and employed them in works that produced a large sum of money in England to the persons concerned, whereby the country is so much the richer . . . They are besides a considerable advantage to Great Britain, because it lessens the quantity of bar iron imported from Spain, Holland, Sweden, Denmark and Muscovy—which used to be

no less than twenty thousand tons yearly—though at the same time no sow iron is imported thither from any country, but only from the plantations.

For most of this bar iron they do not only pay silver, but our friends in the Baltic are so nice they even expect to be paid all in crown pieces. On the contrary, all the iron they receive from the plantations, they pay for it in their own manufactures, and send for it in their own shipping.

Then I inquired after his own mines, and hoped, as he was the first that engaged in this great undertaking, that he had brought them to the most perfection. He told me he had had iron in several parts of his great tract of land, consisting of forty-five thousand acres, but that the mine he was at work upon was thirteen miles below Germanna . . .

His ore (which was very rich) he raised a mile from his furnace, and was obliged to cart the iron, when it was made, fifteen miles to Massaponux, a plantation he had upon Rappahannock river, but . . . the road was exceeding good, gently declining all the way, and had no more than one hill to go up in the whole journey. For this reason his loaded carts went it in a day without difficulty.

He said it was true his works were of the oldest standing, but that his long absence in England, and the wretched management of Mr. Greame, whom he had entrusted with his affairs, had put him back very much . . . what with neglect and severity, above eighty of his slaves were lost while he was in England, and most of his cattle starved . . . His furnace stood still great part of the time, and all his plantations ran to ruin . . .

Indeed he was rightly served for committing his affairs to the care of a mathematician, whose thoughts were always among the stars . . . Nevertheless, since his return, he had applied himself to rectify his steward's mistakes, and bring his business again into order . . . Now he had contrived to do everything with his own people, except raising the mine and running the iron, by which he had contracted his expense very much. Nay, he believed that by his directions he could bring sensible Negroes to perform those parts of the work tolerably well.

But at the same time he gave me to understand that his furnace had done no great feats lately because he had been taken up in building an air furnace at Massaponux, which he had now brought to perfection, and should be thereby able to furnish the whole country with all sorts of cast iron, as cheap and as good as ever came from England. I told

him he must do one thing more to have a full vent for those commodities—he must keep a shallop running into all the rivers, to carry his wares home to people's own doors. And if he would do that I would set a good example, and take off a whole ton of them.

Our conversation on this subject continued till dinner, which was both elegant and plentiful.

The afternoon was devoted to the ladies, who showed me one of their most beautiful walks. They conducted me through a shady lane to the landing, and by the way made me drink some very fine water that issued from a marble fountain, and ran incessantly. Just behind it was a covered bench—where Miss Theky often sat and bewailed her virginity.

Then we proceeded to the river, which is the south branch of Rappahannock, about fifty yards wide, and so rapid that the ferry boat is drawn over by a chain, and therefore called the Rapidan. At night we drank prosperity to all the colonel's projects in a bowl of rye punch, and then retired to our devotions.

NOTHING MORE AWFUL

By the patient use of science and skill, by individual initiative and collective industriousness, colonial trade was expanding. The new colonial merchant and industrial class was beginning to prosper, thanks to its increasing defiance of the trading restrictions imposed by the governments at home—and thanks also, and in no small measure, to the grace and goodness of the land's own bountiful resources, in particular its noble reserves of timber:

Timber for houses. Wood for charcoal—and charcoal for the furnaces (furnaces for iron). Lumber for staves—and staves for barrels (barrels for rum, and rum for slaves). Trees for logs, and logs for cabins—but more often now the logs were turned into lumber, and the lumber into frame dwellings or churches. Forests for masts and spars (and soon we could not see the trees or the forests) and these for the ships:

The ships to carry the colonial goods to the homeland as well as to the forbidden ports ruled by another flag. The ships bringing back the cambric, the linen, the cutlery and other fine manufactures from the motherland. The ships of the fishermen along the coasts, and the ships

of the whalers on every sea. The colonial ships, rising from the colonists' own yards, from Portsmouth in New Hampshire down to the Chesapeake, from Charleston up to the James!

Timber was needed for all the ships. Timber was needed and timber was found, for these and the ships of the royal navy:

Very little can be said of the province of New Hampshire materially different from what has been said of Massachusetts Bay . . . The chief articles for exportation are fish, cattle, ships (of which they annually build near two hundred)—and masts for the royal navy. These are made of the white pine, and are, I believe, the finest in the world, *From Burnaby's Travels in New Hampshire and the Other Colonies; 1759-60* many of them being forty yards long, and as many inches in diameter. They never cut them down but in times of deep snow, as it would be impossible in any other season to get them down to the river.

When the trees are fallen, they yoke seventy or eighty pair of oxen, and drag them along the snow. It is exceedingly difficult to put them first in motion, which they call raising them—and when they have once effected this, they never stop upon any account whatsoever till they arrive at the water's side. Frequently some of the oxen are taken ill, upon which they immediately cut them out of the gears, and are sometimes obliged, I was told, to destroy fire or six pair of them.

The forests, where these masts grow, are reserved to the crown, which appoints a surveyor of them, who is commonly the governor of this province. This is not the only expedient employed by government for the preservation of such trees as may be of use for the royal navy, for there is an act of parliament, I believe, which prohibits, under pain of certain fines and penalties, the cutting down or destroying of any white pine-tree of specified dimensions, not growing within the boundaries of any township, without his majesty's licence, in any of the provinces of New England, New York, or New Jersey: a restriction absolutely necessary, whether considered as securing a provision for the navy, or as a check upon that very destructive practice, taken from the Indians, of fire-hunting.

It used to be the custom for large companies to go into the woods in the winter, and to set fire to the brush and underwood, in a circle of several miles. This circle gradually contracting itself, the deer and other wild animals, inclosed, naturally retired from the flames, till

at length they got herded together in a very small compass. Then, blinded and suffocated by the smoke, and scorched by the fire, which every moment came nearer to them, they forced their way, under the greatest trepidation and dismay, through the flames—and were no sooner got into the open daylight again, than they were shot by the hunters, who stood without and were in readiness to fire upon them.

The trees included within the circle, although not absolutely burnt down, were so dried and injured, that they never vegetated any more, and as the fire did not only contract itself inwardly, but dilated also outwardly, and sometimes continued burning for several weeks, till rain, or some accidental circumstance put it out. It is incredible what injury and devastation it occasioned in the woods.

I was once a spectator of a similar fire in Virginia, which had happened through accident. Nothing could be more awful and tremendous than the sight. It was of great extent, and burned several weeks before the inhabitants could subdue it. They effected it at last by cutting away the underwood, in wide and long avenues, to leeward of the fire—by which it was deprived of the means of communicating or spreading any farther.

THE WIDENING CIRCLE

There was one fire, however, that would not be stopped—and that was the spreading fire of colonial trade. It was moving now across larger and larger areas. It was traveling:

The trade of Pennsylvania is surprisingly extensive, carried on to Great Britain, the West Indies, every part of North America, the Madeiras, Lisbon, Cadiz, Holland, Africa, the Spanish main, and several other places—exclusive of what is illicitly carried on to Cape Francois and Monte Christo. There exports are provisions of all kinds, *Andrew Burnaby's Observations on Trade in the Colonies; 1759-60* lumber, hemp, flax, flax-seed, iron, furs, and deer-skins. Their imports, English manufactures, with the superfluities and luxuries of life. By their flag-of-truce trade, they also get sugar, which they refine and send to Europe.

Their manufactures are very considerable. The Germantown thread-stockings are in high estimation; and the year before last, I have been

credibly informed, there were manufactured in that town alone, above 60,000 dozen pair. Their common retail price is a dollar per pair.

The Irish settlers make very good linens; some woollens have also been fabricated, but not, I believe, to any amount. There are several other manufactures—viz., of beaver hats, which are superior in goodness to any in Europe, of cordage, linseed oil, starch, myrtle-wax and spermaceti candles, soap, earthen ware, and other commodities . . .

From New York . . . they export chiefly grain, flour, pork, skins, furs, pig-iron, lumber, and staves. Their manufactures, indeed, are not extensive, nor by any means to be compared with those of Pennsylvania; they make a small quantity of cloth, some linen, hats, shoes, and other articles for wearing apparel. They make glass also, and wampum, refine sugars—which they import from the West Indies—and distill considerable quantities of rum.

They also, as well as the Pennsylvanians—till both were restrained by act of parliament—had erected several slitting mills, to make nails, etc. But this is now prohibited, and they are exceedingly dissatisfied at it.

They have several other branches of manufactures, but in general, so inconsiderable, that I shall not take notice of them. One thing it may be necessary to mention—I mean the article of shipbuilding, about which, in different parts of the province, they employ many hands . . .

As the province of Rhode Island affords but few commodities for exportation—horses, provisions, and an inconsiderable quantity of grain, with spermaceti candles, being the chief articles—they are obliged to Connecticut, and the neighboring colonies, for most of their traffic, and by their means carry on an extensive trade. Their mode of commerce is this:

They trade to Great Britain, Holland, Africa, the West Indies, and the neighboring colonies, from each of which places they import the following articles: from Great Britain, dry goods; from Holland, money; from Africa, slaves; from the West Indies, sugars, coffee, and molasses; and from the neighboring colonies, lumber and provisions; and with what they purchase in one place they make their returns in another. Thus with the money they get in Holland, they pay their merchants in London; the sugars they procure in the West Indies, they carry to Holland, the slaves they fetch from Africa they send to the West Indies, together with lumber and provisions, which they get from the neighboring colonies; the rum that they distill they export to Africa; and with the dry goods which they purchase in London, they traffic in the neighboring colonies.

By this kind of circular commerce they subsist and grow rich.

They have besides these some other inconsiderable branches of trade, but nothing worth mentioning. They have very few manufactures; they distill rum and make spermaceti candles, but in the article of dry goods, they are far behind the people of New York and Pennsylvania . . .

The province of Massachusetts Bay, including the district of Plymouth . . . carries on a considerable traffic, chiefly in the manner of the Rhode Islanders. But they have some material articles for exportation, which the Rhode Islanders have not, except in a very trifling degree: these are salt fish, and vessels. Of the latter they build annually a great number, and send them, laden with cargoes of the former, to Great Britain, where they sell them . . .

Exclusive of these articles, their manufactures are not large; those of spirits, fish oil, and iron, are, I believe, the most considerable. They fabricate beaver hats, which they sell for a moidore a piece, and some years ago they erected a manufactory with a design to encourage the Irish settlers to make linens . . .

Like the rest of the colonies they also endeavor to make woollens, but have not yet been able to bring them to any degree of perfection. Indeed it is an article in which I think they will not easily succeed, for the American wool is not only coarse, but, in comparison of the English, exceedingly short. Upon the best inquiry I could make, I was not able to discover that any one had ever seen a staple of American wool longer than seven inches, whereas in the counties of Lincoln and Leicester, they are frequently twenty-two inches long. In the southern colonies, at least in those parts where I travelled, there is scarcely any herbage, and whether it is owing to this, or to the excessive heats, I am ignorant, the wool is short and hairy. The northern colonies have indeed greater plenty of herbage, but are for some months covered with snow—and without a degree of attention and care in housing the sheep, and guarding them against accidents, and wild beasts, which would not easily be compensated, it would be very difficult to increase their numbers to any great amount.

The Americans seem conscious of this fact, and notwithstanding a very severe prohibition, contrive to procure from England every year a considerable number of rams, in order to improve and multiply the breed. What the lands beyond the Allegheny and upon the banks of the Ohio may be, I do not know . . .

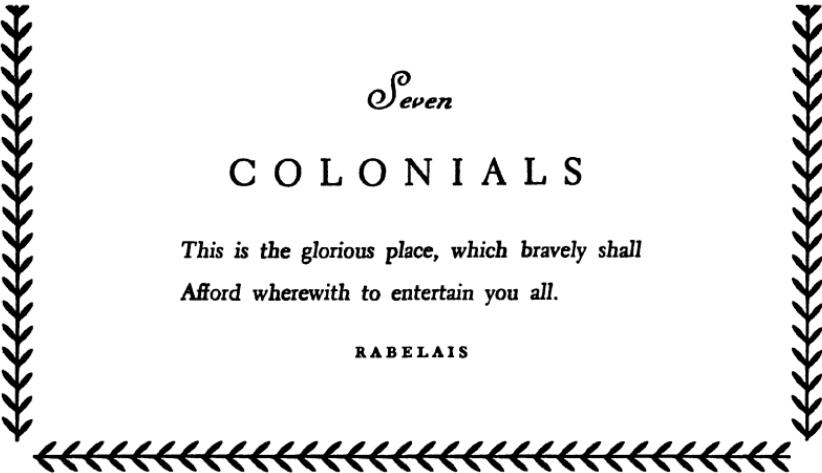
We didn't know, either, what the lands beyond the Allegheny and upon the banks of the Ohio might be. But we weren't waiting to be told — by the Englishman Mr. Burnaby or by anyone else who didn't know. We had heard enough from the Indians and from the French who were already out there. And we were losing no more time in getting started.

Packs on our backs (a few provisions and a lot of wares, a Bible or a prayer book, and an axe, a knife, and a flintlock to tote besides), we were moving into those lands, among the forbidden French and Spanish and Indian settlements. We were the newer traders, with an eye for business and a tongue for bargaining. We were striking out in business for ourselves —

because most of the commerce in the established colonies along the coast was in the hands of wealthy men. Owners of large plantations and multiple fishing and trading vessels, dealers in slaves and rum and prize enemy ships, major entrepreneurs in the rising industries of lumber and iron, they were already bringing in new workmen and new servants to take our place.

For we were the indentured servants who had finally redeemed our bonds, we were a few freed slaves (and some fugitives, too), and we were Moravians and Mennonites, Quakers and Catholics, Jews and Anglicans and Baptists as well, shaking the dust of colonial intolerance and even ostracism from our feet. We were the new poor traders —

the new forerunners of new settlers moving into the dangerous but inviting, unsurveyed lands along the Ohio and to the Mississippi. We were the newer, vigorous face of our eternal, moving frontier.



Seven

COLONIALS

*This is the glorious place, which bravely shall
Afford wherewith to entertain you all.*

RABELAIS

“THIS IS MY WILL”

Out of the wilderness, clearings — and in the midst of these, cabins and then houses of wood (and homes of stone, hand-hewn and hand-fitted). Out of the stockades, villages — and out of these, towns, and then the cities: rising like magic (there was magic in our labor as well as our zeal) up and down the eastern coast, with good distances of land and air between them. And as we labored with the land (and though we also labored against it, tearing its protecting limbs and roots, scalping its precious coverings) the land responded and was a friend to us.

We were growing richer, we had greater confidence in our minds and our hearts and our bodies. We were even getting to look a little like the land (in our new eyes, the blue of our lakes and some of our rivers, the green of the ocean behind us, the brown of the ores thick in our soil, the shining black of all our forest nights — in our eyes the veering winds and the shifting seasons of the land). We were multiplying, too, by the pain of our women and the pluck of our men — and the patience of both of them. We were growing fast, especially in the English colonies.

In the other colonies—the French, the Spanish—we were developing more slowly (but moving along toward our fulfillments just the same). In Texas, more of us were coming up now from Mexico, from across the Gulf (from the fine city of Havana), and even from across the sea —

from Spain, and from the Canary Islands that belonged to Spain. We were settling in Texas, with the encouragement of the Spanish king himself (for his own reasons, of course):

Marqués de San Miguel de Aguayo has informed me that, as a consequence of the French invasion of the province of Texas and Nuevas Philipinas—in Nueva España—in 1719, which forced the soldiers stationed there as guards to abandon the first-named province and the six

missions erected in it, the Marqués de Valero, *A Royal Dispatch from the King of Spain; Feb. 14, 1729* who was viceroy of that kingdom at the time, made him in my name governor and captain-general of the provinces above mentioned . . . When he had succeeded in pacifying these parts—the country of the Texas, Bahía del Espíritu Santo, and the presidio of San Antonio, the said provinces being again brought under my dominion—he left them fortified by the necessary presidios (one in the center of the Texas country with a guard of twenty-five men to protect the missions, one at Adaes with one hundred men, one at Bahía del Espíritu Santo with ninety men) and . . . this work was finished on the thirty-first of May, 1722.

He suggested, for the greater security of the provinces mentioned, and for the saving of expenses to the royal treasury (since there would be so many soldiers and presidios to maintain) that it would be a good plan for four hundred families to come from your islands—the Canaries—from the city of Havana, and from the province of Tlascala, and be distributed in Bahía de San Antonio, in all the missions, at Adaes, and among the Texas Indians . . . At the same time, a new mission, with a settlement of Spaniards and Tlascaltecans, should be founded half way [between San Antonio and the Texas country] in one of the following locations: la Anguila, or Nuestra Señora de Buena Vista, since the one hundred and seventy-two leagues between San Antonio and the first mission among the Texas Indians is unsettled.

It seemed to him that, without these families, it would be hard to hold the province, which is one of the most valuable in America. It is very fertile in all kinds of grain, seed, and stock; and likewise rich in mines which can be worked.

After the above mentioned report had been seen in my Council of the Indies, together with the opinion of the fiscal in regard to it, I was likewise consulted on the point . . . By an order of March 18, 1723, issued por la via reservada, Don Juan Montero, who was then serving as

intendente ad interim of those Islands, was given instructions that every register ship leaving the Islands for Campeche should carry over two hundred families of such persons as desired to volunteer to settle in the above mentioned places: in the Bay of San Bernardo, or Bahía del Espíritu Santo, and the province of Texas, to be distributed proportionately in all these places. And . . . I have now resolved that, for the peace and security of the aforesaid provinces, there should be sent from those Islands four hundred families, including the two hundred for whose departure I had previously provided by the above mentioned order of March 18, 1723.

It must be understood that these additional two hundred families shall set sail from the Canaries in such register ships as may leave for the port of Havana, each vessel carrying ten or twelve families, and as many more as is possible, in order that from the said port they may be transported to the port of Vera Cruz, and from there they may travel by sea to the places which they are to settle and inhabit.

I, therefore, command and order that you make known my royal will in those Islands, and see if there be families in them who desire to go by way of Havana to the places above mentioned. If they agree to this voluntarily, and in no other case, you shall arrange for the transportation of at least ten or twelve families in each register ship as above stated.

Know that by dispatches I this day order the governor and royal officials of Havana, as soon as the families arrive at that port, to receive them and to give them such assistance as they may need, and to arrange for their transportation to Vera Cruz. And . . . I also issue an order to the Viceroy of Nueva España that he shall see that the same measures are taken in his port, that he shall arrange for their transportation by sea to the places in which they are to settle, and that he shall provide them with what they may need for their maintenance for one year, until they plant their crops. He is, likewise, to see that they are cared for, and are given the proper treatment.

This is my will.

HUMBLED BEFORE GOD

That was His Catholic Majesty's will. And we wanted to come, too — there was little else back in the Old World (Spain or Germany, England

or France) but hardship and hunger, poverty and persecution and plagues, for the many poor working folk like us. We came from the Canary Islands — from Lancerota and from Palma. Some of us were the first family of settlers in this part of Texas. For instance:

Juan Leal Goras, son of Antonio, and of María who was born Pérez. I was 54 years old, tall, long face, thick beard, dark complexion, sharp nose, black beard and hair, light grey eyes (the left one blind). My two sons, whose mother was dead, came with me — Vicente, 19, and Bernardo, 13. Their eyes were the same color as mine, but other features were like their mother's, or their grandparents' — thus Vicente's eyebrows met, and Bernardo's nose was flat.

Others among us were the fourteenth family to come. Thus:

María Rodríguez-Provayna. 27 years old. With my six children. I had the first one when I was 14 (and the youngest one scarcely a month ago).

We were settling Texas. We and the ones who came after us.

Meanwhile, however, the English colonies were being settled much faster — and much more thoroughly. All along the eastern seaboard now, there were large and flourishing communities: there was the sprawling, busy capital of William Penn's colony, Philadelphia — and one week's travel from there by coach (when the weather and the roads were middling) was a smaller city — New York. It would take quite a time to go from Salem to Charleston — but those of us who made the trip (and there were more and more of us) got to see some fine cities on the way — Boston and Providence and New Haven, Perth Amboy, Baltimore, Richmond and Wilmington, North Carolina.

Cities were being born, and with them (and with the frontier still not far behind them) a new and intricate society was coming into the world. People were getting rich, and were helping to make other people rich. There was a greater and greater variety of food and drink, furnishings and clothes. There was an increasing demand for comforts and even a few luxuries — a demand for goods, for trade with each other, with the other colonies (in spite of the royal prohibitions) and with the lands ruled by other flags (even if it had to be done through smuggling and bribes).

There were schools, too (especially in New England), and a few colleges, besides. There was growing enlightenment in theocratic New

England—so that even a minister of God, the Reverend McSparran, who had shown excessive interest in the ladies of his flock, had hope of forgiveness:

Whereas it hath pleased the most Righteous God, in the ways of his justifiable providence, for his greater glory, and my further humiliation, to make it my present duty to acknowledge and confess unto you what I trust I have humbly and penitentially grieved for before God—who,

*From the Letter-Book of
Samuel Sewall; 1719* as he is a Witness as well of my miscarriages as repentances, so do I also trust, that through Jesus Christ he hath forgiven my sins, the evidences whereof, it is mine, and I hope will be your prayers to God for me: that they may be made daily clearer and clearer, and that He will administer Grace to keep me from future follies.

I do therefore with the utmost confusion and grief, for those youthfull follies—some of which God is causing me to reposess and for all which there are bitter things written against me—acknowledge that Mrs. Deborah Cushing (now Loring) hath, by my ungarded carriage, the opportunity of charging me with folly in behaviour, for which I am sorry she hath aggravated the same, so that I ever gave her occasion so to do; for that I intended her no actual abuse.

That Mrs. Sarah Jacobs has added to, and aggravated (what she ought not) in her charge, as it is most true, so is it also, if my language in her company has been lascivious and unbecoming; for which I have been, and yet remain grieved.

I am wronged in being called intemperate; though I have reason to look back with sorrow upon my self for loving company, and using too much unreservedness in it, for my want of prudence in the choice of my conversants; and my prodigality in spending precious time.

I am called a deceiver, for that my credentials are suspected as to their authentick validity, and want of due form. For the form, I can't tell whether it will agree with theirs that suspect it—for that I know of no set or prescript form used in such case. As to their validity, I know not where to state or found it otherwise than in the breasts of men. But as to their verity and truth, however unworthy I was, yet was I thought worthy of a testimonial, which I brought with me from Ireland to this country, as I hope will in time more fully and clearly appear.

I never framed, nor formed, nor forged my credentials. I confess I had my testimonials transcribed by a gentleman I have not concealed.

And though I am sorry that I had, yet, for that I judge it no crime, so I hope none will misimprove it against me.

It were too endless a task for you, as well as impossible for me, to enumerate my faults and failings from my youth up, until now: for they're grown over my head, and like the host of heaven for number. They encompass me, and are every day before me—where, I hope, they will remain until I am effectually made inimical to them, and duly humbled for them.

I am deeply concerned for the present difficulties and disappointments of this church and town, and humbled before God, I hope, for my being, in any degree, contributary to 'em. I beg your compassions towards me, your pity and forgiveness, your earnest prayers to the father of mercies, to extend them to me.

I shall not need to put you in mind of the Bowels there is required in you, nor of the dangerous nature of surmises and jealousies that from many have been the portion of my bitter cup of late. I shall, assuring my self of the great measures of that pityfull and compassionate heart, yerning and forgiving Spirit of Christ, which I have abundant reason to believe is in you, rely on your candor, assuring my self that you will pray earnestly jointly and a part for me...

BEGGING TO DIFFER

The ways of enlightenment were spreading over the English colonies. The growth of prosperity and the rise of self confidence among the colonials were putting an end to the old theocratic patterns in New England — so that even Judge Samuel Sewall himself, who had sat on the bench at Salem during the witchcraft trials (and whose conscience had bothered him ever since) could feel compassion now toward the erring minister of God, whose plea for forgiveness he endorsed.

Puritanism was losing its fanatical hold. Zealots like Increase and Cotton Mather, once powerful in the provincial government and in the guidance of education, were on their way out. And so was the brilliant but belated Reverend Jonathan Edwards. There was too much interest among the people in the fires of iron-making (with steel soon to follow) for the fires of hell to leave much of an impression on their minds now.

Something of a colonial Renaissance was underway, in fact — and it

was already beginning to embrace all fields of learning and endeavor: science and art, education and politics, as well as trade and finance.

In Pennsylvania (growing stolid and prosperous now in the skillful, diligent hands of the Quakers, the Mennonites and other industrious sects) the rays of enlightenment were spreading, too. They were lighting up many dark corners of our lives. We were thinking more boldly about everything, including religion, and we were arguing:

Mr. Franklin, please publish the following lines in your paper. You will thus do a favor to your unknown friend:

Mr. Sauer, I notice that two well-meaning Germans...as a New Year's greeting, have slightly washed your head. But I also notice that the lies which they used were by no means strong enough to penetrate

From B. Franklin's German-language Newspaper; Jan. 25, 1752 so as to cure and revivify your old diseased brain, for in your last rag collection of the Kirchen-Reich . . . I see that quite according to your odd custom you do not answer a word about the subject which they broached—except that you again accuse and attempt to turn back the reproaches and carefully made arguments.

This, however, is the manner of all rascals and women when they are called up to clear themselves of an accusation, not the method of a sensible man. It leads me to believe that the nuts have been too hard for you to crack, just as the pears were too sour for the fox in the fable, because they hung too high.

You sharply say in the number mentioned above that a short time ago there appeared in the Philadelphische Zeitung an article which shows how one shall flatter, caress and at the same time threaten those in authority and the judges. But, Mr. Sauer, what would happen if you would be asked to prove your statement? If you were, as you pretend you are, a man who loves friends and truth and is also nonpartisan you would not again have printed such apparent lies and new accusations in your good for nothing paper . . .

One reads exactly the opposite in the writings of your opponents. They simply show to Mr. Sauer and distinctly prove by his own scribbling not only that he is not chosen as judge but also that he is not the man who is able to give an accurate decision, as he has by far not enough sense and capacity for it. That is the simple truth, against which you can say nothing except that it has angered you so much in your arro-

gance and highly conceited wisdom that you have blown from you the affected lying wind mentioned above, and thereby according to your custom intend to turn the argument from you and upon your opponents—as other rascals also do.

You may indeed talk of threats, caresses and flatteries. Who has learned this art better, and for many years has displayed it more, than you by spoken and written word? How soon you can turn your mantle to the wind either because it is to your interest or because of blind affection for others! . . .

You have often been controverted, and your unreasonableness and folly exposed. Then you say that you do not want to quarrel, that quarreling is satanic, and nobody quarrels more than you yourself. In short you may quite rightly be called the most Christian brawler and disputer here in this land.

You say further that your opponents teach . . . how one should repudiate Christ's teachings and the first Christian gatherings and practices . . . Mr. Sauer, just so soon as you speak of truth, you are caught in the way of lies! Where is such a statement to be found and shown in the writings of your opponents?

. . . They push the truth under your nose, which smarts your eyes like onions. This is something quite different and this you call the way of libellous students—but that is exactly your own way, for your father himself was a student. From him you probably learned the art of turning truth into lies on one hand, and imagination and rhapsody into truth on the other.

. . . It seems . . . that Mr. Sauer is not satisfied with the greater freedom of our times and country, but envious of and unfavorable to it. You cannot endure that others who do not want to come into your enthusiastic Babel should erect separate and special houses and assemble there to conduct religious services as they please. At every opportunity you taunt them and ridicule everything that they do.

You say you desire that people shall sneak into each other's houses according to the example of the first church, as you and your like do, and there hear something said irrationally of God and Christ, of great saints, of blind faith, of senseless secrets, and be persecuted in so doing. If it matters so much to you, you can go back to Europe—you would get enough of it.

But if you prefer to enjoy here the liberty that is granted to you of meeting in private houses, then permit others the liberty of erecting special meeting houses, doing with them and fitting them up as they

desire. Why do you have to disturb them, since you are not one of them?

You are not at all the man who is qualified to make laws for people and rule them. Even if you have a press and print newspapers, you are in the main as well qualified to criticize the Christian religion, church affairs and the condition of the first churches as a cripple to dance.

THE LANDS FARTHER OFF

This was one of the many debates waged in forthright fashion in the columns of that German-language newspaper which was owned and operated by a gentleman with many interests: a jack of many trades (and master of all of them). Yes, Benjamin Franklin was a real scientist, a real thinker about life and people, and a real wit. And more to come.

There was another colonial, a contemporary of Mr. Franklin, who (for quite different accomplishments) could match his stature. He was the grandson of an immigrant from England. He liked land—and plenty of it—and he liked riding horseback to the lands farther off: the un-surveyed lands, or those that he himself had surveyed. Mr. Washington liked that, and he liked coming back to his large Virginia plantation with his carefully kept account of what he had seen and experienced on the trip:

Oct. 24, 1770: We left our encampment before sunrise, and about six miles below it we came to the mouth of a pretty smart creek, coming in to the eastward, called by the Indians Split Island Creek—from its running in against an island. On this creek there is the appearance of good land a distance up it. Six miles below this again we came to another creek on the west side, called by *G. Washington's Journal of a Tour to the Ohio; 1770* Nicholson, Wheeling. And about a mile lower down appears to be another small water coming in on the east side—which I remark, because of the scarcity of them, and to show how badly furnished this country is with mill-seats.

Two or three miles below this again is another run on the west side, up which is a near way by land to the Mingo Town; and about four miles lower, comes in another on the east—at which place is a path leading to the settlement at Red-Stone. About a mile and a half below

this again, comes in the Pipe Creek, so called by the Indians from a stone which is found here, out of which they make pipes.

Opposite to this—that is, on the east side—is a bottom of exceeding rich land. But as it seems to lie low, I am apprehensive that it is subject to be overflowed. This bottom ends where the effects of a hurricane appear, by the destruction and havoc among the trees.

Two or three miles below the Pipe Creek is a pretty large creek on the west side, called by Nicholson Fox-Grape-Vine, by others Captema Creek, on which, eight miles up, is the town called the Grape-Vine Town; and at the mouth of it is the place where it was said the traders lived, and the one was killed. To this place we came about three o'clock in the afternoon, and finding nobody there, we agreed to camp—that Nicholson and one of the Indians might go up to the town and inquire into the truth of the report concerning the murder.

Oct. 25: About seven o'clock, Nicholson and the Indian returned. They found nobody at the town but two old Indian women (the men being a hunting). From these they learnt that the trader was not killed, but drowned in attempting to ford the Ohio, and that only one boy, belonging to the traders, was in these parts—the trader (father to him) being gone for horses to take home their skins.

About half an hour after seven we set out from our encampment, around which and up the creek is a body of fine land. In our passage down to this we see innumerable quantities of turkeys, and many deer watering and browsing on the shore-side, some of which we killed.

Neither yesterday nor the day before did we pass any rifts, or very rapid water—the river gliding gently along. Nor did we perceive any alteration in the general face of the country, except that the bottoms seemed to be getting a little longer and wider, as the bends of the river grew larger.

About five miles from the Vine Creek comes in a very large creek to the eastward, called by the Indians Cut Creek—from a town or tribe of Indians which they say was cut off entirely in a very bloody battle between them and the Six Nations. The creek empties just at the lower end of an island, and is seventy or eighty yards wide—and I fancy it is the Creek commonly called by the people of Red-Stone and Wheeling. It extends, according to the Indians' account, a great way, and interlocks with the branches of Split-Island Creek; abounding in very fine bottoms, and exceeding good land...

Muddy Creek...heads up against and with some of the waters of Monongahela (according to the Indians' account) and contains some

bottoms of very good land. But in general the hills are steep, and country broken about it. At the mouth of this creek is the largest flat I have seen upon the river—the bottom extending two or three miles up the river above it, and a mile below—though it does not seem to be of the richest kind and yet is exceeding good upon the whole, if it be not too low and subject to freshets.

About half way in the long reach we encamped, opposite to the beginning of a bottom on the east side of the river. At this place we threw out some lines at night and found a catfish, of the size of our largest river cats, hooked to it in the morning (though it was of the smallest kind there).

We found no rifts in this day's passage, but pretty swift water in some places, and still in others. We found the bottoms increased in size, both as to length and breadth, and the river more choked up with fallen trees, and the bottom of the river next the shores rather more muddy, but in general stony, as it has been all the way down.

October 26: Left our encampment at half an hour after six o'clock, and passed a small run on the west side about four miles lower. At the lower end of the long reach, and for some distance up it, on the east side, is a large bottom, but low and covered with beech near the river-shore—which is no indication of good land. The long reach is a straight course of the river for about eighteen or twenty miles, which appears the more extraordinary as the Ohio in general is remarkably crooked...

At the end of this reach we found one Martin and Lindsay, two traders, and from them learnt that the person drowned was one Philips, attempting—in company with Rogers, another Indian trader—to swim the river with their horses at an improper place; Rogers himself narrowly escaping...

October 28:... We found Kiashuta and his hunting party encamped. Here we were under a necessity of paying our compliments, as this person was one of the Six Nation chiefs, and the head of them upon this river.

In the person of Kiashuta I found an old acquaintance... He expressed a satisfaction at seeing me, and treated us with great kindness, giving us a quarter of very fine buffalo. He insisted upon our spending that night with him, and, in order to retard us as little as possible, moves his camp down the river about six miles just below the mouth of the creek... At this place we all encamped.

After much counselling the over night, they all came to my fire the next morning with great formality—when Kiashuta... thanked me for

saying that peace and friendship were the wish of the people of Virginia (with them) and for recommending it to the traders to deal with them upon a fair and equitable footing, and then again expressed their desire of having a trade opened with Virginia . . .

November 17: . . . The Indians who reside upon the Ohio (the upper parts of it at least) are composed of Shawnees, Delawares, and some of the Mingoes—who, getting but little part of the consideration that was given for the lands eastward of the Ohio, view the settlement of the people upon this river with an uneasy and jealous eye, and do not scruple to say that they must be compensated for their right if the people settle thereon, notwithstanding the cession of the Six Nations thereto.

On the other hand, the people from Virginia and elsewhere are exploring and marking all the lands that are valuable, not only on Red-stone and other waters of the Monongahela, but along down the Ohio as low as the Little Kenhawa at least. How difficult it may be to contend with these people afterwards, is easy to be judged—from every day's experience of lands actually settled, supposing these to be made (than which nothing is more probable, if the Indians permit them)—from the disposition of the people at present.

Just how difficult would it be to contend with these people? Colonel George Washington (he was a colonel in the colonial militia) knew the answer all right—the full answer—but he wasn't ready or willing to talk about that just yet. The royal governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, knew it, too—and he didn't mind stating it:

“The established authority of any government in America, and the policy of the government at home, are both insufficient to restrain the Americans. They do and will remove as their avidity and restlessness incite them. They acquire no attachment to place; but wandering about seems engraffed in their nature; and it is a weakness incident to it that they should forever imagine the lands further off, are still better than those upon which they are already settled—”

He was talking about a lot of people: by the time the colonial years were heading toward their end, there were more than a million and a half of us in the British colonies. We were all colors and all sects by now, getting to know each other better all the time (always room for

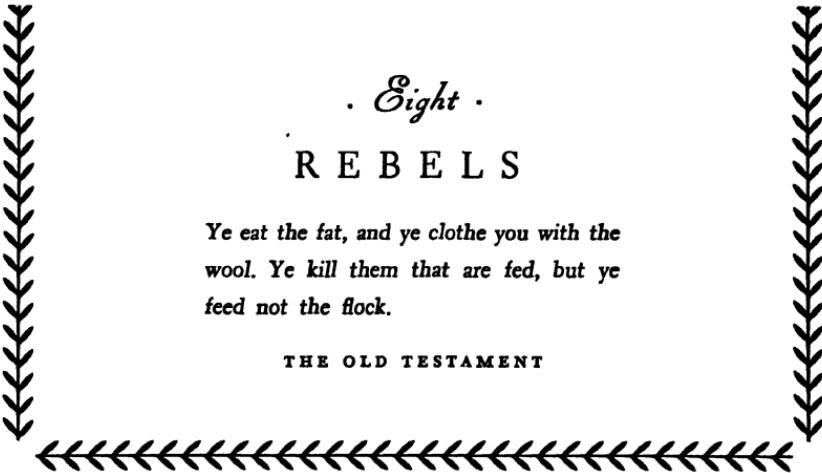
improvement, of course — particularly when a good many are bound by indenture and slavery, and many others are propertyless, or otherwise ostracized from positions of opportunity or even the promise of it). We were the multiplying wheels (of God's wheel, still) moving out farther over the land, and in many ways farther from each other (the poor farther from the rich), yet joined closer to each other, in the new night of restraint and oppression rising around us, by the long, slowly stretching threads and belts of common interest.

We had come — a century and a half before — as nonconformists (in our burning memories, the pyres of London town, the auto-da-fe in Portugal, the flames on that Bartholomew's Day in France). We were rolling on — but now we were grown into rebels, resolved to keep open the paths and the roads (and a few cobbled streets) of enlightenment we had cut and laid for ourselves and our born and our unborn kind.



Book III

MACHINE: THE FULFILLING



. *Eight* .

R E B E L S

Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool. Ye kill them that are fed, but ye feed not the flock.

THE OLD TESTAMENT

LIKE MEN DISTRACTED

We were nonconformists when we left the Old World — when we refused to bow to the medieval ways or to those who were supplanting those ways with newer forms of bigotry and oppression. We had fled from France and Germany and Portugal. We had separated our lives and our destinies from old England — first from that king James I, in whose reign the Scriptures' truth was freed to us (the Old and the New Testaments rendered into clear and splendid English!) at last, but who had tried to awe and terrify us with his dictum: "What God hath joined . . . let no man separate. I am the husband and all the whole isle is my lawful wife — I am the head and it is my body."

We were nonconformists then (we had let him have his isle — his body — but without us in it), and soon we were rebels in the new land which was steadily becoming ours by dint of our labor and by the grace of the blessed distances separating us and our consciences from the Old World's ways and the Old World's power.

We were rebels like the Pueblo Indians (among them, the bold and knowing Zuñis who had opened the sacred mountain to create this world) who again challenged the Spanish power in New Mexico in 1676. And in that same year we were Virginia rebels defying the English governor who had failed to provide us with the necessary protection against the hostile Indians. The promises made by the royal governor

meant little or nothing to us, any more than they did to our leader — that Mr. young Nathaniel Bacon:

Bacon was escaped into the country, having intimation that the governor's generosity in pardoning him and his followers and restoring him to his seat in council, were no other than previous weadles to amuse him and his adherents and to circumvent them by stratagem—forasmuch as the taking Mr. Bacon again into the council was first to keep him out

*Assemblyman Mathew's
Account of Bacon's
Rebellion* of the assembly, and in the next place the governor knew the country people were hastening down with dreadful threatenings to double-revenge all wrongs that should be done to Mr. Bacon or his men, or whoever should have had the least hand in 'em.

... This Mr. young Nathaniel Bacon (not yet arrived to 30 years) had a nigh relation... of long standing in the council: a very rich politic man, and childless, designing this kinsman for his heir... and by whose means it was supposed that timely intimation was conveyed to the young gentleman to flee for his life. And also, in three or four days after Mr. Bacon was first seized, I saw abundance of men in town, come thither from the heads of the rivers, who finding him restored and his men at liberty, returned home satisfied. A few days after which, the governor seeing all quiet, gave out private warrants to take him again, intending as was thought to raise the militia, and so to dispose things as to prevent his friends from gathering any more into a like numerous body and coming down a second time to save him.

In three or four days after this escape, upon news that Mr. Bacon was 30 miles up the river, at the head of four hundred men, the governor sent to the parts adjacent, on both sides James river, for the militia and all the men could be gotten to come and defend the town. Expresses came almost hourly of the army's approaches, who in less than four days after the first account of 'em at two of the clock entered the town, without being withstood, and formed a body upon a green—not a flight shot from the end of the state house—of horse and foot, as well regular as veteran troops, who forthwith possessed themselves of all the avenues, disarming all in town, and coming thither in boats or by land.

In half an hour after this the drum beat for the house to meet, and in less than an hour more Mr. Bacon came with a file of fusileers on

either hand, near the corner of the state house where the governor and council went forth to him.

We saw from the window the governor open his breast, and Bacon strutting betwixt his two files of men with his left arm on Kenbow, flinging his right arm every way—both like men distracted. And if in this moment of fury, that enraged multitude had fallen upon the governor and council, we of the assembly expected the same immediate fate.

I stepped down, and amongst the crowd of spectators found the seamen of my sloop—who prayed me not to stir from them—when in two minutes the governor walked towards his private apartment, a coit's cast distant at the other end of the state house, the gentlemen of the council following him. And after them walked Mr. Bacon with outrageous postures of his head, arms, body, and legs, often tossing his hand from his sword to his hat. And after him came a detachment of fusileers (muskets not being there in use) who with their locks bent presented their fusils at a window of the assembly chamber filled with faces—repeating with menacing voices “we will have it, we will have it” half a minute, when, as one of our house (a person known to many of them) shook his handkerchief out at the window, saying “you shall have it, you shall have it” three or four times.

At these words they sat down their fusils, unbent their locks, and stood still until, Bacon coming back, they followed him to their main body.

In this hubbub, a servant of mine got so nigh as to hear the governor's words, and also followed Mr. Bacon, and heard what he said, who came and told me that when the governor opened his breast he said “herel shoot me—foregod, fair mark: shoot”—often rehearsing the same, without any words. Whereto Mr. Bacon answered “no, may it please yo'r honor, we will not hurt a hair of yo'r head, nor of any other man's—we are come for a commission to save our lives from th' Indians, which you have so often promised; and now we will have it before we go.”

But when Mr. Bacon followed the governor and council with the forementioned impetuous (like delirious) actions whil'st that party presented their fusils at the windows full of faces, he said: “Dam my blood, I'll kill governor, council, assembly and all, and then I'll sheath my sword in my own heart's blood!”

And afterwards 'twas said Bacon had given a signal to his men who presented their fusils at those gazing out at the window, that if he

should draw his sword, they were on sight of it to fire, and slay us. So near was the massacre of us all that very minute, had Bacon in that paroxysm of frenetic fury but drawn his sword before the pacific handkerchief was shaken out at window.

OUT OF THE MILITIA

We learned to fight early — against the wilderness and the unfriendly animals. Against the red men who would not be our allies. Against the royal authorities who denied us protection or the opportunity to protect ourselves (even lambs need to be fed and cared for — and we were no lambs).

We learned to fight, too, in the royal wars of conquest here in our own land — in the cruel Seven Years' War, for instance, between the English and the French, the war known as the French and Indian War.

We were the militia, now, of the rising English colonies. Our arms and our fighting spirit (and our seasoned knowing of the terrain) were badly needed by the British. We were summoned — but we were taking our time about getting into the fight:

Monday 8 August: . . . Captain Christie thought the militia had not been so alert as they should, and said many of them were loitering between Albany and Fort Edward. Said M. Livingston made some difficulty about marching, disputing the validity of the orders. Col. El- lison and his two field officers he said made complaint of one Bruyn of

Diary of Goldsbrow Banyar; August 5 to 20, 1757 Ulster County discouraging the militia from marching.

Tuesday 9 August: The Governor issued orders to hasten the march of the militia between Albany and Fort Edward, gave one copy of 'em to Col. De Kay—whom he ordered to proceed immediately with his regiment, and as many of them on horseback as were mounted—and another copy to Mr. O. de Lancy who, accompanied by Mr. Dias, went at the desire of the Governor as far as Stillwater to forward up the militia.

Orders were also sent to march hither 500 from the militia of New York, 600 from Westchester and 600 from Queens County. These three orders went by express sent to New York, Westchester order to

be left with Lieutenant Col. Phillips—or in his absence Major Cortlandt—to be forwarded to Col. Willet. The other two orders were enclosed to the Council with a copy of that to Westchester with a letter to the Council desiring them to forward up the detachments as fast as possible.

In the evening Mr. de Lancey returned from Stillwater, said that the militia were all on the march and seemed to think there had been no backwardness in them. Col. De Kay's were disorderly and several had deserted.

Mr. de Lancey said further that the people at Stillwater informed him they had heard no firing at the lake since nine o'clock in the morning—which, in his opinion, portended some misfortune to have happened there.

Wednesday 10 August: An express arrived this morning, a little before six, with a letter from Gen. Webb, advising that they had heard no firing from Fort Wm. Henry since six yesterday morning... whence he feared the garrison had been obliged to capitulate. In the postscript he says he is just informed that the garrison surrendered at seven yesterday morning. .

About eight, arrived an express from Col. Whitney at Saratoga advising that a man from Fort Edward had brought an account thither that that fort was attacked last night at twelve o'clock. On this intelligence, orders were sent to raise and march all the militia of Ulster, Dutchess, and Westchester hither. And letters for assistance to the Governors of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. Also to the Governor of New Jersey.

For this purpose three express were sent between nine and ten. One to Massachusetts Bay enclosing those of Rhode Island and New Hampshire and a letter to Lord Loudoun giving this intelligence to him. One to Connecticut with the letter to that Government. And one to New York who carried a letter to the Council with these advices and enclosing Governor Belcher's letter; this express carried the Westchester and Dutchess orders to be left in those counties. Ulster orders were sent by a person going to Esopus to forward the militia.

One of the general orders for raising and marching the militia was sent by Mr. Van Schaack who went to Kinderhook and was to publish it on the road, and there, and then to send it forward to Claverack. The Governor also wrote to Schenectady and the Mohawk River to give them the intelligence and to put the people on their guard.

“IT APPEARS TO BE WAR TIMES!”

We were in the fight soon enough — when we saw that an English victory would mean the weakening of the French power everywhere around us, so that our lands on the Ohio would be safer from the threat of the French and their Algonquin allies. We were in the fight, and after the English General Braddock's fiasco, we were practically leading the fight: we had men like Colonel George Washington — who, with his two brothers, owned more of those lands on the Ohio than anyone else.

When it was over, the French no longer had Canada (they and their dreaded Algonquins were no longer at our backs). When it was over, we had more forts to protect us from the French and their Indians who, together, still held most of the western lands around us and all up and down the Mississippi. We had won our new rights with our good right arms.

But it was not long before the pressure against us from the mother-land — from the greedy English crown and the avaricious British merchants supporting it — began to get worse. They were fearful of our growing wealth, our expanding trade, our extending frontier, our strength and determination and proved, knowing ways in war as well as in peace. They could see us slipping from their control — and instead of helping us (like a good mother) to achieve the freedom we already felt and were resolved to enlarge, old England tried to lock us into our original little colonies and to throw away the key:

Old England forbade this trade and banned that commerce. She prohibited our manufactures, and told us we must stop moving in a westerly direction. She might as well have told the winds to stop moving westward. She could not keep our many ships from sailing with full cargoes to the West Indies and Europe and back, could not stop the smuggled goods from reaching our ports and being relayed inland, could not halt the push of our people farther into the hinterland where land and trade and new opportunity were waiting with friendly and sometimes with open arms.

The restraining laws were many, and the law-enforcers were getting

harsh, especially in Boston, a city thriving on smuggled goods — brought by the Hancocks and other daring men of trade and trading-ships, and handled by hard-working men of simpler livelihood, such as William Mackay, who defied the king's officers to the last:

...On the 24th of September in the morning I saw Mr. Sheaffe the Deputy Collector going into my gate, on which I went to the gate and called to him—who was then knocking in my entry? Then said Sheaffe told me he had an information that there was run-goods in Captain Daniel Malcom's cellar and he came to me to get the key; also told me to give him the key immediately, for there was *William Mackay of Lawful Age, Declares; Oct. 20, 1766* no time to be lost—as the other custom-house officers was at said Malcom's house waiting for the key.

I told him I thought it was very extraordinary proceedings to search private dwelling-houses, and did not think he was the first occasion of it. He demanded the key again, and I told him I did not know where the key was, but would go with him to Captain Malcom's.

Accordingly, we went, and when we came near the house, found it was beset by several custom-house officers and Benjamin Cudworth, Deputy Sheriff. And when I went into said house I saw Mr. Hallowell (Comptroller of Customs for Boston) and Captain Malcom in the parlor, talking—as appeared to me, very pleasantly.

On which, Mr. Hallowell asked for the key. I told him I had it not, and I also said "Malcom, it appears to be war times!" and asked him if he knew that his house was beset by the whole posse of the custom-house officers and Mr. Cudworth the Deputy Sheriff. On which Captain Malcom was angry and told Mr. Hallowell that he had nothing to fear nor nothing to lose and that he had showed him cellars and places enough to satisfy any custom-house officers in England, Scotland or Ireland, even any officers on the Continent—except himself; that he always looked upon Mr. Hallowell to be a gentleman but was sorry to tell him he had occasion to alter his opinion.

On which, said Hallowell threatened to break open the cellar door.

Then Captain Malcom swore the first man that offered to break lock or door of his without legal or lawful authority (and he to be satisfied of that authority)—that minute he should go to eternity. And he took down a pair of large pistols and a sword (although the pistols were not loaded, nor had any flints in them).

Then Mr. Hallowell called me aside and begged I would advise Malcom to open the doors, and if there was anything there, that he would endeavor to make it as easy as possible; and that, for peace' sake, he would give up his part and Mr. Sheaffe would do the same—although I did not believe him. Neither did I tell Captain Malcom of it. At that time I said that I thought it was very extraordinary proceedings to break open private dwellings, that I always understood a man's house was his castle and that it should not be broken open unless for murder, treason and theft, and Malcom was determined to make a stand and to know whether they had authority to break open or not—that if there was anything in the cellar they must break every lock and door till they come at it, and then people would know what foundation they stood on!...

Mr. Hallowell and Captain Malcom had very high, threatening words, and Mr. Hallowell threatened Malcom if he resisted he would be as bad as Prendergast at New York...

Mrs. Malcom was very much frightened, and I was afraid she would go into fits, as her color entirely left her face and she looked as pale as death, with the tears running down her cheeks like streams—she crying and screaming, and the children almost frightened out of their senses, some run one way and some another, and the house all in an uproar looked terrifying! And I endeavored to pacify her, telling her they could do her no harm (meaning the officers).

Then Mr. Cudworth beckoned to me, and I went out to him in the yard, and he told me not to make ourselves uneasy—for he had no authority to break any place open. On which, I told Captain Malcom what Cudworth said. Further, I believe Mr. Hallowell misunderstood Captain Malcom when said Mr. Hallowell says that the said Malcom told him if he persisted in breaking open dwelling-houses he would be served as bad as the mob served him before on account of the Stamp Act. But Malcom did say to said Hallowell that he (Hallowell) was going to serve Malcom the same as Hallowell's house was served by the mob—that is, if he broke open his locks and doors...

I don't remember that ever Malcom said he could raise any assistance, or wanted any, except himself, in the whole course of the dispute which lasted above an hour and a half... Malcom often told Mr. Hallowell that if he searched every part of his house and cellar he would not lose one farthing, and that he had nothing of that kind to lose (meaning run-goods)—which I know as true. And I also declare there was no goods of mine in his cellar, of that kind—viz., run-goods...

After staying there a long time—near two hours—Mr. Hallowell said they would go and consult further on the affair. And accordingly, they all went away. And Capt. Malcom and I went up in King Street where we had some discourse with Mr. Hallowell and Mr. Sheaffe on the same, when they advised us to open the doors and it would be better for us . . . Mr. Hallowell told me that this affair would be of bad consequence to the town and province—that they must have a regiment of soldiers here to assist them in doing their duty.

I told him if soldiers were sent for, it would be his fault and not ours, as we wanted none . . .

In the afternoon of the same day, Captain Malcom . . . advised with me and Mr. Pigeon and some more of his friends, how he should behave when the officers came the second time. The result was, that he should shut up his house as fast as possible and have two or three friends as witnesses in case anybody should break open his gates or doors, and . . . prosecute them at the civil law.

Accordingly, we heard the officers were coming. Then all was shut fast—window-shutters, etc. . . . Mr. John Pigeon again asked Captain Malcom how he intended to behave in case any officers should break into his house. He answered, "I have no notion of killing anybody." And he desired us to bear witness, in case the house was broke open, that there were no firearms prepared nor any sign of any opposition in said house . . .

I looked by the window-shutters several times and saw Mr. Sheriff Greenleaf come up to the gate and lift the latch. Then he turned and talked to the people that was in the streets, which appeared to be about forty or fifty—who seemed to be standing in different parties and seemed very quiet and looked with melancholy countenances.

We were standing quiet there, near Mr. Mackay's upset household, and our thoughts as well as our countenances were melancholy. There, and throughout the English colonies, we were making up our minds what to do when things got worse—and we knew they would get worse.

Without the trade and the manufactures we were building up, we would go bankrupt, we would become creatures of the merchants of London and their grasping agents here in the colonies. And we were going bankrupt—from Montpelier down to Monticello we were falling into the merciless hands of the London merchants and their "factors" here at home.

Our only hope, we knew, lay in the quiet resistance we had already launched — through our refusal to buy English goods, through our own illegal trade on land and sea. Our hope lay in our quiet determination (there was no shouting from the housetops yet) to keep moving ahead. We were better off than the people in the other colonies or in the Old World —

but we were not as well off as we wanted to be, not nearly as well off as we knew we could be.

We weren't exactly alone. The Enlightenment was spreading over Europe now, and its spokesmen had many sensitive and thorough listeners (and future brilliant exponents) among us. We listened carefully to the words — and we heard the explosive social meanings behind the words. We heard the Materialists' voices from France — Diderot and Rousseau and the many others. We were aware of the voices from England — those of Pitt and our other liberal friends, as well as those who had spoken long before:

Who had eloquently denied the sacred or absolute power of kings by lopping off the head of Charles I. Who had followed Cromwell and his army of reformers. Who had sided with the Levellers demanding a fairer distribution of land and wealth.

Some of us were also familiar with the dry statements (the dryness that later brings the flood) made by that meditative, almost inspired Englishman, John Locke, to the effect that the purpose of society is the common good, the means of attaining it is a legislative body, and —

“whenever . . . the legislative . . . either by ambition, fear, folly, or corruption, endeavor to grasp themselves, or put into the hands of any other, an absolute power over the lives, liberties, and estates of the people, by this breach of trust they forfeit the power the people had put into their hands . . .”

We were not exactly alone. But it was becoming plainer each day that only our own initiative (our wits, our conscience, our good right arm) could keep securely open the ways which we had already cleared. Resistance — and the spirit of rebellion behind it — were no longer a surety for us or for our children. It was time (even against great odds) to chart our future. It was time for revolution.

. Nine .

REVOLUTIONARIES

*Their veterans flee before our youth,
And generals yield to beardless boys . . .*

REVOLUTIONARY WAR SONG

THE MOON SHONE BRIGHT

There were those among us who wanted to go slowly. In time, they said, wiser heads would prevail in England and we would be allowed the liberties and the privileges of free men once more. In good time, they insisted, we would be firmly united — the colonies with old England if not with each other, in a new and happy bond.

But there were others among us who knew otherwise. Men like Sam Adams knew that neither the frontiersmen nor the merchants, neither the people of the countryside nor the people of the towns and growing cities, were inclined to wait for the more liberal minds in England to influence the policy of parliament and the crown — any more than the Pilgrims, a century and a half earlier, had been inclined to wait for a more liberal policy toward them and their needs. While others argued (to wait or not to wait), Sam Adams in Massachusetts, Patrick Henry in Virginia, and other men of discernment and principle in the other colonies proceeded to form clandestine Committees of Correspondence. Secret groups like the Sons of Liberty sprang into being.

These were the underground organizations preparing the way for united action among the colonies when the time for action came. Its members were from all the social classes, from Connecticut villages and from the cities of New York and Charleston, Philadelphia and Boston and Providence, from the broad Virginia frontier and from the tiny strip

of New Hampshire coast. They were farmers and tradesmen, shipwrights and coppersmiths, a few doctors and lawyers, preachers and rabbis, and even some officials in the provincial governments.

Other groups were gathering, too — under no specific direction or leadership, under no given signal except the oppressive presence of the king's officers or the king's men. Those who had gathered in front of William Mackay's house in 1766 were a quiet and a melancholy lot. But four years later, in the same city of Boston, those who were beginning to cluster in the square where the British soldiers were drawn up were loud in their defiance.

One of the most defiant there was a man about 47 years of age: "six feet, two inches high, short curled hair, his knees nearer together than common," who when he was younger wore a "light colored bearskin coat, plain brown fustian jacket, or brown all-wool one, new buckskin breeches, blue yarn stockings, and a checked woolen shirt." Crispus Attucks was his name, and twenty years before, he had run away from Framingham, from William Brown, who called himself his master. Crispus Attucks had been a Negro slave — but in his speech (and in his warning gesture) he was the freest and the boldest man in the colonies at this moment, March 5, 1770. He was the first defiant one now against the king's soldiers drawn up in the people's square.

And he was the first to fall. And after him four others.

The war for independence had begun — even if the more cautious patriots, like John Adams, who defended the soldiers that shot down Crispus and the four beside him, could not see it. But by 1775, only the outright Tories refused to see it. There was a Continental Congress (and John Adams was one of the delegates there) and a Continental Army, and the cry of alarm was ringing loud and long over the whole land. The cry was coming now from Concord and from Lexington — from the Cambridge River and the Mystic Road:

I was sent for by Dr. Joseph Warren, of said Boston, on the evening of the 18th of April, about ten o'clock, when he desired me "to go to Lexington, and inform Mr. Samuel Adams, and the Hon. John Hancock, Esq., that there was a number of soldiers, composed of light troops

and grenadiers, marching to the bottom of the Common, where was a number of boats to receive them—it was supposed that they were going to Lexington by the way of Cambridge River, to take them or go to Concord to destroy the Colony stores."

Paul Revere's Account of a Ride in April, 1775
I proceeded immeaditly, and was put across Charles River and landed near Charlestown Battery. Went in town, and there got a horse. While in Charlestown I was informed by Richard Devens, Esq. that he mett that evening, after sun-sett, nine officers of the Ministerial [British] Army, mounted on good horses, and armed, going towards Concord.

I sett off. It was then about eleven o'clock. The moon shone bright.

I had got almost over Charlestown Common, towards Cambridge, when I saw two officers on horseback, standing under the shade of a tree in a narrow part of the roade. I was near enough to see their holsters and cockades. One of them started his horse towards me, the other up the road—as I supposed, to head me should I escape the first. I turned my horse short about, and rid upon a full gallop for Mistick Road. He followed me about 300 yardes, and finding he could not catch me, returned.

I proceeded to Lexington, thro Mistick, and alarmed Mr. Adams and Col. Hancock. After I had been there about half an hour, Mr. Daws arrived, who came from Boston, over the neck.

We set off for Concord, and were overtaken by a young gentleman named Prescott, who belonged to Concord and was going home. When we had got about half way from Lexington to Concord, the other two stopped at a house to awake the man. I kept along.

When I had got about 200 yards ahead of them, I saw two officers, as before. I called to my company to come up, saying here was two of them (for I had told them what Mr. Devens told me, and of my being stopped). In an instant I saw four of them—who rode up to me with their pistols in their hands, said:

"G—d d—n you, stop. If you go an inch further, you are a dead man."

Immeaditly Mr. Prescott came up. We attempted to git thro them, but they kept before us, and swore if we did not turn in to that pasture, they would blow our brains out (they had placed themselves opposite to a pair of bars, and had taken the bars down). They forced us in.

When we had got in, Mr. Prescott said "Put on!" He took to the left, I to the right towards a wood at the bottom of the pasture—intend-

ing, when I gained that, to jump my horse and run afoot. Just as I reached it, out started six officers, seized my bridle, put their pistols to my breast, ordered me to dismount—which I did.

One of them, who appeared to have the command there, and much of a gentleman, asked me where I came from. I told him. He asked what time I left it. I told him. He seemed surprised, said:

“Sir, may I crave your name?”

I answered, “My name is Revere.”

“What,” said he, “Paul Revere?”

I answered, “Yes.”

The others abused much, but he told me not to be afraid—no one should hurt me. I told him they would miss their aim. He said they should not, they were only waiting for some deserters they expected down the road. I told him I knew better, I knew what they were after—that I had alarmed the country all the way up, that their boats were catched aground, and I should have 500 men there soon.

One of them said they had 1500 coming. He seemed surprised and rode off into the road, and informed them who took me. They came down immeaditly on a full gallop. One of them (whom I since learned was Major Mitchel of the 5th Regiment) clapped his pistol to my head, and said he was going to ask me some questions—if I did not tell the truth, he would blow my brains out.

I told him I esteemed myself a man of truth, that he had stopped me on the high way, and made me a prisoner—I knew not by what right. I would tell him the truth; I was not afraid.

He then asked me the same questions that the other did, and many more—but was more particular. I gave him much the same answers.

He then ordered me to mount my horse (they first searched me for pistols). When I was mounted, the Major took the reins out of my hand, and said, “By G—d, Sir, you are not to ride with reins, I assure you!” And gave them to an officer on my right, to lead me. He then ordered four men out of the bushes, and to mount their horses. They were country men which they had stopped, who were going home. Then ordered us to march.

He said to me, “We are now going towards your friends, and if you attempt to run, or we are insulted, we will blow your brains out.”

When we had got into the road they formed a circle, and ordered the prisoners in the centre, and to lead me in the front. We rid towards Lexington, a quick pace. They very often insulted me, calling me rebel, etc., etc.

After we had got about a mile, I was given to the Sergeant to lead. He was ordered to take out his pistol...and if I run, to execute the Major's sentence.

TWO CLASSES OF MEN

The war was on — in Boston and on Bunker Hill, over the Jersey flats and up to Ticonderoga (recruiting as we marched), at Oriskany and Saratoga, too (our first great victory, with a future traitor one of the heroes). There was no turning back now. Our statement on our need and determination to be independent (we called it a Declaration) had been drafted by Thomas Jefferson, maybe with a little help from Tom Paine, and certainly a few phrases from Rousseau and Locke and other enlightened and inspired men, and had been adopted, solemnly and speedily, as we sat in the Philadelphia hall loaned to us for that and other radical purposes by the carpenters of that city.

We had declared for full independence and an army to back it up — under the command of Squire Washington, who had come up from Virginia dressed in his militia colonel's uniform.

Philadelphia was the capital of the newly declared United (free and independent and sovereign) States that had once been colonies. But the City of Brotherly Love was also the home of many prosperous and selfish Tories, men and women of means and leisure who hated the revolution — and its far-reaching implications — as much as they loved themselves. While our thin and ragged soldiers (Private Tom Paine among them) were freezing and starving at Valley Forge, Tories like James Allen, Esq., in near-by Philadelphia whined that they were being denied their old comforts (and their rents). They got themselves sick worrying about themselves. Always worrying — and always ready to welcome the enemy:

Philadelphia seemed almost deserted and resembled a Sunday in service time...They pressed all persons walking the streets to work in trenches surrounding the town. I was stopped and with difficulty got off by walking on and taking no notice of 'em...Being ignorant that any of the militia were in the town, Mrs. Allen with her daughter Peggy and

*Diary of James Allen, Esq.,
of Philadelphia; 1777-78*

Lyddy Duberry went to visit Mrs. Bond in the chariot. Entering the street a company of the militia met them in front. Samson endeavored to drive out of the road, but was stopped by a hollow way. The soldiers beat him with their muskets, and pushed at him with their bayonets—on which, to defend himself, he made use of his whip.

This so enraged them that they pushed their bayonets into the chariot, broke the glass and pierced the chariot in three places, during the whole scene my wife begging to be let out and the children screaming. They also endeavored to overset it while they were within it. David Deshler happening to be present, prevented it and led the horses on—by which means they escaped. Their design was to destroy the chariot.

I having walked across the field saw nothing of this till it was over and the company had marched on. Soon after, the Major Boehm and the Captain Buckhalter returned. The former, a violent man, countenanced the attack. Whereupon a rencounter ensued between him and me—in which he attempted to draw his sword on me. This accident has disturbed my peace, as I for some time expected the violence of the people—inflamed by some zealots—would lead them to insult my person or attack my house. But as nothing of that kind has happened, I grow easy and hope it has blown over.

To describe the present state of the Province of Pennsylvania would require a volume. It may be divided into two classes of men, viz., those that plunder and those that are plundered.

No justice has been administered, no crimes punished for nine months. All power is in the hands of the associators, who are under no subordination to their officers. Not only a desire of exercising power, in those possessed of it, sets them on—but they are supported and encouraged. To oppress one's countrymen is a love of liberty. Private friendships are broken off, and the most insignificant now lord it with impunity and without discretion over the most respectable characters.

Not only the means of subsistence are cut off—but every article of consumption is raised six fold. Coffee, seven shillings, six pence per pound Salt, seven dollars. The coarsest linen, eight shillings, six pence per yard—some at 25 shillings. A pair of shoes, 30 shillings...

Since General Howe is in Philadelphia...all accounts come through the hands of the army, the only line of communication, and are delivered out as they please. General Washington has issued orders to take the blankets, shoes, stockings, etc., of private families for the use of

the army. This, together with the licentiousness, plundering, stealing, and impressing of the military, will sink this country to perdition. Misery begins to wear her ghastliest form—it is impossible to endure it. Three-fourths of my income arises from my estate in Philadelphia, from which I am cut off. My rents here being paid in continental money—which is now depreciated as six to one—and I obliged to pay in all articles four fold (in some, as butter, meat, cheese, etc., nine fold), ruin can't be very distant.

The prevailing idea now is, that no man has any property in what the public has use for, and it is seldom they ask the owner. So wanton is this species of oppression called pressing, that if they could by fair means get anything by a little trouble, they choose to take private property by violence if somewhat nearer at hand. This I have seen in many instances—and felt in my own case. When the hospital and public works were erected in this little town, I offered to supply them with wood at a reasonable rate, to avoid being plundered. Yet they have hitherto gone on cutting my timber, burning my fences and taking bricks from me, rather than employ some of the many idle men they have, in cutting wood.

The militia who occasionally assemble here, and have now met for near a month, plunder without ceremony all who do not turn out in militia: horses, wagons, cows, turkeys, are daily brought into town. Yesterday a farmer sold me his whole brood of turkeys and fowls on receiving information that a neighbor with whom he had a law suit three years ago, had informed the militia, who were setting out to take them away. It is probable they will soon plunder me of them, as every night they steal my poultry. The officers of militia never think of punishing them—neither are they able or disposed to do it.

It is a fine time to gratify low private revenge, and few opportunities are lost. My tenants whose rents are due in sterling, often pay off arrears of six or seven years in continental money at the old exchange. And yet I dare not object—though I am as much robbed of five-sixths of my property as if it was taken out of my drawer...

My wife writes to me from Philadelphia that everything is gay and happy, and it is like to prove a frolicking winter. Mr. Hamilton at her leave made her a present of 35 Half Joes [Portuguese gold coins], which with her stock of gold in hand and the rent of our house made up 240 pounds—a good store in these scarce times. She says the city is filled with goods, and provisions are plenty, though dear . . .

Both armies are gone into winter quarters, and next campaign will

be a warm if not a decisive one. It is impossible this wretched country can subsist much longer...General Washington...is still encamped at Valley Forge...

It is expected the campaign will soon open. The military have lived a very gay life the whole winter, and many very expensive entertainments given—at most of which I have been...This city swarms with refugees, and living is very expensive, but it is hoped the departure of the army will reduce the prices.

My health is much injured by a shortness of breath, and pain in the breast. I am in hopes I shall get rid of it—but as the difficult breathing has continued for a year and a half, it alarms me. I have decreased in weight 44 pounds...

The misery of this country is almost at its height. All property is at an end...It is impossible to exist another winter, as rents are ill paid, everything dear, and no means of acquiring anything by business.

THE OFFSCOURING

The lines were drawn more sharply as the war went on. There was a kind of laxness at first in the way the two Howe brothers — British liberals, though they were cousins of the king — waged the war against the “rebels,” the one on land, the other on the sea. But the laxness disappeared, and the Howes got themselves recalled. The war became cruel, the line between patriot and Tory stricter than ever — with little mercy shown on either side.

There was little or no mercy shown by the roaming Tory bands in upper New York toward men who were even suspected of favoring independence:

June 2nd, 1778, my wife had a son. We called him Samuel. This summer I was not called away in the militia, but attended to my own business. I raised a good crop of corn, put in four acres of wheat, and fattened four hogs, so that we lived comfortably...On the 29th of October, 1779, my wife was put to bed with a daughter. We called her name Ruth . . . Some time in the month of November I set out to drive my cattle and sheep to Vermont . . . I got as far as New

Canaan, and there came a snow with hail and rain, and after it very cold, which made it so slippery I could not proceed. I was obliged to hire them kept, and persuaded to shift my course to Ballston, N. Y. Jeremiah Phelps, having agreed for some land, he said I should have part of it. I then returned to Sharon, and prepared to move to Ballston...

We had not been there long before we had an alarm. The enemy came to Johnstown, within twenty-four miles, burned some houses and carried off some prisoners, which alarmed our settlement, and some moved off. But I was resolved to stay as long as anybody.

After things got a little still I went to work, being very well pleased with the country. We used to attend meetings on the Sabbath, at the house of Ebenezer Sprague. We had no preaching, but we used to sing, pray and read. I raised some corn, worked out fifteen days harvesting (for which I had fifteen bushels of wheat), and prepared three acres for rye. I cleared off three acres of new land and put it in to wheat, and prepared three acres for rye.

About the 12th of October we had information that the enemy had taken Fort Ann, and that a deserter said a party had gone to Ballston, though he did not know where the place lay. Upon this information we had a council, sent for a company of Schenectady militia, and being very stupid, we got lulled again into security.

Dreadful to relate, on the 17th of October, 1780, in the morning about two hours before day, the enemy came in like a flood, burning and destroying all before them. The first that I knew they burst open my doors and rushed in. I, thinking, they might have been Indians, said "Sago! Sago!"

One answered "There are no Indians here. You needn't Sago, damme you. Get up and leave the house before the Indians come."

By telling me to leave the house before the Indians came . . . they might be Schenectady militia. I asked them who they were.

"Damn you, we will show you who we are. We are King's men."

I said, "Why do you trouble me? I moved a hundred miles to get clear of fighting."

They answered "We know who are King's men, who are friends and who are not. Leave the house immediately, or it will be the worse for you."

I then took down a pare of Philadelphia britches and a jack coat that hung behind the bed. One twitched them away from me, and said: "God damn you, you must not think to take everything!"—and

hurried me out of the house without suffering me to put on anything save a pare of linen trowsers.

I took my little son, my wife took the other child, and we left the house. They bade me give the child to my wife, but the child clung fast about my neck. I asked them to show some pity: "What can this woman do with two small children."

One presented his gun to my breast, and swore with an oath that he would not be plagued with me any longer. My wife begged them to spare my life. Another struck up the muzzle of his gun and haled me away to the guard... Judge what my feelings were at this time to see my house in flames, my wife and children turned out of doors, almost naked; myself haled away among savages and men more inhuman than they.

But here I must not omit to mention one of my neighbors, Isaac Stow, who was inhumanly massacred for attempting to make his escape. An Indian sent his spear at him and struck it into his back, then caught it and held him, and smote his tomahawk into his head.

It was dreadful to behold the destruction that was made. They plundered the valuable clothing, burned the houses, barns and hay stacks, killed hogs and cattle, and destroyed all before them. It was judged they burned two thousand bushels of wheat.

Such a company of men I never saw before nor since. They were the offscouring of the earth—a parcel of tories and thieves who had left their country to escape the halter. I thought I had heard swearing before, but I never heard anything to compare with them...

It was a very cold, frosty morning. The mud puddles were skimmed over with ice. I was barefooted; the ice cut my feet so that they bled, and to add to our misery, we were insulted by the tories and called "damned rebels," that we might be thankful they had spared our lives... The next morning we were paraded, and were pinioned, and the guard had their orders that in case the "rebels" (as they termed them) pursued, for every man to kill the prisoner he had the charge of.

LIKE A FLOOD

There were Tories without and traitors within. Thousands of whining, complaining voices were trying to break the precarious and precious

unity that held the revolutionary forces together as they met the full onslaught of the royal English arms.

In spite of the Tories, in the face of treason by action and treason by neglect committed by some of the men who were closest to him (some in the army, some in Congress, some "just trying to get along") Washington managed to keep his forces in the field (though they dwindled to almost nothing when plantingtime came and harvesting was here). This was no regular army. But neither was it an army of Hessians or other mercenaries such as the British had hired to teach their colonials a lesson. These were men (and even some women and children) who were fighting, first of all, for their lives — life meant liberty and living stood for opportunity. So that they dared almost anything:

Many of them were frontiersmen. Like Daniel Boone, who was brought up by the Indians in the "western" country where the folk believed, from what they had heard the traveling preachers tell them, that "Heaven must be a Kaintuck' of a place." And like George Rogers Clark and his cold and hungry boys in buckskin wading through the floodlands in the Indiana country (the whirling water up to their arm-pits, their guns and ammunition held above their heads). The British had been surprised before (the continentals had a way of moving through the woods like cats), but never so much as when they and their governor, Henry Hamilton, looked out from Vincennes fort that day in 1779 to see Clark and his "continental tools" around them:

Accounts were brought in to the garrison, that a number of fires were seen nine miles below the town. A detachment of the VIIIth and Detroit Volunteers were immediately dispatched to reconnoitre. They had got some miles from the garrison when they were prevented pursuing their rout by the great floods of water—which, at that time,

Schieffelin's Narrative of Gov. Henry Hamilton, 1779 had drowned several cattle and filled the inhabitants' houses. The party sent out agreed to return, finding it impracticable.

When they reached the Commons behind the town, they heard to their great surprise a discharge of musketry. They did not know what could be the occasion. After finding several men in the town, they were assured the rebels had laid close siege to the fort, that a Mr.

Legras—a major of militia—had joined the rebels with other inhabitants, that they met the rebels some distance from the town, furnishing them with ammunition, provisions, etc. (the rebels having damaged all theirs by the long rout through the floods of water from the Kaskaskies to the town).

The detachment from the garrison made their way into the town, and remained all night concealed in a barn. A continual firing from the garrison and the enemy.

On the 23rd at daybreak they determined to get into the fort, which they effected in a few minutes by climbing the pickets without the loss of a man.

The same day at twelve o'clock A.M. a flag was sent in by the rebel officer demanding the surrender of the Fort—that if a refusal should be made it should stand a storm and no mercy shown. Our answer was sent by Governor Hamilton on a card—that he could not think of giving up his Majesty's flag by threats only, etc.

Hostilities again commenced and continued until evening, when a flag was sent out with terms of capitulation for reasons obvious. The capitulation was agreed to and signed when hostilities ceased. The inhabitants of St. Vincennes not paying any regard to their solemn engagement made a few days before, but immediately joined the rebels. (Sixty armed and assembled the day they came, and fired on us in concert with the rebels.) No way was left us to get off.

The provisions exhausted, these obliged us to agree to a capitulation and surrender to a set of uncivilized Virginian wood-men, armed with rifles...under Colonel Clark...

In the morning, the 24th, at ten A.M. the garrison marched out with colors flying . . . when the rebels marched in and took possession. The rebel officers plundered the British of their baggage . . . They threatened to put several of the Indian officers in irons, and others to death. The rebel major with some captains, showing their dexterity in firing cannon as a salute for the day, were blown up by the explosion of a keg of cannon cartridges in entering the quick fire.

At dark the British officers were in the Governor's house in the garrison, where Colonel Clark used most harsh and insolent expressions, wishing he could have swam in their bloods—that, as he wished to fight, he would give Governor Hamilton his garrison, and he with an equal number of men would meet them; that he had young fellows that liked the smell of gunpowder. Governor Hamilton was cautioned to remain on his guard...

IN WONDER AND ASTONISHMENT

There were surprises on land, and wonders were performed on the sea. With plenty of expert seamen at hand, and a good supply of privateers to draw from, the continentals were able to capture or sink or burn hundreds of British ships in some of the boldest and most skillful sea-fighting ever seen.

For sheer variety of daring exploit (and for a lack of false modesty — or any other modesty — in the telling) few could match Nathaniel Fanning, who had fought with John Paul Jones and now commanded his own privateer:

On the 12th of May, I was invested with the command of the Eclipse cutter privateer, the same in which I had sailed in with Captain Anthon, as second captain, carrying eighteen French six pounders, mounted on carriages . . . Her officers and crew consisted of one hundred and ten. Her crew were made up of different nations: viz., French, English, *Memoirs of Nathaniel Fanning; 1778-83* Irish, Dutch, Americans (about fifty-five), Italians, Germans, Flemenders, Maltese, Genoese, Turks, Tunisians, Algerines, etc., almost all of which spoke either French or English.

The manner of fitting out privateers in this part of the country [Dunkirk] deserves particular notice. The common practice is this:

The owners of privateers advance large sums of money to the officers and crew, before the privateer sails on her intended cruise, viz., to a captain forty-five guineas; to a second captain thirty-five guineas; to each of the lieutenants twenty-five guineas; to the gunner, boatswain, sailing master, and carpenter, fifteen guineas each—and so on for other petty officers, in proportion to their rank on board. To each sailor ten guineas; to each mariner five guineas; to each ordinary seaman five guineas. . . .

These different sums of money are advanced by the owners of every privateer fitted out in France, to the officers and crews before sailing, as a kind of bounty. The advances . . . are for a six weeks' cruise, and the sums are raised to the officers and crews if the privateers to which they belong should be bound on a longer cruise. All these sums, how-

ever, are deducted from their prize money, after the cruise shall have been finished. If no prizes are taken during the same, or not enough when sold to amount to the sums so advanced, the said officers and crews are not liable to refund to the owners the monies which they may have received or any part thereof.

On the sixth of June we got under way, the wind then being at W.S.W. and stood to the northward for the coast of Scotland. On the tenth we captured an English brigantine, laden with sea coal, put a prize master and a crew on board of her, and ordered her for Dunkirk. After which we ran a large sloop on shore near Scarborough, which we made an attempt to get off—but in this we did not succeed. We then set her on fire.

The next day we captured two large coasting sloops, and sunk them, after taking out the crews and putting them on board of the privateer. On the fifteenth, captured a large English ship off Buchaness (and finding that she was valuable, being laden principally with Irish linens, besides other effects), on board of which we put a prize master and fifteen men, and ordered her for Dunkirk.

On the sixteenth towards night, made the Orkney Islands, which lie to the northward of Scotland . . . On the seventeenth, sent my boat on shore, and demanded some fresh provisions and vegetables, of the magistrates of a small town on one of these Islands—in the name of John Dyon, captain of his majesty's cutter the Surprize.

About ten A.M. the boat returned on board with a quantity of fresh provisions, etc. At four P.M. several boats from the shore came alongside with several natives in them, whom we could scarcely understand a word they said. At five P.M. we obtained a pilot on board, and agreed with him to pilot us into a port called Hope's Bay. . . .

Here I received intelligence that several vessels were expected about this time from Quebec with furs, etc., and that it was more than probable they would be without a convoy . . . The greater part of my crew at this time were either Americans, or those who could speak English; I therefore kept the pilot on board, and ordered all such as could speak that language to be confined in the hold. This done, I laid an embargo on seven sail vessels lying in this port. After which, I lay here several days waiting for the Quebec fleet—during which time none of the inhabitants suspected my being an enemy.

On the 27th at two P.M. there was a report brought me by some of my officers who had come on board from the shore, that there were two English vessels back of the Island, and that they appeared to be stand-

ing round this Island to gain the harbor where we were. On hearing this, I went aloft, from whence, with a spy-glass, I could plainly perceive a large ship, which had the appearance of a frigate of twenty-eight guns, and a cutter mounting fourteen guns, both having English colors flying. And I was the more confident that they were enemies, as I could see that the cutter's sails set quite different from those of her size belonging to the French nation.

In this state of perplexity I was somewhat at a loss to know what was best to do first, for I was sensible that no time was to be lost. However, having learned of the pilot that these warlike vessels could not enter the port where we lay, that night, in the interim I thought it expedient—and in our power—either to ransom the town or burn it. This last would not, perhaps, be so justifiable according to the rules of war, and usages of civilized nations—but I knew it would in some measure retaliate for the depredations of some of the commanders of the British ships of war upon the coasts of the United States (particularly by James Wallace, commander of the *Rose* sloop of war, who had already, with the assistance of his officers and crew, burnt several small villages upon the American coast, in some of which descents on the said coast he and his adherents had committed divers acts of the most wanton and barbarous kind towards the inhabitants of said villages ever recorded in history).

Having, with the approbation of my officers, determined upon either burning or ransoming the village opposite where we were at anchor, I ordered my first lieutenant, with a number of marines well armed, to proceed to the shore, and to lay the town under a contribution of ten thousand pounds sterling, to be executed in one hour—and in that interim to send on board three of the principal magistrates of the town, whom I was to detain as hostages until the money was paid and safely lodged on board of the privateer.

The lieutenant, having received his orders how to conduct this affair, landed with his men, and convened the principal inhabitants—to whom he communicated his business and the reason of his appearance then in the place in a hostile manner. They begged of him to allow them one quarter of an hour to consult upon this matter in private; and which, contrary to his orders, he granted them.

During this short interval the lieutenant, with his men, fell to plundering the inhabitants of their silver plate and other rich articles; ravishing, or attempting to ravish, the young maidens, and committing other acts of barbarity—all against his particular orders—which so exasperated

the inhabitants that they became desperate. And in turn they attacked the lieutenant and his men with huge clubs, stones, etc., and obliged them to retreat towards the shore, where they got under cover of the privateer's guns.

But the lieutenant, being a desperate fellow, and recollecting that he had not executed any part of his orders, faced about with his men, and rushed upon the inhabitants, who in their turn retreated in a very precipitate manner—several cannon from the privateer, at the same time, loaded with grape, round and canister shot, being discharged at them. The lieutenant, after having set the town on fire together with the vessels which lay aground nearby, came on board with his men—none of whom were hurt—bringing with them a good deal of plate and other valuable articles. Also a very beautiful girl, about sixteen years of age, very handsomely dressed, and who the lieutenant begged me to suffer him to detain on board until we arrived in France—promising, when we got there, that he would marry her.

Enraged at such a proposition, and being, at first sight of this beautiful young lady, greatly prepossessed in her favor, and willing to restore her to her liberty—and also knowing the lieutenant to be already married—I ordered him immediately to be confined below to his cabin, for disobedience of my orders, and for being so cruel as to bring off the young woman in question without the consent of her friends. . . .

I now enquired of her if any of my officers or men had made any attempt to injure her. She answered no; and then fell upon her knees; and begged of me in the most moving terms that she was mistress of—in sobs and broken English—not to carry her away from her parents and friends, but to suffer her to go immediately on shore without depriving her of that which she said was dearer to her than life. She then made another effort, and clung fast hold of my knees—muttering something to herself of which I did not comprehend the meaning, but supposed it to be a prayer.

I lifted her up and seated her in a chair, desiring her to wait a moment, and that I would myself see her safe on shore. But she now (having perhaps not understood me) cried, tore her hair, and raved like a mad person. She still thought that I intended to carry her off.

The privateer being now under way, I wrote a few lines to the young woman's parents, desiring them to believe me when I disavowed to them that I had had any hand in causing their daughter to be brought on board of my vessel (as proof of which, I had myself seen her safe on shore) and that I did not wage war on women and children. And

finally I wished them happy in receiving their daughter again into the bosom of their family as virtuous as when forced from them. Accordingly, I ordered the boat manned, and embarked with the young Scotch lass, and approached the shore amidst a shower of stones thrown at me by the inhabitants who had assembled there to oppose my landing.

However, as I landed they retired some paces back, and stood with their arms folded across their breasts, in wonder and astonishment at our boldness. Having landed the young woman, I made bold to steal a kiss from her (which was delicious) and which she returned with earnestness, saying "taunky, taunky, guid mon"—and then tripped away from me with a light pair of heels.

NIGHT WORKERS

The war went on, with the paid Hessians helping the British, and the Polish and German, Haitian and French and even English volunteers on the side of the ex-colonials. The war went on — Brandywine and Monmouth, Charleston and Guilford Courthouse — with the British still trying to split the continental unity, first by occupying the middle colonies (after the attempt to suppress the Boston "hotheads" had failed) and then by moving into the south. Cornwallis, the new British commander, had come up from the Carolinas victorious but harassed (the stingers of Kings Mountain still in his blood), and he was now in Virginia —

near Yorktown, on the coast, where he had retired to wait for the English navy to join him in a final smashing offensive. The ships hove into view:

But they were French ships, and the French had allied themselves — three years before, and partly as the result of the diplomatic efforts made by Benjamin Franklin — with the continental cause. Aided by the French fleet, and by the ardent libertarian Marquis de Lafayette and the French land forces, Washington and his men (many of them little more than boys) were now able to pin the British against the coast. The siege of Yorktown was underway.

With God's will favoring them, and with the help of the French arms and the energies of the night workers who were building the redoubts, a decision was near for the continentals and their cause:

From the 14th to the 15th: The attack upon the two advanced redoubts of the enemy, one resting on the river, the other at its left, having been ordered, was made at night. The American light infantry, supported by two of their trench battalions, the whole commanded by the Marquis de Lafayette, attacked the redoubt on the river, captured it with bayonets at the end of their muskets. They had *A Journal of the Siege of Yorktown; Sept. 29-Oct. 19, 1781*, four officers wounded and about twenty soldiers killed or wounded.

The French troops had the task of attacking the other redoubt. They issued by the right flank of the American battery of five cannon and advanced in the following order:

The companies of grenadiers and chasseurs of the trench regiments, commanded by Count William des Deux Ponts, second ranking colonel of the Royal Deux Ponts and the Marquis de L'Estrade, lieutenant colonel of the Gatinais, the First Battalion of Gatinais, the auxiliary grenadiers, and chasseurs of the trenches (with the exception of the chasseurs of the Soissonnais destined to distract the enemy to the left of our main attack).

This above-mentioned division was ordered to support the attack under the orders of the Marquis de Rostaing, colonel of the regiment of Gatinais. The Baron de Viomenil conducted the whole attack and set forth with four companies of grenadiers and chasseurs in the best order and in the greatest silence.

The enemy early discovered the column—upon which it began a lively musketry fire. The enemy's abatis was found to be in much better condition than we had hoped after having bombarded this redoubt for several days with much artillery.

In spite of the enemy's fire, the carpenters of the trench regiments opened some passages through the abatis by which the grenadiers and chasseurs of the Gatinais and Deux Ponts entered into the foss and with them the same carpenters who were obliged to cut away also some palisades in order to open the fraise of the redoubt. The same grenadiers and chasseurs took advantage of these openings to mount upon the parapet where they re-formed for attack which soon obliged those of the enemy who remained there to surrender.

We made prisoner 40 soldiers and three officers and counted eighteen dead. The rest to the number of 120 escaped by flight. Our loss in this attack was about 80 men killed or wounded.

The enemy began at once a very lively fire of cannon and howitzers

upon the redoubt which we had just captured and thus caused the death of many more of our men. As soon as we had become masters of the redoubt, 500 workmen issued from the right of the second parallel, to prolong this up to the captured redoubt.

American workmen continued this parallel between the two captured redoubts and opened a communicating trench between the first parallel, starting from between their big battery and their first redoubt on the right and directed toward the enemy redoubt which they had captured. All these works were pushed with the greatest speed and were found far advanced at daybreak.

The feint ordered on the left of our works, having been pushed a little too ardently by the Count de Custine, we lost a few men there. We had also, early in the evening, attracted the attention of the enemy toward the upper river by a feint executed without loss by the regiment of Touraine.

Two hundred night workers were employed to continue the work on the batteries and the other 100 in improving the communications along the whole extent of our works of the preceding nights. The enemy continued a rather heavy fire of bombs and howitzers on our works—which greatly incommoded our workmen. The regiment of the Bourbonnais came into the trenches at ten o'clock in the evening to reinforce them in case the enemy should undertake to interfere with our work by a serious attack...

From the 15th to the 16th: . . . One hundred night workers were employed to improve the batteries. The other 400 were employed in perfecting the parallel and the redoubts. At five o'clock in the morning the enemy made a sortie. They entered one redoubt near battery No. 6 and into our batteries where they imperfectly spiked four guns which were able to fire six hours later. Battery No. 6 began firing about noon...

From the 16th to the 17th: . . . The night workers have continued to improve the trench works and have fortified the batteries which began to fire at daybreak. At about ten o'clock the enemy sent bearers of a flag of truce requesting a suspension of hostilities of 24 hours to consider terms of surrender of the place, the place itself, and the fate of the troops.

Firing ceased on both sides—but General Washington not finding the propositions of the enemy sufficiently explicit, gave orders to resume fire...

From the 17th to the 18th: . . . Another truce bearer arrived at about

three o'clock, with propositions which have caused hostilities to cease on both sides, until the signing of the terms of surrender at noon on the 19th.

The war was really over — though the peace was not signed for another two years (old England was unwilling to spend more money to fight the continentals, but she was stubborn in her still growing imperial pride).

“The war is over,” went one of our songs, “and peace is on the land . . .” The war was over — but peace was yet to be won. Our unity was a delicate and fragile substance: it was a unity forged in the battle against the oppressor turned invader. But now the quarrels and the fights (and later the battles) would be waged among ourselves.

To preserve and extend our unity, to sink its roots deep in our renewed belief in the common good and in our new responsibilities as a sovereign people, without jeopardizing our individual rights — this was the task, this was the trial we had chosen:

Our search, as always, lay ahead. But the dark and stormy outline of our crossroads (which is the road, brother — and are you traveling that way too?) was already looming before us.

. *Ten* .

DIRECTIONS

*The care of human life and happiness . . .
is the first and only legitimate object
of good government.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON

WE SCARED THEM

In 1783 the papers of peace were signed, and England recognized the existence of the new republic, the United States of America (did such a country really exist? the incredulous rest of the world wondered).

But before the papers of peace were signed, the men of property among the patriots — the large landowners, the merchants, the professionals coming into the new local and state governments — were already reaching the prominence and the positions which the crown officials and the Tories had prevented them from reaching before.

Even before the fighting was over, well-to-do families in Virginia, like the Lees and the Washingtons, were leading lives of solid comfort — lives of leisure, too:

I am at Lee Hall. Mrs. Lee is very polite. We found a Mrs. Ball here. She has the remains of a very pretty woman, and appears to have a fixed melancholy on her countenance. I expect to see Nancy tomorrow at Bushfield—pray send I may. Mr. Beal and Mr. Pinkard are come. Adieu: I am called to supper. I have but one moment to tell you we are just going to set out for Bushfield. Mr. Turberville's coach is waiting for us at the road . . .

*Journal of Lucinda Lee of
Virginia; 1782*

When we got here we found the house pretty full. Nancy was here. I had to dress in a great hurry for dinner. We spent

the evening very agreeably in chatting. Milly Washington is a thousand times prettier than I thought her at first, and very agreeable.

About sunset, Nancy, Milly, and myself took a walk in the garden (it is a most beautiful place). We were mighty busy cutting thistles to try our sweethearts, when Mr. Corbin Washington (Hannah Lee's husband) caught us. And you can't conceive how he plagued us—chased us all over the garden, and was quite impudent.

I must tell you of our frolic after we went into our room. We took it into our heads to want to eat. Well, we had a large dish of bacon and beef. After that, a bowl of Sago cream. And after that, an apple pie.

While we were eating the apple pie in bed—God bless you, making a great noise!—in came Mr. Washington, dressed in Hannah's short gown and petticoat, and seized me and kissed me twenty times, in spite of all the resistance I could make; and then Cousin Molly.

Hannah soon followed, dressed in his coat. They joined us in eating the apple pie, and then went out. After this we took it into our heads to want to eat oysters.

We got up, put on our wrappers, and went down in the cellar to get them. Do you think Mr. Washington did not follow us and scare us just to death? We went up, though, and ate our oysters.

We slept in the old lady's room, too—and she sat laughing fit to kill herself at us. She is a charming old lady—you would be delighted with her.

I forgot to tell . . . Mr. Beal attended us here.

I have been making Milly play on the forti-pianer for me—she plays very well. I am more and more delighted with her. She has just returned from the Fredericksburg races, and has given me a full account of them.

I have been filling out tea, and after that we took a walk to the river by moonlight. The garden extends to the river. Nancy observed walking by moonlight, she thought, reminded us of our absent friends. I joined her in thinking so, and my thoughts were at that instant with my Polly.

We returned in the house, and I prevailed on Milly to entertain us an hour or two on the forti-pianer. We wanted very much to sleep in a room by ourselves tonight and try the dum cake, but could not persuade Nancy—she was afraid to sleep in the room with us . . .

. . . I had forgot to tell you, the second night at Blenheim, Milly, Nancy, and myself had a room to ourselves, and tried the salt and egg—but neither of us dreamt!

I have undressed myself, and Sibby is going to comb my hair. Milly

and Miss Leland are gone in the garden. I propose to Sibby to go and frighten them. She agrees, and we are going to put it in execution.

We scared them a good deal. Milly screamed pretty lustily.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES

Washington was the symbol of the new-found unity among the new, established states. He was chosen to head the infant republic, but the powers of the president were small and limited — as were the powers of the new republican Congress and of the judges of the new republican courts. The powers of government were still small —

and that was what a good many people wanted, at least for the time being. Especially the poorer farmers, and the folk with little or no real property (but with plenty of hope of getting some, now that the lands in western Virginia and western Pennsylvania and western almost everywhere were opening to them, all the way to the Ohio and along it north and south, toward the Mississippi and the French and Indian settlements). They had had enough of the king's government, and they knew almost no other (except the local councils and what had been the provincial governments, in which they sometimes took part). The less centralized the government, the better — as far as they were concerned.

And as far as certain other men felt — even men with property — the functions of government should be kept down to a minimum. Men like Thomas Jefferson who had land (he believed that everyone should have land) and even slaves (he favored the ending of slavery) put their principles above their property. They insisted that the institutions of government should be made to fit the needs of the community — not the other way around, as some would have it: John Adams, for instance, and Alexander Hamilton, and Gouverneur Morris and others who were more interested in defending property than in guaranteeing the people their new-won rights.

Yet the ways of John Adams and the other arch-defenders of property above all else were the ways that began to prevail. For among the propertied classes in general, the trust in the people that had marked the

revolutionary years was giving way to fear and even hatred of the people and their needs. And the armed protest, led by Daniel Shays in 1786, of debt-ridden, land-hungry veterans of the revolution — in John Adams' own Massachusetts, too — hastened the events that followed.

Under the continual hammering of those who insisted that the looser system of government provided for in the Articles of Confederation was inadequate, and was even dangerous for the security of the new nation — the Constitution was finally put together. It contained no bill of rights, it was reassuring first and foremost to the propertied men. Yet its adoption was opposed by some men of considerable property, among others by Richard Henry Lee, one of the most prominent of the land-owning Lees of Virginia, who had fought in the revolution — who, like Mr. Jefferson of that same state, placed his principles considerably above his property:

I have . . . observed that there are many good things in the proposed constitution, and I have endeavored to point out many important defects in it. I have admitted that we want a federal system—that we have a system presented, which, with several alterations, may be made a tolerable good one. I have admitted there is a well-founded uneasiness among creditors and mercantile men . . .

Letters of a Federal Farmer; Oct. 15, 1787 Though I am fully satisfied that the state conventions ought most seriously to direct their exertions to altering and amending the system proposed before they shall adopt it, yet I have not sufficiently examined the subject, or formed an opinion, how far it will be practicable for those conventions to carry their amendments. As to the idea that it will be in vain for those conventions to attempt amendments—it cannot be admitted. It is impossible to say whether they can or not until the attempt shall be made. And when it shall be determined, by experience, that the conventions cannot agree in amendments, it will then be an important question before the people of the United States whether they will adopt or not the system proposed in its present form.

This subject of consolidating the states is new. And because forty or fifty men have agreed in a system, to suppose the good sense of this country (an enlightened nation) must adopt it without examination—and though in a state of profound peace, without endeavoring to amend those parts they perceive are defective, dangerous to freedom, and de-

structive of the valuable principles of republican government—is truly humiliating.

It is true there may be danger in delay. But there is danger in adopting the system in its present form, and I see the danger in either case will arise principally from the conduct and views of two very unprincipled parties in the United States—two fires, between which the honest and substantial people have long found themselves situated:

One party is composed of little insurgents, men in debt, who want no law, and who want a share of the property of others—these are called levellers, Shayites, etc. The other party is composed of a few, but more dangerous men, with their servile dependents. These avariciously grasp at all power and property: you may discover in all the actions of these men an evident dislike to free and equal government, and they will go systematically to work to change, essentially, the forms of government in this country—these are called aristocrats . . .

Between these two parties is the weight of the community: the men of middling property, men not in debt on the one hand, and men, on the other, content with republican governments, and not aiming at immense fortunes, offices, and power.

In 1786 the little insurgents, the levellers, came forth, invaded the rights of others, and attempted to establish governments according to their wills. Their movements evidently gave encouragement to the other party, which, in 1787, has taken the political field—and, with its fashionable dependents, and the tongue and the pen, is endeavoring to establish in a great haste, a politer kind of government.

These two parties—which will probably be opposed or united as it may suit their interests and views—are really insignificant, compared with the solid, free, and independent part of the community.

It is not my intention to suggest that either of these parties, and the real friends of the proposed constitution, are the same men. The fact is, these aristocrats support and hasten the adoption of the proposed constitution merely because they think it is a stepping stone to their favorite object. I think I am well founded in this idea—I think the general politics of these men support it, as well as the common observation among them that the proffered plan is the best that can be got at present (it will do for a few years, and lead to something better).

The sensible and judicious part of the community will carefully weigh all these circumstances. They will view the late convention as a respectable body of men—Americans probably never will see an assembly of men, of a like number, more respectable. But the members of the con-

vention met without knowing the sentiments of one man in ten thousand and in these states respecting the new ground taken. Their doings are but the first attempts in the most important scene ever opened.

Though each individual in the state conventions will not, probably, be so respectable as each individual in the federal convention, yet as the state conventions will probably consist of 1500 or 2000 men of abilities, and versed in the science of government, collected from all parts of the community and from all orders of men, it must be acknowledged that the weight of respectability will be in them. In them will be collected the solid sense and the real political character of the country.

Being revisers of the subject, they will possess peculiar advantages. To say that these conventions ought not to attempt, coolly and deliberately, the revision of the system, or that they cannot amend it, is very foolish or very assuming. If these conventions, after examining the system, adopt it, I shall be perfectly satisfied, and wish to see men make the administration of the government an equal blessing to all orders of men. I believe the great body of our people to be virtuous and friendly to good government, to the protection of liberty and property. And it is the duty of all good men, especially of those who are placed as sentinels to guard their rights . . . to lay facts before the people, which will enable them to form a proper judgment.

Men who wish the people of this country to determine for themselves, and deliberately to fit the government to their situation, must feel some degree of indignation at those attempts to hurry the adoption of a system—and to shut the door against examination. The very attempts create suspicions that those who make them have secret views, or see some defects in the system—which, in the hurry of affairs, they expect will escape the eye of a free people.

What can be the views of those gentlemen in Pennsylvania, who precipitated decisions on this subject? What can be the views of those gentlemen in Boston, who countenanced the printers in shutting up the press against a fair and free investigation of this important system in the usual way?

SEED-PODS AND FLAG-ROOTS

While the long and angry debate over the proposed Constitution was being waged among the people and the people's leaders (and the leaders

without any people behind them), the western frontier was expanding. The frontiersmen of the new-born nation were not far behind the French now — and the French traders were covering a lot of ground in their vast territory of Louisiana.

They were covering that ground against all obstacles:

We left Mackinac on the 29th of August in two canoes, well loaded. Having no person to serve as guide, who had knowledge of the route, we were compelled to go round the peninsula of Kewywenon, Lake Superior—where the continual blowing of adverse winds, together with rain, detained us a considerable time. We reached La Pointe on the

Some Hazards of Travel in the Upper Mississippi: 1783 1st of November. It being a *fête* (All Saints' Day), Mr. Kay invited us all to a repast, and afterwards, in the evening, had a party at his tent...

The next day we had a light wind in our favor—in the morning; but it increased so rapidly that we found it impossible to go ashore at night. We passed the river Boulé without being able to enter, and in consequence were obliged to go on all night, the sky being overcast and the weather cold.

Two hours before day, we attempted to enter the river of Fond du Lac, but the fury of the waves rendered it impossible. And in attempting to make a neighboring bay, our canoes broke up on the waves. The goods were cast along the beach, scattered here and there, for six arpents [almost 2000 feet] on either shore, all wet and freezing.

At the time, I could only deplore my fate.

On the next day, with the aid of the men, I repaired the canoes and collected the dispersed pieces of goods. But it was impossible to dry everything or to restore completely the damages of this misadventure.

On the next day, having entered the river, we saw, on doubling the point of the Little Lake, a wintering house. It was that of Mr. Default, come from the Grand Portage, a clerk of the Northwest Company.

We stopped at his door. As Mr. Kay had indulged himself with a glass in the morning, he now took a second, which put him into an ill mood for receiving Mr. Default, who had come down to the beach to receive him and whom he treated with rudeness. But Mr. Sayer, seeing the true cause of his disorder, kept silence, and gave him no information. The character of Mr. Kay was extravagant, haughty, prompt, arrogant, enthusiastic, taking counsel from no one—in fine, harebrained.

I had told him, some days before, that he should not conduct in that manner, for we were about the same age and I was on familiar terms with him for two years before, he having dwelt near my father's house at Riviere du Loup for the purpose of engaging voyageurs for his brother William.

Without reflection, he now ordered us to go to the Grand Portage (of the river St. Louis). I took the liberty to tell him that his enterprise was ill-judged, that he had not taken provisions for the number of mouths we had here, being already nearly exhausted; that Mr. Harris had not arrived, agreeably to expectation, and that it was now too late to go on.

Mr. Default, fearing that we should remain and become a burden to him, offered to furnish provisions for several days—but Mr. Kay thanked him, saying he hoped very soon to see Mr. Harris.

We now departed at all hazards for the interior. The whole stock of provisions now consisted of one bag of flour, one keg of butter, and one of sugar for his own use. His retinue was composed of fourteen men, his savagesse, himself, and me, making seventeen persons in all, and nothing to eat.

To crown our misfortune, we now encountered Mr. Harris, with three men, and an Indian called the Big Marten, with nothing in his canoe but part of a barrel of salt meat. At this Mr. Kay was much cast down. We encamped all together at the decharge of the Grand Portage.

Mr. Kay requested Mr. Harris to render an account of the twenty pieces of goods he had put in his hands to procure food (wild rice and dried meat). He replied that he had seen very few Indians, that the greater part of them had gone to pass the winter in the prairies west of the Mississippi, that they had no wild rice, the abundant rains having destroyed it; finally, that he had made some credits with the Indians—whom he had supplied with the means of passing the winter. All of which was not very satisfactory to Mr. Kay, who saw himself without resources.

I advised him to return to Fond du Lac and go up to the Indians on the first opening of the navigation—at the time when they are rich in furs. But this gentleman would take advice from no one, but determined to follow his own caprice. It was his will absolutely to go inland. And after drinking, he menaced his men with a pistol if they refused to follow him. His language to me was not without asperity. But I made no reply—knowing it would not avail to remonstrate, and having no doubt but he sought the death of himself and his men.

His resolve being made, and Mr. Harris and his men only serving further to diminish our rations, we entered the Grand Portage forthwith.

Mr. Kay determined to take Mr. Harris and seven men, with Big Marten for his guide, and go in advance, with the view of persuading the Indians to hunt for us, as moose were then abundant. And he left me behind with the baggage—with a promise that he would soon furnish me with provisions. The day after he left me, the snow fell over six inches in depth. I had very little provisions to go on, but they would not increase by delay.

The day after the snow fell, an Indian arrived with a letter from Mr. Kay—who informed me that he had determined to go to Pine river. He directed me to advance with the goods as far as Savanne Portage and, if possible, to pass the winter there; and to send three men with the Indian (who had killed a moose and brought me a portion of it) to carry fifteen pieces, assorted for trade, to the portage aux Couteaux where he would wait for them.

I immediately complied with his order by sending off the men. We were ourselves eleven days in getting to the Savanne, amidst ice and snow—and with nothing to eat. We lived on the seed-pods of the wild rose, and the sap of trees.

I put the goods en cache with two small interior canoes at the entrance of the Savanne Portage. I made a lodge with an oil-cloth at the little lac de la Puise in the portage—where we lived many days on small tolibies (the little white fish known as “water-mouth”). But they were soon exhausted as the ice became thick.

Our only resource now was racine de genouilla (flag-roots), which we boiled. And these we were necessitated to search at the bottom of the little lake or in a marsh amidst snow. This resource failing, we were obliged to quit the place, for now it seemed as if all species of birds had flown away. Each one went, by turn, to hunt — but got nothing.

JUST LIKE SHEEP

There was room toward the west to move around in, and trade, and maybe settle, or move on to what might be a better spot. And so the issue of the proposed new Constitution against the old Articles of Confederation was less burning, less decisive, than it might have been without the frontier to turn to.

Even Mr. Jefferson (a frontiersman as well as a philosopher, a politician as well as a statesman) finally came to the support of the Constitution — though he and others insisted that a bill of rights be added to it. This was done in the bright and hopeful spring of 1791, less than two years after the Constitution, at long last, became the high law of the land.

There was unity again — at least on the surface. But the basic differences between what men like Mr. Jefferson stood for and what Mr. John Adams represented were really growing wider. The burst of the French Revolution over Europe, the new explosion of libertarian thought and revolutionary action over the world, made the split still worse — and widening every day. Where would it lead to — ?

It led almost to disaster when Mr. Adams succeeded Washington as president, and the Alien and Sedition bills sponsored by his Federalist party were passed with the intention of silencing the vociferous democratic voices of the multitudes that were gathering around Mr. Jefferson. But the voices would not cease (not even when in jail). Mr. Jefferson defeated Mr. Adams this time for the presidency. The sinister Sedition Act was ended.

Again there was unity, and greater hope, and further opportunity, after Mr. Jefferson was able to buy all the Louisiana territory for us. Our country was more than twice the size of the original colonies now, and still growing —

Growing a little too fast, maybe, for our own good.

But some thought we ought to grow even faster — at the expense of the nations that still held territory on our borders. Some, like Henry Clay and John Calhoun (new names, long to be heard from) helped to push us into a war with England. The War of 1812 —

but many people called it "Madison's war." And it was meant as no compliment to the new president, James Madison, who had attended the Continental Congress as a penniless lawyer and later had done more than anyone else to frame the Constitution and then fight for its passage. It was a foolish war, and it might have been a catastrophe (the flames set by the British in our new capital city of Washington might have sent the sapling republic up in smoke). In any case, it was a war of intended conquest that turned out to be a war of suffering and shame:

About five hundred prisoners have recently arrived in this "reach" from Halifax. There are between one hundred and fifty and two hundred of Colonel Boestler's men, who were deceived, decoyed, and captured near Beaver Dams, on the 23rd of June, 1813. These men were principally from Pennsylvania and Maryland. It is difficult to describe

*From the Journal of
Benjamin Waterhouse;
Jan., 1814*

their wretched appearance, and as difficult to narrate their suffering on the passage, without getting into a rage—inconsistent with the character of an impartial journalist.

To the everlasting disgrace of the British government, and of a British man of war, be it known that these miserable victims to hardheartedness were crowded together in the black hold of a ship, as we were, just like sheep in a sheep-field. They allowed but two to come upon deck at a time. They were covered with nastiness and overrun with vermin, for these poor creatures were not allowed to wash their clothes or themselves.

O how my soul did abhor the English when I saw these poor soldiers!

It is no wonder that people who only see and judge of the Americans by the prisoners, that they conceive us to be a horde of savages. They see us while prisoners, in the most degraded and odious light that we ever before saw or felt ourselves in. I can easily conceive how bad and scanty food, dirt, vermin, and a slow chronical disease, or low spirits, may change the temper and character of large bodies of men...

These poor soldiers were, of all men among us, the most miserable. They had suffered greatly for want of good and sufficient food—as six of them had to feed on that quantity which the British allowed to four of their own men. By what we could gather, the most barbarous, the most unfeeling neglect, and actual ill treatment, was experienced on board the Nemesis. This ship seems, like the Malabar, to be damned to everlasting reproach...

We turn with disgust and resentment from such ships as the Regulus, the Malabar and the Nemesis, and mention with pleasure the Poictiers, of 74 guns. The captain and officers of this ship behaved to the prisoners she brought with the same kindness and humanity as I presume the captain, officers and crew of an American man of war would towards British prisoners. They considered our men as living, sensitive beings, feeling the inconveniences of hunger and thirst, and the pleasure of the gratifications of these instinctive appetites. They seemed to consider also that we were rational beings, and it is possible they may have sus-

pected that some of us might have had our rational and improvable faculty increased by education.

They might, moreover, have thought that we had, like them, the powers of reminiscence, and the same dispositions to revenge. Or they might not have thought much on the subject, but acted from their own generous and humane feelings.

... We cannot yet leave the subject of the inhuman treatment of the American prisoners of war, while on their passage from Halifax to Chatham. The condition of the soldiers was the most deplorable. Some of these men were born in the interior, and had never seen the salt ocean; they enlisted in Boestler's regiment, and were taken by the British and Indians somewhere between Fort George and York, the capital of Upper Canada.

They were pretty much stripped of their clothing soon after they were taken, and their march to Montreal was conducted with very little regard to their feelings. But when sick, they were well attended to by the medical men of the enemy. Their passage from Quebec to Halifax, down the river St. Lawrence, was barbarous. They suffered for victuals, clothes, and every other conveniency. The men say that they had more instances of real kindness from the Indians than from the British.

But on their passage across the Atlantic, their situation was horrible, as may be well supposed, when it is considered that these soldiers had never been at sea, and of course could not shift, and shirk about (as the sailors call it) as could the seamen. They were, of course, seasick, and were continually groping and tumbling about in the dark prison of a ship's hold. They suffered a double portion of misery compared with the sailors, to whom the rolling of the ship in a gale of wind, and the stench of bilge-water, were matters of no grievance, but were serious evils to these landmen, who were constantly treading upon, or running against, and tumbling over each other.

Many of them were weary of their lives, and some layed down dejected in despair, hoping never to rise again. Disheartened, and of course sick, these young men became negligent of their persons, not caring whether they ever added another day to their wretched existence—so that when they came on board the prison-ship they were loathsome objects of disgust. A mother could not have known her own son, nor a sister her brother—disguised and half-consumed as they were with a variety of wretchedness. They were half naked—and it was now the middle of winter.

The directions we were taking (and the directions we were being pushed into by misguided men in power) were not so clear or purposeful now. A sense of tragedy was entering our lives. We saw men who hated the people as much as any Tory ever did (they were the new Tories) gaining prestige and power and position — in finance and trade, in government, in the new industries that were springing up everywhere. They were haters of democracy, and they rejoiced at the failure and fall of the French Revolution.

The people had to be watched (not watched over), they said.

But watching the people was not an easy job — watching over us was hard enough, at any time. Now it was harder than ever, because we were pulling up stakes again, taking our own direction as we felt the inclination (does the spirit move you, sister — and can you smell the wild honey in the air out there?).

We were trekking on foot, by horse. We were pushing ahead by boat and barge on our own Erie Canal and through our own labyrinth of rivers. We were moving by cart and wagon (wheels rolling again over new wild ground). Out in the open again (not in the reception halls, or the anterooms, or the counting houses). Under the continental sky. With the sun's own light, traveling west — and our new hopes traveling alongside us.

. *Eleven* .

W E S T W A R D

Ride, boldly ride . . .

If you seek for Eldorado.

EDGAR ALLEN POE

HIS SUN IS SETTING

Across the Appalachians we went — from the states in the south. But mostly we went around them: through the Mohawk Valley and down by the Lake country and below, fanning out behind old Appalachia, to the Mississippi and up the Missouri —

itself fanning out (with its snags and its channels, its banks crumbling, bars of sand and gorges of ice, its violent serenade of storm above and current below) and pointing the way for us to the whole Northwest.

Again we were winning the land by entry as well as by purchase (Florida was ours by 1821 — and years before that, Lewis and Clark had led the way to the north and west, to the Columbia and the Pacific, with the help of the faithful Indian woman, Sacajawea).

We were pushing the Indians westward before us. They fought us again, as they had fought us before (some of them even on the side of the British during our revolution). The names of the tribes opposing us changed as we moved on — but their fight to survive our westward drive was the same. The names of their chiefs were new, but their courage and their dignity were the familiar ones of old.

Their fight was a brave but a futile fight against better arms and greater numbers. Their sun of battle was setting — even for that chief of the Sacs and the Foxes who claimed the tribal representatives were drunk when they signed away 700 miles of land along the Mississippi

for an annuity of an even thousand dollars. Even for Black Hawk the warrior, the sun of battle was going down:

You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected—if I did not defeat you—to hold out much longer and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. The first one was not so wise. When I saw that I could not beat you by

Black Hawk's Farewell Address; 1832 Indian fighting, I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed.

The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in the winter. My warriors fell around me. It began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand.

The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom.

He is now a prisoner to the white men—they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and papooses, against white men—who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands.

You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes.

But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal. An Indian who is as bad as the white men could not live in our nation—he would be put to death, and eat up by the wolves.

The white men are bad schoolmasters: they carry false looks and deal in false actions. They smile in the face of the poor Indian to cheat him. They shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, to deceive them, and ruin our wives.

We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us. But they followed on, and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us—

like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them—hypocrites and liars, adulterers, lazy drones, all talkers and no workers.

We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our great father. We were encouraged—his great council gave us fair words and big promises. But we got no satisfaction.

Things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled; the springs were drying up, and our squaws and papooses without victuals to keep them from starving.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We all spoke before the council fire. It was warm and pleasant. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk. Our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle.

He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him.

Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children and friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for his nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate:

The white men do not scalp the head. But they do worse—they poison the heart. It is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped. But they will, in a few years, become like the white men—so that you can't trust them, and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order.

Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end.

His sun is setting, and he will rise no more.

Farewell to Black Hawk!

NOW COMES THE HARVEST

From new Florida and from old Maine, from Massachusetts Commonwealth westward through New York, down to growing Pittsburgh, where the wagons coming in and the wagons going out could be heard

(in between the praying and the swearing and the drinking and the praying again) day and night. And then the long, diagonal way to our slow-moving Mississippi (slow-moving till you were right down on it) and across to the Missouri territory —

where the soil was so fertile (it was a caution) and there was so much of it! There was hunger, too — but it was the deep and abiding hunger for the company of friends and neighbors and, in cases like the Reverend and Mrs. Jones, for fellow-worshippers from the way-back east that had once been home:

Ever dear Brethren and Sisters: Separated as we are from your circle, you will not think it strange should we use some efforts to induce you to come to the West. We have this object in view in sending you this circular. We are already here in a land of plenty, and surrounded with all the comforts of life which we need or should desire except your society.

*A Letter from the Joneses
in Western Missouri; 1837* This is a sore deprivation to us, but we do not see how it can be obviated unless we can persuade you to come and settle down by us.

We have too long resided in this mild climate to endure the long and cold winters of the north... we have too long lived in a country surpassing almost all others in fertility to be again satisfied with the rocky and sterile regions which gave us birth.

Besides this, you know that we commenced for ourselves at a very late period of life, and have not time to acquire that competence necessary to visit you. At the same time we hardly feel willing to give up all hope of our seeing you again, or enjoying some taste of that sweet friendship which should ever be found in the family circle. Did you have the same advantages on your side that we have on ours, we would at once yield the point, and set our faces eastward.

But we have all the advantage on our side of the question. To convince you of this, let one take the best field on my father's farm, and place it beside my own—which by no means is so good as most lands in this section of the country. We will say each field contains five acres. In my own field I will send one man with one horse. He shall plough, plant, and gather in the harvest. In the other we will send a man, two boys, a yoke of oxen, and one horse. In my field the man shall spend two days in the week for three months, the other shall spend four.

Now comes the harvest. My field will yield not less than 250 bushels, the other at the extent, not more than 150. Now this calculation I conceive to be just, and I should suffer nothing in the experiment. In order that you may correctly judge of the increase of stock, it will only be necessary for me to make a fair statement of what my stock was worth one year ago, and add to it the money I have paid out since, and compare it with its present value, to show you the great advantage western people have over the eastern.

My stock one year ago was valued at \$138, to which I have added \$172, making in the whole \$310 worth. Now at a very low calculation it is worth \$501. Net gain \$191. One of our neighbors about three years since paid out about 90 cents for hogs. This last fall after leaving twice as many at home as he had at first purchased, he sold enough to amount to between \$15.00 and \$16.00.

These things may appear astonishing to you, but they are only common specimens. A man and one horse can easily tend twenty acres of corn, for which he receives in the fall 1000 bushels—or if he sow the field to wheat, it would be but a common crop to receive in return 600 bushels.

I have now made these statements to impress upon your minds the fact that you will lose nothing by coming here—even should you expend one half in the removal. We can make purchases here almost to as good advantage as in the East.

It is true (for I would not wish to hold out the bright side only) there are serious difficulties in the way, which are very sensibly felt by those of us who have been brought up under other circumstances. In nothing do we suffer more than for the want of good society. At present there are but few inhabitants about us—and not all of them of a character we could wish...

Taking everything into view, we cannot resist the impression but it would be much better for many of our brothers and sisters to emigrate as soon as arrangements can be made. The country is fast filling up, and all the best places will soon be taken up. Now you might have a great chance—but in two or three years it will not be so.

Two or three families might find accommodations at this place until houses could be erected. Say who will come? When may we look for you?

"THIS YOU CALL FREEDOM"

Out of the old frontier, new leaders were rising to warm the blood and quicken the pulse of the nation's lagging faith in the common good. Out of Tennessee came Andrew Jackson, bringing his principles of greater equality (along with his weapons, concealed and unconcealed) to the White House itself.

Out of that same frontier, other men — from the Cumberland to the Ouachita — were moving in an opposite direction (moving still farther westward), though their goal was much the same. They were settling in Texas (they were not the ones who were there to extend the system of Negro slavery in the south) and they aimed to build a clean and prosperous way of life there in that bountiful land.

They were building a new and a democratic life. And eventually they had to set up their own government — declaring it free of the tyranny of the Mexican despot, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna — in order to insure the existence and maybe the continuation of that life for all the Texas people (the Mexicans who were there already from the Rio Grande up to the Red, and the Spanish and French before them, as well as the newcomers).

The Texans fought the tyrant, and they beat him in 1836. Six years later, he came back with another threat, and the Texans' hero and president, General Sam Houston, made it clear that if they had to, they were prepared to do the job over again, cost what it might:

Sir, from your lenity and power Texans expect nothing—from your humanity less. And when you invade Texas you will not find "thorns to wound the foot of the traveler," but you will find opposed to Mexican breasts arms wielded by freemen of unerring certainty, and directed by a purpose not to be eluded. Texans war not for gewgaws and titles.

Gen. Sam Houston to Gen. Santa Anna of Mexico; Mar. 21, 1842 They battle not to sustain dictators or despots. They do not march to the field unwillingly—nor are they dragged to the army in chains, with the mock-title of volunteers.

For a while they lay by the implements of husbandry, and seize their

rifles; they rally in defence of their rights. And when victory has been achieved, they return to the cultivation of the soil. They have laws to protect their rights. Their property is their own. They do not bow to the will of despots, but they bow to the majesty of the constitution and laws. They are freemen indeed.

It is not so with your nation...

The slaves of Mexico, you say, were emancipated. Did you elevate them to the condition of freemen? No, you did not. You gave them the name of freedom—but you reduced the common people to the condition of slaves. It is not uncommon in Mexico for one dignitary upon his hacienda to control from one hundred to ten thousand human beings in a state of bondage... If an individual in Mexico owes but twenty-five cents, by application to an alcalde, the creditor can have him, with his family, decreed to his service—and to remain in that state of slavery until he is able to pay the debt from the wages accruing from his labor, after being compelled to subsist his dependent family.

This you call freedom...

You tauntingly invite Texas to cover herself anew with the Mexican flag. You certainly intend this as mockery. You denied us the enjoyment of the laws under which we came to the country. Her flag was never raised in our behalf—nor has it been seen in Texas unless when displayed in an attempt at our subjugation.

We know your lenity—we know your mercy—we are ready again to test your power.

You have threatened to plant your banner on the banks of the Sabine. Is this done to intimidate us? Is it done to alarm us? Or do you deem it the most successful mode of conquest?

If the latter, it may do to amuse the people surrounding you. If to alarm us, it will amuse those conversant with the history of your last campaign. If to intimidate us, the threat is idle.

We have desired peace. You have annoyed our frontier—you have harassed our citizens—you have incarcerated our traders, after your commissioners had been kindly received and your citizens allowed the privileges of commerce in Texas without molestation.

You continue aggression. You will not accord us peace. We will have it.

You threaten to conquer Texas. We will war with Mexico. Your pretensions, with ours, you have referred to the social world and to the God of Battles. We refer our cause to the same tribunals . . .

LIKE A DYING DOLPHIN

We were still moving westward, swallowing the land in our stride. What we had been unable to do against England in 1812, we easily accomplished against a weak and a divided Mexico (still ruled by the tyrant Santa Anna) in 1846, after annexing Texas the year before.

By the time the war was over, and though we had been told by President Polk himself that the war was not being fought to acquire more territory, not only Texas was permanently ours — but also New Mexico (but what about the old power of wise and knowing Cíbola — was that ours too?). Also Arizona (the Grand Canyon was certainly a place where we could forget about the war and why we had been dragged into it). Even California, lying like a great slab of golden ore on our Pacific coast, all the way from the thirty-third to the forty-second parallel, was ours:

It fell into our lap like a shining nugget off a mountain-slide, just in time for us to get the full and fabulous benefit of the discovery of gold out there:

Tuesday, June 20: My messenger sent to the mines has returned with specimens of the gold; he dismounted in a sea of upturned faces. As he drew forth the yellow lumps from his pockets, and passed them around among the eager crowd, the doubts which had lingered till now, fled. All admitted they were gold—except one old man who still persisted they were some Yankee invention, got up to reconcile the people to the change of flag.

From the Journal of Walter Colton; 1848 The excitement produced was intense, and many were soon busy in their hasty preparations for a departure to the mines.

The family who had kept house for me caught the moving infection. Husband and wife were both packing up; the blacksmith dropped his hammer, the carpenter his plane, the mason his trowel, the farmer his sickle, the baker his loaf, and the tapster his bottle. All were off for the mines, some on horses, some on carts, and some on crutches—and one went in a litter. An American woman, who had recently established a boarding-house here, pulled up stakes, and was off before her lodgers had even time to pay their bills. Debtors ran, of course.

I have only a community of women left, and a gang of prisoners, with here and there a soldier, who will give his captain the slip at the first chance. I don't blame the fellow a whit—seven dollars a month, while others are making two or three hundred a day! That is too much for human nature to stand.

Saturday, July 15: The gold fever has reached every servant in Monterey; none are to be trusted in their engagement beyond a week—and as for compulsion, it is like attempting to drive fish into a net with the ocean before them. Gen. Mason, Lieut. Lanman, and myself, form a mess; we have a house, and all the table furniture and culinary apparatus requisite—but our servants have run, one after another, till we are almost in despair...A general of the United States Army, the commander of a man-of-war, and the Alcalde of Monterey, in a smoking kitchen, grinding coffee, toasting a herring, and peeling onions! These gold mines are going to upset all the domestic arrangements of society, turning the head to the tail, and the tail to the head...

Tuesday, July 18: Another bag of gold from the mines, and another spasm in the community. It was brought down by a sailor from Yuba river, and contains a hundred and thirty-six ounces. It is the most beautiful gold that has appeared in the market; it looks like the yellow scales of the dolphin, passing through his rainbow hues at death.

My carpenters, at work on the school-house, on seeing it, threw down their saws and planes, shouldered their picks, and are off for the Yuba. Three seamen ran from the Warren, forfeiting their four years' pay; and a whole platoon of soldiers from the fort left only their colors behind.

One old woman declared she would never again break an egg or kill a chicken, without examining yolk and gizzard.

Monday, Oct. 2: I went among the gold-diggers; found half a dozen at the bottom of the ravine, tearing up the bogs, and up to their knees in mud. Beneath these bogs lay a bed of clay sprinkled in spots with gold. These deposits, and the earth mixed with them, were shovelled into bowls, taken to a pool near by, and washed out.

The bowl, in working, is held in both hands, whirled violently back and forth through half a circle, and pitched this way and that sufficiently to throw off the earth and water, while the gold settles to the bottom. The process is extremely laborious, and taxes the entire muscles of the frame. In its effect it is more like swinging a scythe than any work I ever attempted.

Not having much relish for the bogs and mud, I procured a light

crowbar and went to splitting the slaterocks which project into the ravine. I found between the layers, which were not perfectly closed, particles of gold, resembling in shape the small and delicate scales of a fish. These were easily scraped from the slate by a hunter's knife, and readily separated in the washbowl from other foreign substances...

There are about seventy persons at work in this ravine, and all within a few yards of each other. They average about one ounce per diem each. They who get less are discontented, and they who get more are not satisfied. Every day brings in some fresh report of richer discoveries in some quarter not far remote, and the diggers are consequently kept in a state of feverish excitement.

One woman, a Sonoranian, who was washing here, finding at the bottom of her bowl only the amount of half a dollar or so, hurled it back again into the water, and straightening herself up to her full height, strode off with the indignant air of one who feels himself insulted...

Wednesday, Oct. 4: Our camping-ground is in a broad ravine through which a rivulet wanders, and which is dotted with the frequent tents of gold-diggers. The sounds of the crowbar and pick, as they shake or shiver the rock, are echoed from a thousand cliffs—while the hum of human voices rolls off on the breeze to mingle with the barking of wolves...

The provisions with which we left San Jose are gone, and we have been obliged to supply ourselves here. We pay at the rate of four hundred dollars a barrel for flour; four dollars a pound for poor brown sugar, and four dollars a pound for indifferent coffee...

Monday, Oct. 16: I encountered this morning, in the person of a Welshman, a pretty marked specimen of the golddigger. He stood some six feet eight in his shoes, with giant limbs and frame. A leather strap fastened his coarse trowsers above the hips, and confined the flowing bunt of his flannel shirt. A broad-rimmed hat sheltered his browny features, while his unshorn beard and hair flowed in tangled confusion to his waist. To his back was lashed a blanket and bag of provisions; on one shoulder rested a huge crowbar, to which were hung a gold-washer and skillet; on the other rested a rifle, a spade, and pick, from which dangled a cup and a pair of heavy shoes.

He recognized me at once as the magistrate who had once arrested him for a breach of the peace.

"Well, Señor Alcalde," said he, "I am glad to see you in these diggings. You had some trouble with me in Monterey. I was on a burster, you did your duty, and I respect you for it. And now let me

settle the difference between us with a bit of gold—it shall be the first I strike under this bog."

I told him there was no difference between us, that I knew at the time it was rum which had raised the rumpus. But before I had finished my disclaiming speech, his traps were on the ground, and his heavy pick was tearing up bog after bog from the snarl in which it had struck its tangling roots. These removed, he struck a layer of clay—

"Here she comes!" he ejaculated, and turned out a piece of gold that would weigh an ounce or more. "There," said he, "Señor Alcalde, accept that—and when you reach home, where I hope you will find all well, have a bracelet made of it for your lady."

We spanned the continent now — between the two great oceans. We got the west and the southwest by war against Mexico — but the northwest (to the Baker and Olympus peaks) by peaceful arrangement with our still-strong rival England. Catacorner from the Florida keys up to Puget Sound, from Maine's Caribou to California's Cabrillo — those were our mighty measurements (and we were mighty proud to have them now).

But man cannot live by measurements or even pride alone. And while we had done a lot of moving, our main interest now, as it had been before, was living:

We had to live with each other. And we had to live with ourselves. We had to live what we called right —

because we weren't just anything, or anybody. We were still the wheels that had rolled in to find the promised land, we were the wheels that had rolled over the land —and were even rolling back. We were the wheels, and the long belts of endeavor that joined us stretched across the whole continent — God's handiwork, but man's new turning machine, too. For ours were the arms that had labored and the arms that had fought. Why had we done it, and what exactly had we fought and labored for — ?

We were the Americans — and we had to find out.

. *Twelve* .

A M E R I C A N S

. . . I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings,
Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers
on the land . . .

WALT WHITMAN

MICHIGAN MAILMAN

We had more than a toehold on the continent now — we had the continent that we called ours: America meant us (we had proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine in '24, but so far we were showing little interest in the rest of the people living in the same American hemisphere). We were known as the States, but we also called ourselves America — we could even laugh confidently as we said it.

We had learned to laugh before overrunning the continent — but never with quite the heartiness we were able to feel (and to display) once that chore was over. Our laughter had good humor in it, too — even when we laughed at each other:

In all counties where wood-chopping or charcoal burning is carried on, you will find the Canadian Frenchman. So they came to Marquette in great numbers. Many of them could not read and write, but still the sweet consolation they derived from receiving letters from friends in Canada or New York State was unmistakable. Many of them actu-

*Peter White's Recollection
of Upper Michigan in the
'50s.*

ally thought that I went to Montreal or Quebec or New York State to get their letters—they couldn't see how else I could appear with them

there.

Thus it was that I was made the subject of many a legend, among the

Frenchmen and their families, during the years that followed, wherein dogs, sledges, snow-shoes, woods, wolves and other animals of the forest went to make up the hodge-podge.

Even in later years, when the government did provide for a mail, there would always be certain months when its transportation would be impossible, owing to the depth and softness of the snow. This would occur in March and April, and sometimes, the first half of May. It was during one of those years that I was postmaster at Marquette.

One night a steamer arrived (the first boat of the season), bringing the accumulated mail of two months or more, and it was very large. I had taken it to my office and was distributing it as expeditiously as possible—by lamp or candlelight.

My postoffice was very small, in the rear end of a store, with only room enough for a small table, a chair and a place for a mail bag, twenty-four alphabetical mail boxes on my right, and forty-eight 8 x 10 boxes to rent. I was standing, emptying the mail from the bags, on to the table, then distributing the letters and papers into the proper boxes, so as to be ready for the eager crowd that would come for mail after six o'clock in the morning. Then it was that I heard steps approaching through the store towards the postoffice.

I looked, to behold Michael Belloin, a tall and very powerful Frenchman. It was apparent that he had been buying some of the wet goods on the steamer, for he staggered towards me, saying: "You got any lette for Micho, Monsieur Pete?"

I answered, "The mail is not yet open, you will have to come in the morning." Whereupon he said, "I guess I will come into your little poss offis and sit on dat little chair, and see you put dose paper and dose lette in that box."

Suiting the action to the word, he undertook to enter the narrow door, when I exclaimed, "There isn't room for you, it is against the law, you cannot come in!"

"Oh ho, what you spouse I care for de law or you neder. I will come in anyhow. You can't stop me."

As he lifted one foot to step over a mail bag at the door I gave him a quick push which caused him to fall backwards to the floor, and very much enraged him. Arising he paced backward and forward across the store floor, outside of my office, grating his teeth and clenching his fists, calling me all manner of names in French, and uttering all sorts of imprecations and epithets. At last, finding that I did not pay any atten-

tion to him, he stopped in front of the little door and delivered himself about thus:

"You want to prēten you don stan French. Mon dieu, you can't talk good Linglish—you're jus a half a breed, half French and half Injin. I know what you want—you want me to strike you, then you bring me on de justis offis to-morrow morning and make me pay five dollar! Aha! you can't fool Frenchman lika dat. You come on to de street if you want me to strike you.

"If I strike you I won't leave two greas spot on you. If I strike you, you'll tink it is a French horse kick you! You see dat spit down dere? The sun he come, he dry it up—dat's jus like you. If I strike you you can't fine yourself no more. You wouldn't know where you gone to.

"I come to your poss offis to quire for some lette, and I hax you jus so polite I can, if you got any lette for Micho, and you say get out. Ain't you shame yourself—don't you sorry you treat me dat way? I'll goin to tell you something make you sorry you say so cross to me. I tink I'll make you face come red:

"Some Frenchmen been come here good many year ago, he ben tole me dat you use to carry de mail on your back—and a pack on your back, a hax in your hand, snow-shoe on your feet, and sometime tree poor little dog on a train, draw de mail tru de woods. And your tree little dog was so poor you could see right tru him—coz you was so dam poor you did'n have money to buy provision for dat dog.

"Now you got to be the poss offis master, and you tink you are de biggest big bug on dis town. And when I come to your poss offis, jus so polite I can, and hax you you got any lette for Micho? you say get out dar like one dam dog! I like to know if dats de way to treat a gentleman. I guess you did'n tot dat I know I could tell you all dat! You tink now you're biggest big bug on this whole town."

FEW WALK BY NIGHT

We wanted to laugh more and to live more fully at last — take our time, and think things over (and learn more about what makes a high ridge covered with the turning colors of maples and oaks in the autumn something really worth looking at). But there was always something else that had to be done, some chore or other — at least it seemed that way.

For the wheels of our industries were turning now in every state — especially in the north and the east, where Negro slavery hardly existed and the energies of free men's labor were high and persevering. Our land there was often poor (they could scarcely grow anything but men in some places) and we had made it even poorer with our reckless ways of clearing it. But our machines were manufacturing everything from iron and steel (and other machines, and the tools for making still other ones) to pins and pinafores. They were beginning to go full blast now —

and their whistle could be heard all the way from Massachusetts and Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania, West Virginia and New York, down to Virginia, and points south. What did the whistle say?

Better wages and a freer life, it said — and this was incentive enough for the cotton-picking, rice-hoeing, and sugar-grinding slaves in South Carolina and Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama, and Louisiana and Texas and the other states of the south. It was incentive enough for the Negro slaves as it had been for the freer working-folk from other parts of the land, and from Europe as well (the 'forty-eighters from Germany and the 'forty-niners from California, the new crop of Welshmen and Irish and Swedes, and a score of other nationalities come to round out the still-flat contours of our robust American face).

The slaves with their eyes on a haven in the north began to organize their "underground railroad" (yes, we were moving by steam now, on polished rails, and a new clackety-clanking sound of iron wheels, and sparks showering over our heads in the night's awed stillness).

Others among us were seeking solace and understanding and an individual freedom away from the rising clamor and the spreading soot of the new industrial city, away from the daily chicanery and the Sunday smugness that were moving insidiously into our lives, away from the social ambitiousness of the families of the new men of money and manufactures.

Men of brilliance in their learning, and wisdom in their understanding, sought a temporary refuge, too, in the founding of new cooperative communities among themselves. Scholars and writers, philosophers and scientists, they hoped to find the slow answer to a better, more creative life for everyone in a new kind of New England seclusion (what other frontier was left to them now?). Some of them were men of profound learning who could also be sensitive and exalted children of nature:

Men like Henry Thoreau, describing the beauties of a walk by night over his *Walden* retreat (not so far from where we walked as the first Separatist seekers) and, in fact, over this whole American land:

Many men walk by day; few walk by night. It is a very different season. Take a July night, for instance. About ten o'clock—when man is asleep, and day fairly forgotten—the beauty of moonlight is seen over lonely pastures where cattle are silently feeding. On all sides novelties present themselves. Instead of the sun there are the moon and stars, instead of the wood-thrush there is the whip-poor-will. Instead of butterflies in the meadows—fire-flies, winged sparks of fire!

From Henry D. Thoreau's Excursions
Who would have believed it? What kind of cool deliberate life dwells in those dewy abodes associated with a spark of fire? So man has fire in his eyes, or blood, or brain.

Instead of singing birds, the half-throttled note of a cuckoo flying over, the croaking of frogs, and the intenser dream of crickets. But, above all, the wonderful trump of the bull-frog, ringing from Maine to Georgia.

The potato-vines stand upright, the corn grows apace, the bushes loom, the grain-fields are boundless. On our open river terraces once cultivated by the Indian, they appear to occupy the ground like an army—their heads nodding in the breeze. Small trees and shrubs are seen in the midst, overwhelmed as by an inundation.

The shadows of rocks and trees, and shrubs and hills, are more conspicuous than the objects themselves. The slightest irregularities in the ground are revealed by the shadows, and what the feet find comparatively smooth, appears rough and diversified in consequence.

For the same reason the whole landscape is more variegated and picturesque than by day. The smallest recesses in the rocks are dim and cavernous. The ferns in the wood appear of tropical size. The sweet fern and indigo in overgrown wood-paths wet you with dew up to your middle. The leaves of the shrub-oak are shining as if a liquid were flowing over them. The pools seen through the trees are as full of light as the sky:

"The light of the day takes refuge in their bosoms," as the Purana says of the ocean.

All white objects are more remarkable than by day. A distant cliff looks like a phosphorescent space on a hillside. The woods are heavy and dark. Nature slumbers. You see the moonlight reflected from

particular stumps in the recesses of the forest, as if she selected what to shine on. These small fractions of her light remind one of the plant called moonseed—as if the moon were sowing it in such places.

In the night the eyes are partly closed or retire into the head. Other senses take the lead. The walker is guided as well by the sense of smell. Every plant and field and forest emits its odor now—swamp-pink in the meadow, and tansy in the road. And there is the peculiar dry scent of corn which has begun to show its tassels.

The senses both of hearing and smelling are more alert. We hear the tinkling of rills which we never detected before.

From time to time, high up on the sides of hills, you pass through a stratum of warm air. A blast which has come up from the sultry plains of noon. It tells of the day, of sunny noon-tide hours and banks, of the laborer wiping his brow and the bee humming amid flowers. It is an air in which work has been—which men have breathed. It circulates about from wood-side to hill-side like a dog that has lost its master, now that the sun is gone.

The rocks retain all night the warmth of the sun which they have absorbed. And so does the sand. If you dig a few inches into it you find a warm bed.

You lie on your back on a rock in a pasture on the top of some bare hill at midnight, and speculate on the height of the starry canopy. The stars are the jewels of the night, and perchance surpass anything which day has to show. A companion with whom I was sailing one very windy but bright moonlight night, when the stars were few and faint, thought that a man could get along with them—though he was considerably reduced in his circumstances—that they were a kind of bread and cheese that never failed.

No wonder that there have been astrologers, that some have conceived that they were personally related to particular stars...

In a mild night, when the harvest or hunter's moon shines unobstructedly, the houses in our village—whatever architect they may have had by day—acknowledge only a master. The village street is then as wild as the forest. New and old things are confounded. I know not whether I am sitting on the ruins of a wall, or on the material which is to compose a new one...

Even by night the sky is blue and not black—for we see through the shadow of the earth into the distant atmosphere of day, where the sunbeams are revelling.

"I TRIED TO MAKE THE LETTER M"

The sky was never black — unless you looked close (as Thoreau himself was wont to do) at the spreading cancer of Negro slavery that was eating away the meaning of all we had struggled for since the bleak beginnings.

Throughout the world now, we were famous for our machinery and our manufactures, we were celebrated for our inventions (the steamboat, the telegraph, Mr. Whitney's cotton gin) and our multitude of free schools and higher institutions of learning. And we were notorious for our continuation of the system of Negro slave labor which most of the world had long since dropped.

Here was a contradiction — more sinister than strange, as the rivalry for the economic and political control of the nation became more bitter each day between the northern and eastern manufacturers and the slave-owning planters in the south (who depended on the slave system for their source of cheap labor). Here was the real issue which was splitting us apart as nothing had done before.

But there were also grave moral and social issues involved in the growing, key question of slavery. These were being discussed — openly in some places, clandestinely where the subject was considered beyond the pale — in homes and offices, in the city streets and in country lanes, in the taverns and in the churches. In the town councils and the state legislatures, in Congress (where the Fugitive Slave bill had been made into law back in Washington's administration) and in the Supreme Court, where that same law would be upheld in the Dred Scott case, and a decision further handed down forbidding Congress from excluding slavery from any state. The discussions went on, all over the land and all over Europe —

but the slave-owners were still in full control of the government at Washington as well as in their home states. The discussions went on —

and the slaves were soon taking matters in their own hands. They were biding their time, picking the cotton and planting the rice, and putting their hopes of freedom into their spirituals (a band of angels coming after me!) while they waited and planned to be spirited north

with the aid of the clandestine movements organized by the northern Abolitionists and by such heroic Negro women as Harriet Tubman and Sojourner Truth.

We were the runaway slaves, and we were beginning to flee by the score and by the hundred. It was terrible when we got caught — but it was often just as terrible when we stayed:

Ran away, a black woman, Betsy. Had an iron bar on her right leg.

Ran away, the negro Manuel. Much marked with irons.

Ran away, the negress Fanny. Had on an iron band about her neck.

Ran away, a negro boy about twelve years old. Had round his neck a chain dog-collar with "De Lampert" engraved on it.

Ran away, the negro Hown. Has a ring of
Advertisements in the Public Newspapers; 1838-42 iron on his left foot. Also Grise, his wife,
having a ring and chain on the left leg.

Ran away, a negro boy named James. Said boy was ironed when he left me.

Committed to jail, a man who calls his name John. He has a clog of iron on his right foot which will weigh four or five pounds.

Detained at the police jail, the negro wench, Myra. Has several marks of lashing, and has irons on her feet.

Ran away, a negro woman and two children; a few days before she went off, I burnt her with a hot iron, on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M.

Ran away, a negro man named Henry; his left eye out, some scars from a dirk on and under his left arm, and much scarred with the whip.

One hundred dollars reward, for a negro fellow, Pompey, 40 years old. He is branded on the left jaw.

Committed to jail, a negro man. Has no toes on the left foot.

Ran away, a negro woman named Rachel. Has lost all her toes except the large one.

Ran away, Sam. He was shot a short time since through the hand, and has several shots in his left arm and side.

Ran away, my negro man Dennis. Said negro has been shot in the left arm between the shoulders and elbow, which has paralyzed the left hand.

Ran away, my negro man named Simon. He has been shot badly, in his back and right arm.

Ran away, a negro named Arthur. Has a considerable scar across his breast and each arm, made by a knife; loves to talk much of the goodness of God.

Twenty-five dollars reward for my man Isaac. He has a scar on his forehead, caused by a blow; and one on his back, made by a shot from a pistol.

Ran away, a negro girl called Mary. Has a small scar over her eye, a good many teeth missing, the letter A is branded on her cheek and forehead.

Ran away, negro Ben. Has a scar on his right hand; his thumb and forefinger being injured by being shot last fall. A part of the bone came out. He has also one or two large scars on his back and hips.

Detained at the jail, a mulatto, named Tom. Has a scar on the right cheek, and appears to have been burned with powder on the face.

Ran away, a negro man named Ned. Three of his fingers are drawn into the palm of his hand by a cut. Has a scar on the back of his neck, nearly half round, done by a knife.

Was committed to jail, a negro man. Says his name is Josiah. His back very much scarred by the whip; and branded on the thigh and hips in three or four places, thus (J M). The rim of his right ear has been bit or cut off.

Fifty dollars reward, for my fellow Edward. He has a scar on the corner of his mouth, two cuts on and under his arm, and the letter E on his arm.

Ran away, negro boy Ellie. Has a scar on one of his arms from the bite of a dog.

Ran away, from the plantation of James Surgette, the following negroes: Randal, has one ear cropped; Bob, has lost one eye; Kentucky Tom, has one jaw broken.

Ran away, Anthony. One of his ears cut off, and his left hand cut with an axe.

Fifty dollars reward for the negro Jim Blake. Has a piece cut out of each ear, and middle finger of left hand cut off to the second joint.

Ran away, a negro woman named Maria. Has a scar on one side of her cheek, by a cut. Some scars on her back.

Ran away, the Mulatto wench Mary. Has a cut on the left arm, a scar on the left shoulder, and two upper teeth missing.

...Ran away, my man Fountain. Has holes in his ears, a scar on the right side of his forehead, has been shot in the hind parts of his legs, and is marked on the back with the whip.

Two hundred and fifty dollars reward for my negro man Jim. He is much marked with shot in his right thigh. The shot entered on the outside, halfway between the hip and knee joints.

Brought to jail, John. Left ear cropped.

Taken up, a negro man. Is very much scarred about the face and body, and has the left ear bit off.

Ran away, a black girl, named Mary. Has a scar on her cheek, and the end of one of her toes cut off.

Ran away, my Mulatto woman, Judy. She has had her right arm broke.

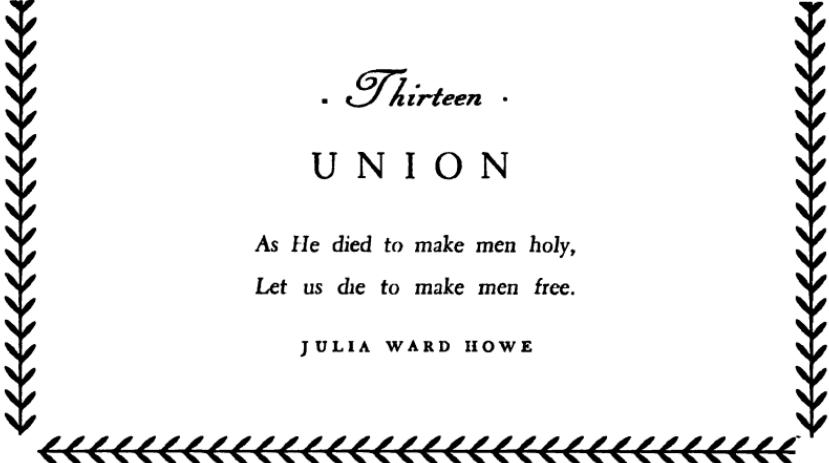
Ran away, a negro man named Ivory. Has a small piece cut out of the top of each ear.

The very nature of the system itself — and above all, its existence among a people who had grown up (and were still growing up) out of a struggle for freedom and for plenty of elbowroom — had split the American social and moral conscience down the middle. And economically and politically, nothing before had ever divided us like this determined fight for full power that was now being waged (all but the shooting) between the large southern planters and the big northern industrialists.

We were breaking apart from within. And externally, our old enemy England, and other potential foes, were waiting to pounce on whatever might remain once we had devoured each other. The death of our slowly progressing unity was near. The skies were really black now — and it was night, with no moon shining, or stars to guide us. There was such a night in Gethsemane — and now we needed the arm and the spirit of one who was still living and who had also come out of the wilderness. We needed to hear his voice.

At last we could hear him coming — yes, and out of the wilderness. Out of Kentucky and Indiana and Illinois, where there was still a frontier not too far from the serious issues of the day. We listened in gratitude (scarcely believing our ears) as we heard his slow but firm footsteps walking toward us. Then he turned the corner (away from the country store and the village post office, shaking the provincial dust of the old law office from his feet) and he was here:

He spoke in a singsong kind of voice, not plain like the rest of him. "I presume you all know who I am," he said. "I am humble Abraham Lincoln."



. *Thirteen* .

U N I O N

As He died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free.

JULIA WARD HOWE



AMONG THE MARTYRS

Even before Abraham Lincoln was elected to succeed Buchanan, the slaveholders' man, the fighting had begun. It started in the "west" — in Kansas and Missouri, where the issue of slavery had already split the land and the people into north and south. It began there, but it subsided at Harper's Ferry in Virginia, with the capture of the patriarchal man who had sworn to take no rest till slavery was crushed.

God's angry man, he was called, and he lay in prison under sentence of death for taking up arms in our new cause of freedom. Like that other John of ancient days who preceded the Martyr among martyrs, John Brown had also come out of the wilderness — to lead his sons and other followers (Negro and white) in his avowed war to bring back freedom among men.

He lay in prison now, waiting to be hanged. He still had a few letters to read, among them one from a Quaker woman in Rhode Island:

Dear Friend: Thy letter of the 1st of this month, in which thee acknowledges the reception of my first letter, and says thee would be grateful for another from me, has quickened every pulse of my woman's heart. I am very happy that it is within my power, even in so humble a manner, to contribute somewhat to thy consolation. Besides, I am,

*A Quaker Woman's Letter
to John Brown; Nov. 9, 1859*

if possible, even happier to know from thyself that the opinion which thousands of Friends entertain in regard to thy attempt at Harper's Ferry is not incorrect—but that, as we believed, so it is indeed true, that thou didst undertake that brave and heroic work from the promptings of a strong religious concern.

I have said before that the members of our Society, being non-resistants, do not generally approve of taking up arms; but, as during the war for independence, the patriotism of some Friends overcame their scruples on this point—so that they fought for liberty—so now I am of opinion that Friends approve thy intentions, and readily pardon the means employed in the nobleness of thy zeal for the poor slaves that thou mightst obtain liberty for them.

Indeed, if it is ever right to take the sword in order to contend in defense of great principles, then, by all the circumstances of thy life, that right has been thine.

If Lafayette won the lasting gratitude of the American people, because he rendered aid in the great strife for freedom, they should not fail at the same time to remember that he gave his fortune and himself to the cause of those who were legally in rebellion, and avowed treason. Thou hast made as great a self-sacrifice. Thy fortune and thy life, like his, have been consecrated to the cause of human freedom.

The red-taped circumlocution office of Buchanan's government may idolize the name of Lafayette, and seek to censure thee. But future history—which, like God's eye, views all things impartially—will justly rank thee, if a less successful, yet a not less honored defender of human rights.

Yes, it is true, as well said by thee, that Christ armed Peter with a sword. If thee believes thyself, as called by thy inward spirit and sincere conscience to have been chosen to the work which thou hast undertaken, then thou hast no guilt in the sight of God, in that act. It is not obedience to human, but to divine laws, that makes our actions right. Thus the word shows us that many of God's most eminent servants have been those who were called to violate human laws in behalf of truth and justice, and very many sealed their testimony with their blood.

Thy dear wife, and others mentioned by thee, shall be cared for by me, and I trust by all Friends, to the extent of my poor ability. Whatever can be done for their comfort or welfare, within my power, shall be very earnestly contributed.

O, I do pray that thy poor wife, and all those of thy family living,

may have much sympathy, and very many friends—for my heart bleeds for them in their great sorrow!

Now my dear friend, what can I say to thee more! I dread to speak the word that may be the last. Oh, I pray for thee morning and evening, that God would be very near thee and bless thee! My heart, filled with sympathy for thee as it is, thrilled with joy when I learned that my dear Sister, Lydia Child, offered to nurse thee. How willingly would my hands perform that office for thee, if circumstances permitted!

. . . God be with thee—and, if thee does never hear from me again, know that my fearful prayers are ever for thee. If thou must die, know that thou shalt be numbered among the martyrs. Read the Word much, and find there how those who were martyrs for a righteous cause shall be most honored in a future life.

Remember that Jesus was legally executed—but that he died in behalf of justice and humanity!

. . . If, now, my letters have furnished thee even one little moment of comfort, I am a thousand-fold repaid. God bless thee! Farewell!

REBEL PLANT

We said farewell to him (but not good-by).

A year later, Lincoln was elected, and the slave states commenced to break away from the others. Was that how it would be? Two of us instead of one — two of us on this one continent we had gained together? Two thin saplings, and on unproved soil, where our single, towering liberty tree had grown?

Mr. Lincoln gave the answer without much delay: he was not particularly interested in the slavery question (he deplored the institution for slave and master alike), but he was determined that, cost what it might, this union of states would be held together.

It would cost considerable — in lives and property, in energy and suffering (and time, that could be spent to the satisfying purpose of building a home for our grandchildren — if our children already had one). But the challenge could no longer be turned aside after the Confederacy of southern states was formed and its gray-clad army of close

to half a million men was established under the expert command of General Robert E. Lee (of our old, beloved Virginia, of course, grandson of Richard Henry himself).

The deadly war among ourselves was underway. As the fighting and burning, the looting and killing, continued from Bull Run to Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, both sides grew more cruel and more ruthless toward each other and even toward the civilians in the "enemy" country. Union soldiers returning to the north brought back seeds of a tall lavender-colored plant that flowered in the Hudson Valley and became known as "the rebel plant." But that was not all the soldiers found to fill their pockets with, that was not all they brought back:

The Yankees . . . staid here all that day, camped in the same place that night, and left next day—but they ruined us all before they left. I can't begin to tell you what they done to other people—it would take so long—but will try and tell you how they treated us.

They came here thicker than they did before if possible. *All day* working like ants, all over the house—upstairs and down, in every hole and corner, searching and peeping everywhere. Carried off every Irish potato, beet, onion, beans—even took time to pick pans of beans. Took my pillow-cases to put them in!

A Southern Lady Describes a Yankee Raid Took towels, one new tablecloth, all my knives but three, some of my dishes, and every pan they could find . . . Took my shears, Asa's hatchet.

Tore my house all to pieces—it would take me a week to mess it up like they did! Pulled all our dirty clothes out of closets, and examined them. Took all Asa's clothes they could find. Worked here all day—I reckon two hundred had been upstairs, looked around, and came down.

I followed after them, until I was nearly broke down—scared nearly to death for fear they would find my things that were hid (for I knew that was my all: provision, clothes, bed-clothes, blankets and everything was in there).

After awhile, about a dozen of the infantry came in, and upstairs they went to searching all about. Commenced looking under the floor—I had a few things hid under there. They commenced pulling them

out: pulled out medicine, tobacco, cards and other little things, but did not seem to want anything but the tobacco.

After awhile, one rascal went up in the corner, and in stooping to put his hand under the floor, put it against the planks—and they slipped a little. He pulled them off, and says, "By George, boys, here is the place!" They just ripped the planks off and in they went.

One says, "Run down and guard the door—don't let another fellow come up. We'll divide the things amongst us."

I had in there, meat, flour, sugar, coffee, molasses, lard and salt. All of Asa's good clothes, Sarah's, mine, and the children's. We all had new clothes in there that we had not worn—in a pillow-case. They pulled them all out and looked at them.

I stood over them—and as they would pull out the shoes and clothes, I would grab them and tell them that they could not have them. But every time they came to anything of Asa's they would take it. Took his overcoat, a pair of new blue jeans, pants, three pair of summer pants, all his drawers except the ones he had on, one shirt, a new silk handkerchief. So you know he is very near without clothes.

They did not take any of my clothes—except pocket handkerchiefs. Sarah and me both had some new handkerchiefs. They got them all—and would have taken our dresses if we had not fought over them so. As they pulled them out, I would take them from them and throw them to Sarah. She would sit down on them, until she had a large pile under her. She said she would fight over them a long time before they got them.

They took two of her dresses, that were left hanging in her room, and Melia's white embroidered dress—it was hanging in one of Sarah's. We don't know who took them. Every room was full at once; we could not watch them all. They were old dresses of Sarah's—she hid all her best ones (her pink flounce and dark-striped skirt). I hate their taking Melia's very much, because it came from where it did. I gave Sarah my purple flounce muslin in the place of the one she lost (I have not had it on in three summers).

They took one of my best quilts, and three nice blankets—but I stole one of them from him after he got it. He laid it down by him to divide the provision. I slipped up behind him and got it. There was such confusion amongst them he never discovered it.

They left me nothing to eat at all. Took every solitary thing I had, except one jar of lard and my salt. There was not even a grain of corn

on the place to make hominy after they were gone—and we'd had enough of everything to last us till Christmas!

I hated their taking my chickens and groceries worse than anything else. I knew we could get meat and bread as soon as they left, but the other things cannot be replaced without sending to Memphis (and we have no memphis). We were living well, but will have to live on meat and bread after this, and we may not be able to get that all the time.

They killed all of Asa's hogs for next year's meat, but we happened to save our cows. They killed nearly everybody's cows and calves around here but ours. We have two good cows with young calves. They happened not to come up until very late. We turned them in the yard and kept them there. My calves were in the orchard. They started to shoot them several times, but I ran after them and begged them not to kill them—told them they had taken everything I had to eat, but if they would leave the calves that we could live on milk and bread . . .

There was a general stampede with the Negroes when they left. Forty of Mr. Flournoy's went—he only had ten left, and the most of them are children (Caesar, his wife and three children, Florella and child, and Harriet's three children are left, and Cynthia, Mary's nurse—I forgot her, that makes eleven) . . . Even old Cyrus went. I reckon he is over a hundred years old.

TO STAND THEIR GROUND

The slaves were leaving whenever they could get away — and especially now that the Emancipation Proclamation had declared them to be free. Old and young, they were hurrying toward the new horizons of freedom opening before them (open wide those pearly gates!).

Men who had once been slaves, or who were the descendants of slaves, were fighting, too, in the Union armies. More than once, and in the midst of prejudice and hatred from their own comrades in arms, they helped to turn an imminent retreat into a successful attack:

Dear Mother: I am using the regular infantry desk (namely a drum) to write upon. My last letter left me on board the steamer *Maple Leaf*—which steamer by the way was the most abominably managed concern

I ever saw. The morning before we landed, the cook, mate and Captain had a fight, which ended by the cook's being put in irons and all breakfast being kept out of our stomachs except what

A Letter from Capt. Charles P. Bowditch; Aug. 5, 1863 we got for ourselves in shape of hard-tack and coffee. However, it did not trouble us much—though all the officers from the Senior Captain downwards were very indignant with the way in which the Captain of the steamer treated us.

The opinion of most was that he didn't care to trouble himself much about the officers of a negro regiment.

Well, on Monday, somewhere about noon, we landed at Pawnee Landing on Folly Island and marched up the beach nearly to the creek which separates Folly and Morris islands. We pitched our camp right on the beach. Most of the men had their shelter tents which they stuck up, while we officers bunked in the sand. The way the sand fleas and flies bite is a caution. However, we came out alive in the morning, although the officer of the guard did very considerately wake me up about half past two to inform me that my company must be ready with the officers to start for fatigue duty at half past six A.M.

So when half past six A.M. came, over we marched to Morris Island—some 400 men in all. You see we only had some four and a half companies, the halves of two companies being at the landing and the other four and a half being somewhere or other (heaven knows where). We got to Morris Island and Capt. Wales and I were ordered to start up the beach with Capt. Pratt who had charge of the expedition. We trudged up some two miles on a good sand beach and then struck off and walked through some of the most tiresome sand I ever came across, until we reached a place some three quarters of a mile from Fort Wagner.

We were set to work to fill sand-bags—and a mighty easy work we had of it. It took each man about two hours to do his stent: which was to fill twenty-five bags, and after that each man filled five more for love. In all we filled some 3000 or 4000 bags.

One part of Capt. Wales's company was set to work building a bridge in full sight of rebel batteries. But the rebels did not trouble them much—except that they threw three shells about half way between where we were at work and the bridge. It was the first time I had ever heard the whizz of a shell coming toward me. I heard it when it first left the gun and then lost the sound, but caught it again as it came nearer—when it sounded just as I should have supposed a solid shot would have sounded if sent through water.

The bursting and the whizzing of the shell made some of the men rather timid. One man was so overcome that he fell back into a puddle and came out a most filthy spectacle.

The men got through their work in about a quarter of the time allotted to them, and loafed and caught crabs the rest of it. We got back to camp again about eight or nine, and slept soundly. So much for our first fatigue expedition.

The sand-bags which we filled are to construct a battery of one 200-pounder gun with which to attack Fort Sumter. They intend to construct the whole thing by night, I believe. The battery is to be built on a platform right in the middle of a swamp. It is an experiment—but it is hoped that it will surprise the rebs if it does nothing more. The whole battery is to be only about fifty feet square. It is feared that the battery may be knocked to pieces by an enfilading fire from Fort Johnston. But we shall see what we shall see.

There was some sort of a muss on James Island this morning, but we have heard no particulars. By the way, they hope to be able to send a shell into the city of Charleston with this one-gun battery, at least if the battery does not get knocked to pieces or does not sink in the swamp.

There is some shelling going on now in the direction of Fort Wagner, coming I think from the fleet.

What a terrible slaughter that was at Fort Wagner. Col. Shaw died nobly. He was the first man on the parapet—the 54th leading the charge. Col. Hallowell told me that the 54th stood its ground, when two white regiments broke . . . Hurrah for the negro troops.

“YOU TALK OF COMPROMISE —”

The cause of the Union was becoming the cause of lovers of liberty everywhere — of the German 'forty-eighters, for instance, who had settled here and were now the first to free Missouri from the slaveholders.

But as the war dragged on, new difficulties arose for the Union and for Mr. Lincoln. There were draft riots in New York, there was incompetence and even indifference and neglect in the army and the government. And there was talk among some of the northern industrialists (who had been most anxious to have this war for their own selfish interests) that it was time to reach a “compromise” with the slaveholding planters

of the South now that their political control on the continent had been broken.

The reply to these proposals was made by one of the many poor southern whites — the freeholders in Tennessee and North Carolina and other parts — who had allied themselves with the Union cause from the beginning. The uncompromising reply was made by Andrew Johnson, Union governor of Tennessee now, and president to be:

... I am opposed to an aristocracy. I am for this government as it is—and if it requires alteration, let it be amended according to the Constitution of the United States. I am opposed to an aristocracy of money, of banks, of railroads, or monopolies of any kind. I am opposed to a sort of brainless aristocracy resting upon decayed family reputation. While

Andrew Johnson's Speech in New York, Mar. 14, 1863, I say this, though it may seem somewhat paradoxical—I am in favor of an aristocracy. Yes,

I am in favor of an aristocracy of virtue, of talent, of intelligence, of merit, of worth. I am in favor of an aristocracy of labor. That which elevates the great mass of mankind is the aristocracy I am in favor of.

Let each and every man, without regard to antecedents, rise and stand upon his own intrinsic worth and merit. And whether Mr. Lincoln came from the cabin or castle, it mattered not with me—the question was whether he came according to the form of the law! . . .

I care not . . . whether it rises in the shape of banks, or tariffs, or monopolies of this or the other kind, or whether it comes in the shape of the institution of slavery—I say, if they come in the way of the great car of state—this free Government, in moving the car of state along—banks, tariffs, monopolies, stock-jobbers, and slavery, and Negro-owners, must get out of the way! . . . I am for the supremacy of the Constitution. I am for the enforcement of the laws. And, if in resisting the Constitution, and in enforcing the laws, slavery—like any other institution—gets in the way, it must get out of the way for the existence of the Government . . .

Now I will ask in good faith—if you settle this question by compromise, what can you do with the Union men of the South? If these traitors are restored to power . . . what is to become of them? . . . If Southern men have sacrificed their property, have been murdered . . . are now scattered in the mountains fleeing from their tyranny, are you

going to compromise these Union men, and hand them over to traitors?

I suppose the humble individual who addresses you will be the first man suspended with a piece of hemp.

Is this the reward that they are to receive at the hands of their Government? If it is, it seems to me to be a poor reward for loyalty.

Carry to that people protection. Again unfurl your Stars and Stripes—and they will show you their allegiance to their government in acts and deeds that are unmistakable! Go there now, and see what is their condition, claiming protection under the Government:

Females are insulted, their children have been murdered, their sons and husbands chased into the mountains—hunted and pursued like beasts of the forest, and are this day being hunted and pursued by the red men of the forest, who cut off their ears to show them as trophies. Is this the treatment they are to receive for their devotion? Others are now lying in dungeons, filthy and loathsome—and what response is there to their groans, and appeals for protection? None, but the guarding of dungeon doors, and the clanking of chains that bind freemen's limbs.

And yet you talk of "compromise"!

Here it is men dare to be disloyal, where there is no danger. There, where there is danger—they have the courage to be loyal . . . Here, in New York—where all is bustle, where commerce, trade and manufacture are prosperous—you scarcely realize the condition of things out there. You scarcely understand it . . . But go out there, and travel along the track of war: look at the devastated farms, consumed dwellings, the waste of new-made graves by thousands of your brave sons—many of them with not even a stone to tell their names . . . Will you retreat—and leave these men sleeping between a traitor flag?

Are you prepared, you citizens of New York, to let the grave of Washington, the founder of this great Republic, remain within the confines of treason and traitors? Will you let the grave of Jefferson remain within their confines? Will you let the grave of Jackson remain within their borders?

AS IF BLOWN AWAY

If the war had been a short one, the South might have won (it was better prepared at the start). But as the days stretched into hungry weeks, and the weeks into ragged months, the weakened South was further drained of its badly needed men and resources. Its ports were

blockaded. Its territory, cut first by the Appalachians, was beginning to swarm with rifle-toting damyankees, from Chattanooga down to New Orleans (and Vicksburg under siege) and getting ready to knife their way across the Confederacy's middle, to Atlanta, to the sea.

The South's final hope now lay in the old, discarded plan of carrying the war into northern territory. By July of 1863, General Lee had taken his army into Pennsylvania —

where the crucial battle of the war was just getting underway now, near the town of Gettysburg:

Friday, July 3: . . . From eleven A.M. to one P.M. there was a perfect lull—each party apparently waiting to see what the other was about to do, and at what point the attack was to be made.

At seven minutes past one P.M. the awful and portentous silence was broken. Probably not less than 150 guns on each side belched forth the missiles of death, producing such a continuous succession of crashing sounds as to make us feel *M. Jacobs' Notes on the Battle of Gettysburg; 1863* as if the very heavens had been rent asunder—such as were never equalled by the most terrific thunderstorm ever witnessed by mortal man. The air was filled with lines of whizzing, screaming, bursting shells and solid shot.

The enemy had placed his guns on the hills near the Bonaughtown road, near the York road, near the Harrisburg road, and on the Seminary ridge along its whole line to a point beyond Round Top, so as to subject our artillery on Cemetery hill to a circle of cross fires, and to enable him to dismount and destroy them. By this means he hoped to break our front center—but in this he was not successful.

During the day General Lee had reconnoitred our position from the College cupola . . . and had come to the conclusion that our left center was the weakest part of our lines. Anderson and McLaws had failed to turn our left flank on the previous evening. Ewell had most signally failed in the morning to take Culp's hill and turn our right. And now some other point must be assailed—that point was the position held by Hancock.

When two-thirty P.M. came, it witnessed a determined effort on the part of the enemy to accomplish this result, so important and desirable to him. At this time, Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps, consisting of the brigades of Garnett, Kemper, and Armistead, was seen to

emerge from the wooded crest of the Seminary ridge, just to the south of McMillan's orchard, and to move in two long, dark massive lines, over the plain towards our left center. This division was supported on the left by Pettigrew's brigade of Heath's division, and on the right by Wright's and Wilcox's brigades of Anderson's division.

When this mass of men had moved over about one-third of the space between the two opposing lines, our batteries, placed in a grove near Bryan's house, opened upon them, and threw shells and grape into the advancing column. Now for a few moments they seemed to hesitate—then, with a terrific yell, they rushed forward.

In a few moments a tremendous roar, proceeding from the simultaneous discharge from thousands of muskets and rifles, shook the earth. Then, in the portion of the line nearest us, a few, then more, and then still more Rebels—in all to the number of about two hundred—were seen moving backwards towards the point from which they had so defiantly proceeded. And at last two or three men carrying a single battle-flag, which they had saved from capture, and several officers on horseback, followed the fugitives.

The wounded and dead were seen strewn amongst the grass and grain; men with stretchers stealthily picking up and carrying the former to the rear; and officers for a moment contemplating the scene with evident amazement, and riding rapidly towards the Seminary ridge.

Our men having quietly waited until the Rebels came to the Emmitsburg road, poured a deadly fire into them, and cut them down like grass before the mower's scythe. The rank and file had been made to believe that they were making this charge upon the Pennsylvania militia—but their delusion was now broken, and in surprise they exclaimed:

“The Army of the Potomac!”

But still they pressed onward. Our General Gibbon had ordered his men to fall back, to enable the artillery to use grape. The enemy came up to the cannon's mouth, and were blown away or cut down by hundreds.

Seeing them waver, General Webb cried out, “Boys, the enemy is ours!” and his brigade rushed upon them and captured 800 prisoners. Stannard's brigade took as many more. And still others were captured, swelling the number of prisoners . . . Fifteen stands of colors were taken.

So sudden and complete was the slaughter and capture of nearly all of Pickett's men, that one of his officers who fell wounded amongst the first on the Emmitsburg road, and who characterized the charge

as foolish and mad, said that when, in a few moments afterwards, he was enabled to rise and look about him, the whole division had disappeared—as if blown away by the wind . . .

UNKNOWN

On the following day, Vicksburg, the last southern strongpoint on the Mississippi, fell to the army under Ulysses S. Grant (another man headed for future fame and trouble). The exhausted South was beaten — though the surrender at Appomattox was not made till almost two years later.

The fratricidal war was over at last. Slavery was really at an end now throughout our land. It had cost nearly ten billion dollars — far more than it would have taken to free the slaves by purchase from their owners (if only their owners had been willing to accept Mr. Lincoln's offer). But slaveholding, represented by a very small minority in the south, had been big business — the biggest, in fact, before iron and steel-making began to develop — and the slaveholders had stubbornly refused to consider letting go of their "property."

Ten billion dollars, and 600,000 lives — and the pain that could not be measured, the desolate picture of the dead lying everywhere, seen as only a poet and hopeful saver of lives could see them:

Seen as Walt Whitman saw them himself:

During those three years in hospital, camp, or field, I made over six hundred visits or tours, and went, as I estimate, counting all, among from eighty thousand to a hundred thousand of the wounded and sick, as sustainer of spirit and body in some degree, in time of need. These visits varied from an hour or two, to all day or night—for with dear or critical cases I generally watched all night . . .

*From Walt Whitman's
Specimen Days*

While I was with wounded and sick in thousands of cases from the New England States, and from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and from Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and all the Western States, I was with more or less from all the States, North and South, without exception. I was with many from the border states, especially from Maryland

and Virginia, and found, during those lurid years 1862-63, far more Union southerners, especially Tennesseans, than is supposed.

I was with many rebel officers and men among our wounded, and gave them always what I had, and tried to cheer them the same as any. I was among the army teamsters considerably, and, indeed, always found myself drawn to them.

Among the black soldiers, wounded or sick, and in the contraband camps, I also took my way whenever in their neighborhood, and did what I could for them.

. . . The dead in this war—there they lie, strewing the fields and woods and valleys and battlefields of the south—Virginia, the Peninsula—Malvern hill and Fair Oaks—the banks of the Chickahominy—the terraces of Fredericksburg—Antietam bridge—the grisly ravines of Manassas—the bloody promenade of the Wilderness—the varieties of the strayed dead (the estimate of the War Department is 25,000 national soldiers killed in battle and never buried at all, 5,000 drowned—15,000 inhumed by strangers, or on the march in haste, in hitherto unfound localities—2,000 graves covered by sand and mud by Mississippi freshets, 3,000 carried away by caving-in of banks, etc.)—Gettysburg, the West, Southwest—Vicksburg—Chattanooga—the trenches of Petersburg—the numberless battles, camps, hospitals everywhere—the crop reaped by the mighty reapers, typhoid, dysentery, inflammations—and blackest and loathesomest of all, the dead and living burial-pits, the prison-pens of Andersonville, Salisbury, Belle-Isle, etc. (not Dante's pictured hell and all its woes, its degradations, filthy torments, excelled those prisons)—the dead, the dead, the dead—our dead—or South or North, ours all (all, all, all, finally dear to me)—or East or West—Atlantic coast or Mississippi valley—somewhere they crawled to die, alone, in bushes, low gullies, or on the sides of hills—(there, in secluded spots, their skeletons, bleached bones, tufts of hair, buttons, fragments of clothing, are occasionally found yet).

Our young men, once so handsome and so joyous, taken from us—the son from the mother, the husband from the wife, the dear friend from the dear friend.

The clusters of camp graves, in Georgia, the Carolinas, and in Tennessee—the single graves left in the woods or by the road-side (hundreds, thousands, obliterated)—the corpses floated down the rivers, and caught and lodged (dozens, scores, floated down the upper Potomac, after the cavalry engagements, the pursuit of Lee, following Gettysburg)—some lie at the bottom of the sea—the general million, and the special ceme-

teries in almost all the States—the infinite dead—(the land entire saturated, perfumed with their impalpable ashes' exhalation in Nature's chemistry distilled, and shall be so forever, in every future grain of wheat and ear of corn, and every flower that grows, and every breath we draw)—not only Northern leavening Southern soil—thousands, aye tens of thousands, of Southerners, crumble today in Northern earth.

And everywhere among these countless graves—everywhere in the many soldier cemeteries of the nation . . . as at the time in the vast trenches, the depositories of slain, Northern and Southern, after the great battles—not only where the scathing trail passed those years, but radiating since in all the peaceful quarters of the land—we see, and ages yet may see, on monuments and gravestones, singly or in masses, to thousands or tens of thousands, the significant word:

UNKNOWN.

In some of the cemeteries nearly all the dead are unknown . . .

The list of our known and our unknown dead in the war was long—but it was not complete yet. There was another name to be added. The casualty occurred in the month of Appomattox (when we shook hands as brothers again, and together broke what bread there was) in April of '65. The critically wounded man was taken across the street to a house facing the theater of action. He was but little known—you might almost say he was one of the many unknown—though he had held a place of some prominence, and he, more than anyone, had saved our Union from chaos and shame:

Mr. Lincoln had done his job, and he was going back now to his Illinois soil.

But where were we going? Where were we headed—and how would we ever get there (tell us, O Lord!) without old Abe, who was sharp as a berry, to help us on our way?



Book IV

POWER: THE CHALLENGE

. *Fourteen* .

P R O M O T E R S

*Let us give heed to the life of them
who chase riches . . .*

D A N T E

SOMETHING LIKE MEXICO

The War Between Us was over, and our unity as a nation was something real at last. There was (at least for the moment) no longer any South or any North — and more than just for the moment, there was no North or South in the deep and dangerous sense that these had existed before.

There was only north, south, east, as the trains ran (faster and smoother every year). And there was the West, opening up now to one and all — miles and miles of it, as the pigeons flew, and as the ponies raced, carrying their riders to the new lands being claimed in the Indian Territory and farther still toward the western sun.

Our pioneer sun was not setting yet. It was glowing red again (the sky was redder still with the blood of the passenger pigeons raining down to feed our people trekking westward, over the bones of the slaughtered bison we called the buffalo).

New pioneers were moving again, all over the West. And eventually they would flash the old frontier whip to make the rest of the nation aware that they were there to be reckoned with: the Mormons' Utah and the miners' Nevada, the lands of the Idaho, the soil of the Oregon, the future states of Wyoming and Washington, rich Montana and fabulous California. Yes, these and others (Colorado, New Mexico, and finally Arizona) would, in time, crack their frontier whips to warn the rest of the nation that neither the people nor their political parties could

think or act without their consent or their considered disagreement. That would come in time: the lands west of the Plains, west of the Rockies, west of the Great Divide (west with the sun that sets only to rise again over new pioneers) would become states, would come into their own full-fledged adulthood.

But for the immediate present, the opening West did not particularly matter, any more than the old North or South mattered now. We were together again, whole — and what concerned us, above all else, was our present and our future as a whole people.

If only we could have gone on, confidently, in that spirit, from that very point — the point where our main principles and purposes had merged with the unifying ideas bequeathed by ~~old~~ Abe Lincoln! If only, we could have let that dearly won awareness of our wholeness as a nation and a people become our new starting point for the future! (If only a frog had wings, they said in North Carolina, it wouldn't have been bumping the earth all these years.)

But there were other forces at work, more determined than the force of our own national awakening, and these were destined to shape our future for the next century:

They were redividing us already, even in the rose-dawn of our genuine national birth. They were drawing new lines between us — East and West, North and South. And that wasn't all. They were drawing new lines up and down and across, and driving great steel wedges down to keep those lines fixed (forevermore, many of them hoped). For they were the new dominant forces long pent up and now emerging fast from our rising industrial system:

They were new science and technology as well as industry and trade. They were big business, pyramiding upward, and high finance, spiralling still higher. They were the new factors, soon (sooner than most people realized) to become formula, which was already being tried and tested for effectiveness. It was a new equation for power — power over nature, as well as over man, but above all, over society — power over the whole social body of man.

The men who stood for the new formula — well-to-do businessmen, financiers, some generals and heroes of our recent war, and even a swindler or two who made no pretense of operating within the law — wore the buttons of free enterprise, and *laissez faire* (every man for

himself, and the devil take the hindmost, that meant) and even anti-slavery, in their lapels. But the factors becoming formula which they stood for had quite another meaning. And its first major proving ground was the devastated and impoverished South (the lines were being drawn again, sharper and deeper, and newer, more sinister lines alongside the old ones).

Here was the ideal prey for the northern hawks of big business and bigger finance. Here was the South, with plenty of land and an abundance of resources with which to clothe itself, to gain its food, to win its way to its own industrialization and its own self-sufficiency (and its own self-confidence). Who would work that land, and who would build those industries, now that the main available hand of labor, the hand of the Negro laborer, had to be hired and paid with wages, had to be trained to become the hand of the skilled workman of tomorrow? This was what the South needed above all else — a new social foundation resting squarely and simply on the principle of free and decently paid labor. This was what it needed —

but what it got was something else. It got a fanfare of talk and regulations ostensibly aimed at "reconstruction." It got a nightmare of carpetbaggers and vehement advocates (some sincere, others pretending, still others not even pretending) of full civil rights for the Negro (little if anything was said, however, of guaranteeing him and his children a fair wage, schools and colleges, and hospitals and libraries). And inevitably the South also got the Ku Klux Klan resistance, and a new drawing of lines between Negro and white, sharper and more threatening than they had ever been before.

What the South needed was a standard of free labor that would gradually transform the South's agrarian economy and bring it into the whole nation's expanding industrial life on an equal and genuinely free basis. The problem was clear to the keen mind and the simple, fighting heart of a man like Carl Schurz. He had come to this country as a German immigrant, one of the liberal 'forty-eighters. He had fought to save the Union — he had risen to the rank of major-general, and he was destined for many bigger things to come. He could see the new danger now, as early as 1865, the year of Appomattox, when the principles for which the war had just been fought were already being repudiated in new ways, sometimes openly, sometimes wearing a false disguise.

Some of the planters with whom I had occasion to converse expressed their determination to adopt the course which best accords with the spirit of free labor: to make the Negro work by offering him fair inducements, to stimulate his ambition, and to extend to him those means of intellectual and moral improvement which are best calculated to make him an intelligent, reliable and efficient free laborer and a good and useful citizen.

*From a Report by
Carl Schurz; 1865*

Those who expressed such ideas were almost invariably professed Union men, and far above the average in point of mental ability and culture. I found very few instances of original secessionists also manifesting a willingness to give the free-labor experiment a fair trial. I can represent the sentiments of this small class in no better way than by quoting the language used by an Alabama judge in a conversation with me:

"I am one of the most thoroughly whipped men in the South . . . I am a genuine old secessionist, and I believe now, as I always did, we had the constitutional right to secede. But the war has settled that matter, and it is all over now. As to this thing of free Negro labor, I do not believe in it, but I will give it a fair trial. I have a plantation and am going to make contracts with my hands, and then I want a real Yankee to run the machine for me; not one of your New Yorkers or Pennsylvanians, but the genuine article from Massachusetts or Vermont —one who can not only farm, but sing psalms and pray, and teach school: a real abolitionist, who believes in the thing just as I don't believe in it. If he does not succeed, I shall consider it proof conclusive that you are wrong and I am right."

I regret to say that views and intentions so reasonable I found confined to a small minority. Aside from the assumption that the Negro will not work without physical compulsion, there appears to be another popular notion prevalent in the South, which stands as no less serious an obstacle in the way of a successful solution of the problem. It is that the Negro exists for the special object of raising cotton, rice and sugar for the whites, and that it is illegitimate for him to indulge, like other people, in the pursuit of his own happiness in his own way. Although it is admitted that he has ceased to be the property of a master, it is not admitted that he has a right to become his own master. As Colonel Thomas, assistant commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Mississippi, in a letter addressed to me, very pungently expresses it:

"The whites esteem the blacks their property by natural right, and,

however much they may admit that the relations of masters and slaves have been destroyed by the war and by the president's emancipation proclamation, they still have an ingrained feeling that the blacks at large belong to the whites at large, and whenever opportunity serves, they treat the colored people just as their profit, caprice or passion may dictate. An ingrained feeling like this is apt to bring forth that sort of class legislation which produces laws to govern one class with no other view than to benefit another. This tendency can be distinctly traced in the various schemes for regulating labor which here and there see the light."

Immediately after the emancipation of the slaves, when the general confusion was most perplexing, the prevalent desire among the whites seemed to be, if they could not retain their Negroes as slaves, to get rid of them entirely. Wild speculations were indulged in, how to remove the colored population at once and to import white laborers to fill its place; how to obtain a sufficient supply of coolies, etc., etc.

Even at the present moment the removal of the freedmen is strongly advocated by those who have the traditional horror of a free Negro, and in some sections—especially where the soil is more adapted to the cultivation of cereals than the raising of the staples—planters appear to be inclined to drive the Negroes away, at least from their plantations.

I was informed by a prominent South Carolinian . . . that the planters in certain localities in the northwestern part of the State had been on the point of doing so, but better counsel had been made to prevail upon them. And Colonel Robinson, 97th United States Colored Infantry, who had been sent out to several counties in southern Alabama to administer the amnesty oath, reported a general disposition among the planters of that region to "set the colored people who had cultivated their crops during the summer adrift as soon as the crops would be secured, and not to permit the Negro to remain upon any footing of equality with the white man in that country."

The disposition to drive away all the Negroes from the plantations was undoubtedly confined to a few districts. And as far as the scheme of wholesale deportation is concerned, practical men became aware, that if they wanted to have any labor done, it would have been bad policy to move away the laborers they now have before others were there to fill their places. All these devices promising at best only distant relief, and free Negro labor being the only thing in immediate prospect, many ingenious heads set about to solve the problem—how to make free labor compulsory by permanent regulations.

Shortly after the close of the war some South Carolina planters tried to solve this problem by introducing into the contracts provisions leaving only a small share of the crops to the freedmen, subject to all sorts of constructive charges, and then binding them to work off the indebtedness they might incur. It being to a great extent in the power of the employer to keep the laborer in debt to him, the employer might thus obtain a permanent hold upon the person of the laborer.

It was something like the system of peonage existing in Mexico . . .

A TIME OF TRIUMPH

Slavery was gone in name — but peonage was among us in fact. The former feudal empire of the South was already becoming the first colony of the triumphant and multiplying industrial power of the North. And there was little that fighting liberals like Carl Schurz could do about that, or about clearing up the policy of general confusion being pursued by President Andrew Johnson. There was even less they could do about reforming the industrial groups of the North, whose men were in control of Congress and who were clearly interested in keeping the South in a state of economic and political subjection as a source of cheap raw materials and a market for their manufactured goods.

One of the wartime Union heroes was soon to become the chief symbol of this newer policy of economic subjection. He was Ulysses S. Grant himself, raised to the presidency in '68, and hemmed in on almost every side by the men of real power who were getting ready to run the country, not only from the biggest banking houses of our big cities, but from the White House itself. It was a time of triumph for the money-men.

But it was also a time of triumph for the United States as a nation. We had fought our way to unity, and we had won the respect and admiration of the world again. The efforts of England to split us, by encouraging and even aiding the Confederacy, had failed, just as the attempts of Napoleon III of France and his Austrian puppet, Maximilian, to set up a European-controlled monarchy across our southern border, in Mexico, were also meeting defeat (we were invoking the Monroe Doctrine again, which had first kept European despotism and

British toryism from overrunning this hemisphere more than two score years before).

Yes, we were respected and admired again — even while we were being laughed at:

Immediately the music burst forth into a veritable triumphant march. Faces cleared or broke into smiles. People fell back, leaving a broad aisle to the upper end of the room, where a high dais had been erected with draped flags and gilded chairs for the official dignitaries and his Royal Highness. The Prince offered his arm to Mrs. Grant, and the

Mrs. Church's Account of an Embassy Ball in the Late Sixties arm of General Grant was taken by Lady Thornton. The Secretary of State, Mr. Hamilton Fish, was assigned to the beautiful Mrs.

Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, daughter of the Chief Justice, Salmon P. Chase, who gave his arm to Mrs. Hamilton Fish.

They passed along in stately fashion, and imposing array, until, near the dais, a court quadrille was formed, which they proceeded to dance with exceeding difficulty and many wanderings afield. The assemblage looked on, much entertained, enjoying their efforts to acquit themselves creditably. But for the ready wit of Mrs. Sprague, her youthful knowledge of how a quadrille should go, and her matchless skill in steering things generally, I fear the distinguished dignitaries would have made a hopeless mess of it.

Prince Arthur twice broke into an irresistible smile and looked as if he longed to set General Grant right—but he had been too well brought up to assume any such initiative. Secretary Fish always turned the wrong way, but somehow was rescued just as the crucial moment. However, they went through it beautifully and seemed to enjoy the unwonted pastime—though evidently relieved when seated comfortably on the dais and the general dancing began.

Just before the cotillion, as the last square dance of the evening was forming, I found myself standing beside Admiral Farragut for my partner. He had seized my hand and led me forward in his gay animated way:

“Come, you are to dance this set with me. General Sherman is to be our vis-a-vis, with Miss Lee”—naming one of my good friends.

Soon they stood opposite. Then came rollicking General Phil Sheridan, with another young girl, and then Admiral Porter—“Dave Porter,” as they called him, with still another to complete the set.

Then began altogether the most charming, memorable dance of my life. These heroes were all "in a gale," and the girls were quick to catch the contagion . . .

Admiral Farragut was noted . . . for marvelous agility and accomplishment in dancing and knowledge of all manner of wonderful steps. Every now and then he would spring from the floor, carried away by the mere impulse of rhythmical movement. Then his feet would flash to and fro and twitter in the air with inconceivable rapidity, in alighting, only to bound up again.

Some man standing near cried out, "Brava, Admiral! That is the best pigeon wing I ever saw!"

The Admiral laughed back, "Oh, that's nothing—a mere preliminary! You know it wouldn't do to let go here. It would shock the Prince and my Lady Thornton."

He scowled at the thought—and then we all laughed. Little cared we for shocking any one. We were all in the air—buoyant and uplifted with youth and happiness.

General Sheridan was a bit rough and almost whirled the girls off their feet, when it came to "swinging corners." It was part of the life and jollity and exuberant enjoyment which possessed us all. It seemed to open up an inner vision of these men of fame . . .

The dance became almost a romp . . .

THE RAILWAYS ARE PANTING

The dance was becoming a romp, and the men who were leading it (and playing the tune — with everybody's money, including the United States Treasury's) could scarcely be seen at all. They were the big promoters like Jim Fisk and Jay Gould, Daniel Drew and Commodore Vanderbilt, and that other Jay whose name was Cooke.

They could sell anything to anyone who stopped to listen — anything from the Grand Canyon to the Erie Canal, or any one of the new railroads being built (Union Pacific, for instance, with everybody's money and everybody's land, especially the nation's, and a lot of people's sweat and even blood).

They were the new financial barons, coming up the hard way (or was it the sly way?). The Vanderbilt domain and the Drew preserves, the Gould fief and the Cooke kingdom. These were now the real wielders of

power within our republic — and they were “taking care” of the politicians in Washington through the *Sturm und Drang*, the storm and the drive, of exposed swindle and publicized scandal that began even before the first of our periodic waves of economic depression and financial panic struck the nation in '69.

There was that black Friday in the fall of '69 when Fisk and Gould nearly cornered the gold market, and thousands of investors and speculators failed. And then, out of the blue of our “business as usual,” came the crash of '73.

But still the big promoting went on. The spiel of the new medicine men continued to weave its spell of the prospect of sudden and insuperable riches, in the secret conference room or the public hall, in the sedate advertisement — or in the Northern Pacific Railroad's lavish promotion of the North Dakota frontier as a paradise on earth:

From the paradisean valley of the Northern Red to the pineclad slopes and rugged peaks of the gold-ribbed Black Hills, from the romantic confines of the Yellowstone to the horizon-fenced corn-fields and cow-pastures of Yankton and Niobrara, it is a land fair enough to tempt the

*From “North Dakota,”
by P. Donan; 1883*

angels in their flight to pause and wonder whether a new and better Eden has not been formed and roofed with sapphire skies.

Its climate unites all that is bracing and inspiring. It is a climate of health and vigor, nerving to work and the very audacity of dash. No more robust tribes of Indians than those of Dakota ever chased the huge buffalo over the plains, or bearded the grizzly monarch of the mountains in his lair. People who have come here to die of bronchitis and consumption have lived to become glowing embodiments of soundness and strength—with throats like firemen's trumpets, and lungs like blacksmiths' bellows.

The howling blizzards, of which outside worldlings delight to prate, blow all miasma and contagion from Dakota's favored plains and valleys, and breathe new life into dilapidated nostrils. The enfeebled parson from down east, whose wheezy tones scarce suffice to stir the flies that crawl over the bald pates of his dozing elders and deacons, is soon able, not only to keep his hearers awake, but almost to arouse—as with a forty-donkey-power bugle blast—the sheeted sleepers in the churchyard. And the frail, ethereal housewife, whose tremulous whis-

pers were unheard beyond the ruffles on her muslin cap, can scold her husband or her boys in steam-calliope soprano notes that resound a square away . . .

But seven years ago, Custer and his battalion were massacred by the Sioux just beyond the western border of the territory, and wild beasts and wilder men roamed undisturbed over nearly all this grand domain. In that brief period (scarcely a clock-tick in the world's long march of ages) magical cities like Fargo and Deadwood, Bismarck, Jamestown, Grand Forks, Sioux Falls, Huron, and a hundred other places that might be named, have sprung from the wild prairie grass full panoplied with all the armory of metropolitan life.

Electric lights send forth their radiance where but as yesterday unexplored darkness reigned supreme. Long trains of palace cars fly thundering and shrieking across golden-harvest-burdened plains, where but a few moons ago the buffalo pastured and the gray wolf trailed his prey. Churches, schools, banks and daily papers are sown broadcast all over the feeding-places of yesterday's antelope and red deer. The skulls and bones of the scarce departed denizens of the wilderness are still strewn in the streets of cities that patronize lectures and operas, and boast of their metropolitan culture and styles.

The story of Jonah's gourd and the Oriental extravaganza of Aladdin's miracle-working lamp have dwindled to commonplace realities which every Dakota boy and girl of five or ten years has seen surpassed. Every day and every hour is adding to the wonders. New towns and cities spring up like toadstools in a night. Railroads are being pushed in all directions . . .

Throngs of people are pouring in from every land beneath the skies: fat-pocketed capitalists looking for bonanzas, strong-armed laborers seeking homes and work, sharp-witted adventurers looking for a chance to fleece somebody, played-out political hacks hoping for opportunities to push themselves into office and their hands into the public cribs—all classes, ages, sexes, and conditions coming, flocking, swarming to Dakota's fields of golden grain, her mines of golden ore, and her exhaustless stores of golden promise.

Steamers are loaded down to the guards, and all the railways are panting under their burdens of home and fortune hunters.

“OUR DEADLIEST FOE”

While the big money was being made by the big promoters and their political hacks in Washington (congressmen and senators, and men and women in the White House, close to the presidents themselves) the South was being driven deeper and deeper into the status of a subject, agrarian colony:

“Our strong ground,” wrote the future president of the United States, Rutherford G. Hayes, in 1876, “is the dread of a solid south, rebel rule, etc., etc. . . . Make these topics prominent in your speeches. It leads the people away from ‘hard times’ — which is our deadliest foe.”

The feinting maneuver worked, over and over again for the triumphant Republican Party which had come into being as a party of freedom — free industry and free labor — but which was already little more than a handy tool of the big financial groups with offices in New York and Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago, and St. Louis, Mo.

The double-dealing went on — but it could not keep “hard times” away. It could no longer hide the hollowness of the new financial power on which our rising industrial system had come to depend. It could not even save our biggest financiers from bankruptcy — to say nothing of the thousands upon thousands of common folk who went down with them.

Not even the almost mythical Jay Cooke himself was exempt from the scourge he had helped to bring upon us. Not even Cooke’s own secluded palace and grounds were free any longer from the thunder of the auctioneer’s hammer:

All that large and very elegant country seat known as Ogontz . . . situate on Chelten Hills, in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania . . . The improvements are an extra large and very superior mansion, four stories high, with two towers, each five stories, built of very handsome granite stone—from the quarries in the neighborhood and from Quincy, Massa-

*Catalogue of Assets
Belonging to Jay Cooke;
1881*

chusetts—in the most substantial and costly manner, finished in hard woods, tin roof. Has iron beams, floors laid with mortar, making it very solid and fireproof. Built by days’ work by John Rice, Esq., and

overseen by the late owner, and no expense spared to make it the handsomest, largest, and most attractive house in this country.

Unobstructed views from its towers for miles around, which can hardly be equalled in any other State.

Has on the first floor an extended porch, fronting on nearly every side, porte-cochere, Italian and other balconies, large and handsome parlor, music-room, sitting-room, office, library, conservatory, dining-room (with fire-proof vault and china closet), pantry and kitchens, extra large halls.

On the second floor: eleven chambers, billiard-room, store and trunk rooms, three bathrooms and water-closets.

On the third floor: thirteen chambers, four bathrooms, and four cedar-closets.

On the fourth floor: seven chambers and a room fitted for performances and concerts—has a stage and scenery.

Three tanks and three small rooms in tower.

In the basement, which runs under the entire building, are large wine and preserve closets, carpet-room, bathroom, and water-closets (for servants), coal and vegetable vaults, etc.

It is frescoed and painted throughout; doors, inside shutters, hall and stairways, solid walnut. The entire house is glazed with the best quality white Frenchplate-glass (inside some are handsomely stained and figured).

Bell-calls and speaking tubes. Six furnaces, low-down grates, white marble mantels. Lighted with gas and heated throughout. Well ventilated, chambers commodious, with bathrooms convenient. Wide stairways.

In fact, complete with every modern improvement and convenience.

Also, a handsome granite stable and coach-house, part three and four stories high; has stalls for sixteen horses, and room for ten carriages, and three rooms for coachmen. Granitestone gas-house, six hothouses and graperies, mushroom-house, potting-house, a lodge-house at each gate on the main entrances, farmhouse, farm-barn, ice-house, old saw and grist mill (very picturesque), frame school-house, six fountains, natatorium and reservoir, representing ruins, springs of excellent water.

A beautiful stream of water passes through the entire length of the place.

Abundance of Norway spruce, hemlock, and other hedges. Two fish-ponds. Large and handsome lawns, lighted by street lamps (supplied with gas made on the premises). The lawn is planted with the

finest specimens of evergreen and deciduous trees, all in the most flourishing condition. Besides these are many acres of native forest trees.

The drives and walks around the house, and to the railroad station, are macadamized. The grounds, at a great expense, were made to drain into the creek . . .

The grounds drained into the creek. And our high-sounding moral principles and social purposes, for which we had gone to war and slain each other and torn half of our country apart, were draining into the bottomless, widening pit dug by high finance. Here was our American Inferno at last — in South Dakota or Minnesota, in Arkansas or Iowa, State Street in Chicago as Wall Street in New York —

the Pit without end, rising up to engulf our precepts of freedom, and our aims of brotherhood.

We were threatened by this new and unforeseen kind of deluge. We were threatened with disaster — yet we felt helpless to cope with the threat. But a new and unforeseen power of another kind was already coming to our aid. It was a power hard to recognize because it wore everyday work clothes (as a carpenter had done, two thousand years or so before, among the high hills of Galilee).

The saving arm of American labor was rising out of the climbing waves of depression and panic surrounding us, was reaching toward us (not yet sure, but sinewy and strong) to try to lift us from the flood.

. *Fifteen* .

H A N D S

And as I listened my brain began to work . . .
"I shall climb out of the Pit, but not by the
muscles of my body shall I climb out."

J A C K L O N D O N

UPON A MIGHTY CURRENT

In the midst of the new economic and social and spiritual darkness around us, there were already glimmers of hope—felt rather than seen at first (as the presence of a fire can often be sensed before it becomes visible). There was hope in the very momentum of the various movements for greater human freedom that were springing into life as the aftermath of the war we had fought among ourselves.

In spite of the greater subjection of our new needs as a freer people to the will of the big moneyed groups, there was a sense of awakening among us, too. There was a feeling of waking in a larger room where the ceiling was higher and the windows were taller (and the morning light was coming through the gauze curtains). Not all the people were aware of it—and some were more aware than others:

A former slave, for instance, might be more tuned, now, to the changing beat and meaning of our lives than many others who were born to freedom. A man like Frederick Douglass, born into slavery but risen to struggle and renown, might be (and was) far more keenly alert to the changed and changing norms of our American society than many men who were born to privilege—including his own ex-master, of Maryland's eastern shore. The Honorable Frederick Douglass was his own master now—he was Marshal of the District of Columbia and he would be our future Minister to Haiti; he was an advocate of greater rights for

women and all mankind, and he was also an advocate of greater compassion for those who had held us in cruel bondage yesterday and who now lay dying:

My return . . . in peace to this place and among the same people, was strange enough in itself. But that I should, when there, be formally invited by Captain Thomas Auld, then over eighty years old, to come to the side of his dying bed, evidently with a view to a friendly talk over our past relations, was a fact still more strange—and one which, until its occurrence, I could never have thought

From Frederick Douglass' Story of His Life; 1881

possible.

To me Captain Auld had sustained the relation of master—a relation which I had held in extremest abhorrence, and which for forty years I had denounced in all bitterness of spirit and fierceness of speech. He had struck down my personality, had subjected me to his will, made property of my body and soul, reduced me to a chattel, hired me out to a noted slave breaker to be worked like a beast and flogged into submission, taken my hard earnings, sent me to prison, offered me for sale, broken up my Sunday-school, forbidden me to teach my fellow-slaves to read on pain of nine and thirty lashes on my bare back, and had—without any apparent disturbance of his conscience—sold my body to his brother Hugh and pocketed the price of my flesh and blood.

I, on my part, had traveled through the length and breadth of this country and of England, holding up this conduct of his, in common with that of other slaveholders, to the reprobation of all men who would listen to my words. I had by my writings made his name and his deeds familiar to the world in four different languages.

Yet here we were, after four decades, once more face to face—he on his bed, aged and tremulous, drawing near the sunset of life, and I, his former slave, United States Marshal of the District of Columbia, holding his hand and, in friendly conversation with him in a sort of final settlement of past differences preparatory to his stepping into his grave, where all distinctions are at an end, and where the great and the small, the slave and the master, are reduced to the same level.

Had I been asked in the days of slavery to visit this man I should have regarded the invitation as one to put fetters on my ankles and handcuffs on my wrists. It would have been an invitation to the auc-

tion-block and the slave whip. I had no business with this man under the old regime but to keep out of his way.

But now that slavery was destroyed, and the slave and the master stood upon equal ground, I was not only willing to meet him, but was very glad to do so. The conditions were favorable for remembrance of all his good deeds, and generous extenuation of all his evil ones. He was to me no longer a slaveholder either in fact or in spirit, and I regarded him as I did myself—a victim of the circumstances of birth, education, law, and custom.

Our courses had been determined for us, not by us. We had both been flung, by powers that did not ask our consent, upon a mighty current of life, which we could neither resist nor control. By this current he was a master, and I a slave. But now our lives were verging towards a point where differences disappear, where even the constancy of hate breaks down and where the clouds of pride, passion and selfishness vanish before the brightness of infinite light. At such a time, and in such a place, when a man is about closing his eyes on this world and ready to step into the eternal unknown, no word of reproach or bitterness should reach him or fall from his lips—and on this occasion there was to this rule no transgression on either side.

. . . On reaching the house I was met by Mr. William H. Bruff, a son-in-law of Captain Auld, and Mrs. Louisa Bruff, his daughter, and was conducted by them immediately to the bedroom of Captain Auld.

We addressed each other simultaneously, he calling me "Marshal Douglass," and I, as I had always called him, "Captain Auld." Hearing myself called by him "Marshal Douglass," I instantly broke up the formal nature of the meeting by saying, "not Marshal, but Frederick to you as formerly."

We shook hands cordially, and in the act of doing so, he, having been long stricken with palsy, shed tears as men thus afflicted will do when excited by any deep emotion. The sight of him, the changes which time had wrought in him, his tremulous hands constantly in motion, and all the circumstances of his condition affected me deeply, and for a time choked my voice and made me speechless. We both, however, got the better of our feelings, and conversed freely about the past.

Though broken by age and palsy, the mind of Captain Auld was remarkably clear and strong. After he had become composed I asked him what he thought of my conduct in running away and going to the north. He hesitated a moment as if to properly formulate his reply,

and said: "Frederick, I always knew you were too smart to be a slave, and had I been in your place, I should have done as you did."

I said, "Captain Auld, I am glad to hear you say this. I did not run away from you, but from slavery . . ."

FLOWERS IN MY HAIR

Hope was rising in our hearts again. Not because our lot, in general, was better than before (it was often worse), but because we began to perceive the miraculous fruits of our labor in greater quantity and wider diversity than had ever been thought possible — and we not only wanted more of those fruits, but we also wanted to understand why we were being deprived of them.

We could see the cities we had built, now — the buildings growing taller, the spacious dwellings, the streets widening into avenues as the open space between the cities began to shrink and narrow into nothing. And all, everything — cities and houses, factories and schools, playgrounds and libraries, department stores and colleges — linked and intertwined by the pipe and subterranean cables we had laid, by the wires we had strung on the poles we had raised, by the tracks we had spiked to the ground, and the tracks we had lifted and set like a circling crown in the city sky (in Chicago's Loop and New York's Sixth Avenue).

Even in the country, even on the farm, where the chores never seemed to end for men and women alike (and often children, too), we were beginning to breed a new kind of hope (not just another calf or a better plow, though these meant a lot, nor even just a tiny addition to the family that would someday mean an extra pair of strong working hands). We were hungry for something new — not merely a gingham apron or a real, manufactured, coal-burning stove (though they were mighty fine to have). We needed something more, now:

We were in need of new ideas and new ways of thinking (maybe not a great many of us, but enough of us to matter). We wanted to "let go" more, too — and we had to know more about our feelings. We were beginning to look for the strange and the unknown. We were looking for them in the colors and the sounds around us, in the smell of the very flowers we grew, in the books we were able to buy or to borrow (and in those we had simply heard tell of).

All the season, from the coming in of the first fruits until the making of mince-meat at Christmas time, I put up canned goods for future use; gather in many bushels of field beans and the other crops usually raised on the farm; make sour-kraut, ketchup, pickles, etc. . . . Any bright morning in the latter part of May I am out of bed at four o'clock;

The Life Story of an Illinois Farmer's Wife

next, after I have dressed and combed my hair, I start a fire in the kitchen stove, and while the stove is getting hot I go to my flower

garden and gather a choice, half-blown rose and a spray of bride's wreath, and arrange them in my hair, and sweep the floors and then cook breakfast.

While the other members of the family are eating breakfast I strain away the morning's milk (for my husband milks the cows while I get breakfast), and fill my husband's dinner-pail—for he will go to work on our other farm for the day.

By this time it is half-past five o'clock, my husband is gone to his work, and the stock loudly pleading to be turned into the pastures. The younger cattle, a half-dozen steers, are left in the pasture at night, and I now drive the two cows, a half-quarter mile and turn them in with the others, come back, and then there's a horse in the barn that belongs in a field where there is no water, which I take to a spring quite a distance from the barn; bring it back and turn it into a field with the sheep—a dozen in number—which are housed at night.

The young calves are then turned out into the warm sunshine, and the stock hogs, which are kept in a pen, are clamoring for feed, and I carry a pailful of swill to them, and hasten to the house and turn out the chickens and put out feed and water for them. And it is, perhaps, 6:30 A.M.

I have not eaten breakfast yet, but that can wait. I make the beds next and straighten things up in the living room, for I dislike to have the early morning caller find my house topsy-turvy. When this is done I go to the kitchen, which also serves as a dining-room, and uncover the table, and take a mouthful of food occasionally as I pass to and fro at my work until my appetite is appeased.

By the time the work is done in the kitchen it is about 7:15 A.M., and the cool morning hours have flown, and no hoeing done in the garden yet, and the children's toilet has to be attended to and churning has to be done.

Finally the children are washed and churning done, and it is eight o'clock, and the sun getting hot—but no matter, weeds die quickly

when cut down in the heat of the day. And I use the hoe to a good advantage until the dinner hours, which is 11:30 A.M. We come in, and I comb my hair, and put fresh flowers in it, and eat a cold dinner, put out feed and water for the chickens; set a hen, perhaps, sweep the floors again, sit down and rest, and read a few moments. And it is nearly one o'clock. And I sweep the door yard while I am waiting for the clock to strike the hour.

I make and sow a flower bed, dig around some shrubbery, and go back to the garden to hoe until time to do the chores at night. But ere long some hogs come up to the back gate, through the wheatfield, and when I go to see what is wrong I find that the cows have torn the fence down, and they, too, are in the wheat field.

With much difficulty I get them back into their own domain and repair the fence. I hoe in the garden till four o'clock. Then I go into the house and get supper, and prepare something for the dinner-pail tomorrow. When supper is all ready it is set aside, and I pull a few hundred plants of tomato, sweet potato or cabbage for transplanting, set them in a cool, moist place where they will not wilt, and I then go after the horse, water him, and put him in the barn; call the sheep and house them, and go after the cows and milk them, feed the hogs, put down hay for three horses, and put oats and corn in their troughs, and set those plants and come in and fasten up the chickens. And it is dark.

By this time it is eight o'clock P.M., my husband has come home, and we are eating supper. When we are through eating I make the beds ready, and the children and their father go to bed, and I wash the dishes and get things in shape to get breakfast quickly next morning.

It is now about nine o'clock P.M., and after a short prayer I retire for the night . . .

As winter draws nigh I make snug all the vegetables and apples, pumpkins, and such things as would damage by being frozen, and gather in the various kinds of nuts which grow in our woods to eat during the long, cold winter . . .

I must admit that there is very little time for the higher life for myself—but my soul cries out for it, and my heart is not in my homely duties. They are done in a mechanical abstracted way, not worthy of a woman of high ambitions—but my ambitions are along other lines.

I do not mean to say that I have no ambition to do my work well, and to be a model housekeeper, for I would scorn to slight my work intentionally. It is just this way: there are so many outdoor duties that the time left for household duties is limited that I must rush through

them, with a view to getting each one done in the shortest possible time, in order to get as many things accomplished as possible—for there is never time to do half as much as needs to be done.

All the time that I have been going about this work I have been thinking of things I have read, of things I have on hand to read when I can get time, and of other things which I have a desire to read. . . . In the short winter days I just get the cooking and house-straightening done, in addition to looking after the stock and poultry, and make a garment occasionally, and wash and iron the clothes. All the other work is done after night by lamp light. And when the work for the day is over, or at least the most pressing part of it, and the family are all asleep and no one to forbid it, I spend a few hours writing or reading.

THE LAMP THAT IS LIGHTED

In the country or in the city, life was hardly a bed of roses — where most of the people were concerned. Yet, to the working folk of other countries, America was still the poor man's Eden (more than an Eden, in fact, for he could at least strive to get to the bottom of things without running too great a risk of being booted out).

More of us — thousands that would become millions before the century turned — were migrating now from the dying worlds of Europe and Asia: from hungry Italy and from plague-torn China, from Ireland ruined by famine, and from Russia ruled by the czars' oppression. We were coming from the fields and the fjords of Scandinavia, from the mines of Wales, from the ports of the Adriatic, the Aegean, and the old Mediterranean. We were heading westward from Poland, children and grownups, Christians and Jews, fleeing from persecution, fleeing from poverty and want and disease and neglect, from fear, from death:

My mother was a tall, handsome, dark complexioned woman with red cheeks, large brown eyes and a great quantity of jet black, wavy hair. . . . She kept a little grocer's shop in the little village where we lived at first. That was in Poland. . . .

We came by steerage on a steamship in a very dark place that smelt dreadfully. There were hundreds of other people packed in with us—

men, women and children—and almost all of them were sick. It took us twelve days to cross the sea, and we thought we should die.

But at last the voyage was over—and we came up and saw the beautiful bay and the big woman with the spikes on her head and the lamp that is lighted at night in her hand. . . .

Aunt Fanny had always been anxious for me to get an education, as I did not know how to read or write, and she thought that was wrong. Schools are different in Poland from what they are in this country, and I was always too busy to learn to read and write. So when mother died I thought I would try to learn a trade and then I could go to school at night and learn to speak the English language well.

So I went to work in Allen street, in Manhattan, in what they call a sweatshop, making skirts by machine. I was new at the work and the foreman scolded me a great deal.

"Now, then," he would say, "this place is not for you to be looking around in. Attend to your work. That is what you have to do."

I did not know at first that you must not look around and talk, and I made many mistakes with the sewing—so that I was often called a "stupid animal." But I made four dollars a week by working six days in the week. For there are two Sabbaths here—our own Sabbath, that comes on a Saturday, and the Christian Sabbath that comes on Sunday. It is against our law to work on our own Sabbath, so we work on their Sabbath.

In Poland I and my father and mother used to go to the synagogue on the Sabbath, but here the women don't go to the synagogue much. . . . They are shut up working hard all the week long, and when the Sabbath comes they like to sleep long in bed—and afterward they must go out where they can breathe the air. . . .

I lived at this time with a girl named Ella, who worked in the same factory and made five dollars a week. We had the room all to ourselves, paying \$1.50 a week for it, and doing light housekeeping. It was in Allen street, and the window looked out of the back—which was good because there was an elevated railroad in the front part of the house (and in summer time a great deal of dust and dirt came in at the front windows). We were on the fourth story and could see all that was going on in the back rooms of the houses behind us. And early in the morning the sun used to come in our window.

THE WILD IRISHMAN

Out of the maelstrom of industrial life, out of the rigors of industrial labor — out of the fires of the mine and the factory, and out of the fires of the new social theories moving westward over the Atlantic waters (as the Pilgrims' fire had come, two centuries and a half before) — a new kind of man, and a new kind of woman, were being born:

They were the American workmen.

They were the new pioneers, they were the frontiersmen now — though they owned almost nothing but their jobs (except maybe a prayer book and the opportunity of living on the installment plan). He wore overalls for buckskin, and she wore her hair uncovered where before she had used the sun bonnet. They spoke in many accents: Southern Appalachian and broad New England, western lingo and Pennsylvania dialect, and a hundred others, and a hundred more — Chinese and German, Italian and Russian, Norwegian and Yiddish, Japanese and Portuguese, and Galway Irish.

They were quiet and hard-working by nature, but they were hellers when aroused — as Ben Hanford, who was a union leader himself and a future vice-presidential candidate on the new Socialist ticket, well knew, and was able to relate:

"I'll lose my job if I talk unionism, will I? Well, then, I'll get another. If I can't get another, I'll go without." That was the way the Wild Irishman talked when he was told that he would be fired for his activity in union matters. He kept right on organizing unions. Strange to say, his bosses did not fire him. As the Wild Irishman told me when I saw

him: "If I lost me job, I'd have all the more time to organize the men."

*From Ben Hanford's
Record of Activities*

I looked forward with interest to meeting the Wild Irishman. At last I went to his cabin—a company "house" in a mining camp near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. I introduced myself, and he invited me into the back yard, the afternoon being warm. His wife joined us.

Notwithstanding all I had heard about him, the Wild Irishman took

me by surprise. He was a man well along into the sixties—what with the diseases and accidents incident to his trade, a rare old age for a miner. He had begun anthracite mining in the old days when something like decent wages were paid. I never saw such a remarkable looking man in my life:

His scalp was scarred, and his face bore the blue and black-marks of powder explosions. For the rest, it seemed as though every bone in his body was either fractured or dislocated. During his many years in and about the mines he had met with every sort of accident. Premature and delayed explosions. Fire damp. Pillars giving way. Roof falling. Pumping machinery out of order and flooding of the mine. Cables breaking. Every sort of mining accident had happened to him one or more times. Besides, he had gone looking for accidents—had both legs broken while digging to rescue some comrades when the “hill fell on them.”

Such a twisted, battered-up man I never saw.

But somehow nothing had ever been able to “get him” in a vital spot. And regardless of the fractures, dislocations and scar-tissue scattered through and over his face and body, he was still a handsome man—and a strong man, notwithstanding his years. Heart and lungs as sound as ever. And an eye like an eagle. Crippled and disfigured in half a hundred places, grizzled, and gray, and weather beaten—but strong.

He sat there on a bench in the little back yard, telling the story of the great strike and the causes of it.

And his good wife sat by, the most beautiful old woman I have ever seen. Hair whiter than snow. A fine oval face. Wrinkled. Deep lines written there when her son was killed in the tipple. Other lines that told of want, then and in days gone by. And other lines that told of worry, and of the long sleepless nights and days while she was watching and nursing the Wild Irishman. And yet that seamed old face was cheerful. She was one of those women that made you feel better if she merely nodded to you. Her “good morning” would cheer you up for the day.

The Wild Irishman told me the tale of the strike, what caused it and what it was for. He told me the low wages the men made—when they had work. He told of the short time, the lay-offs, and the shut-downs. He told how the company stores robbed the men, charging them two and three prices for the staple necessities of life; how the men were in debt, and were compelled to trade at the company stores—those who were not in debt being laid off. He told how the company charged the miner two and three times the market price for powder. He told how

the company sold coal on a basis of 2,240 pounds to the ton, and how they compelled the miner to give them a ton of 3,000 pounds or more. He told how the men were docked for trifling things, and how the companies fought against a check weighman—a measure with no purpose except to insure the honest weighing of the coal.

He told of the company doctor, the company houses, and countless other grand and petty forms of robbery and extortion practised by the coal barons. As he concluded his story of the conditions under which he had labored for so many years, the Wild Irishman stood up. He raised one hand as if taking an oath and said:

"And I and the boys will never go back under the old conditions—never. I'll ate the dirt in the street first!"

Then the white-haired old wife spoke up. Said she:

"Yes, and I'll cook it for him!"

Here were the new American pioneers emerging from our growing industrial strife. Their hands of labor had become the most skilled and proficient hands on earth. And now they were beginning to reveal themselves also as able and even eloquent instruments (wielded by such giants of socialism as presidential candidate Eugene V. Debs) to argue the cause of greater justice for the working man. They were more than that, too:

Through the panic of '73 and the railroad strike of '77, through the protests over the Haymarket hangings of '86 and the grave depression of '93, and through a score of other trials involving union organization in the face of intimidation and terror and death, the hands of American labor had also proved — by organization, by bargaining, and by the use of the strike when necessary — their courage and their resolution to challenge the sway of the country's financial oligarchy and its relentless drive toward enormous profits and absolute power. They had proved their ability and their determination to challenge the social ruthlessness and the moral recklessness of a pattern of power that was hurling our lives into the Pit of uselessness — the American Inferno that was being dug by the recurrent cycle of overproduction, depression, and unemployment.

But in spite of labor's courage, in spite of its martyrdom and its growing strength (and partly because of it), the fateful pattern spread. In spite of the rise of new forces of reform, advocating fuller civil rights for

everyone, including women's right to the vote, and greater economic protection for children as well as adults, the pattern of financial power grew worse, riding roughshod over the people's rising clamor for some fundamental change, over the new challenge of a bold third party, known as the Populists —

which drew its support from farmers in the Middle West, from the agrarian South, as well as from industrial workmen in the cities, and which was committed to a broad, antitrust, democratic program of reform. Still the financial juggernaut rode on —

until the only way out for the men in the saddle, the men of money and power, was the promotion of the biggest deal yet: the promotion of open wars of aggression beyond our borders.

. Sixteen .

GENERALS

Morality is all right, but what about dividends?

KAISER WILHELM II

BENEATH THEIR VERY FEET

While the struggle within our borders was growing sharper over the issue of genuine rule by and for the people, as opposed to rule by financial influence and power, our whole industrial machine was developing into the finest, smoothest technical achievement the world had ever seen. Even before the turn of the century, the quality and extent of our production in every field of exploitation of our natural and accumulated wealth — in mines and smelters, rolling mills and public-utility plants — was one of the earth's wonders.

Our land was flowering now with factories — in city and country, along our coasts and among our plains, on most of our rivers and on the shores of our lakes, the wheels of new industry were turning. Our days were filled with the throb of motors and the roar of machinery, and our nights were lit by stars of fire shooting upward from our chimney stacks. By day and by night, our air was pungent not so much with the fragrance of the trailing arbutus and the honeysuckle as with the smell of oil and burning coke.

Industry was setting its roots in every state of our Union — even among the gray and the blue grass of that one-time "border" state, Kentucky:

To begin at the richly-furnished and Brussels-carpeted sanctum, we find

here at their respective desks President Davidson and Vice-President Straus—the former tall, slender, fair and somewhat delicate in appearance, but with that indescribable something in his face and manner that bespeaks responsibility, authority and capacity; the latter below

"The Industries of Louisville, Ky.": 1886 the medium height, a decided brunette, alert, active, healthy, urbane and unassuming.

Mr. Haldeman (the Secretary and Treasurer) confines himself to the counting-room, on Fourth Avenue, usually (though on the occasion of our visit we found him hard at work assisting in making the stereotype plates for the Times, and later in supplying the multitude of screamingly impatient newsboys with bundles of that wonderfully successful and very popular journal).

Adjoining the executive sanctum is the proof-room, where half-a-dozen pretty young ladies, smart as steel-traps, were busily engaged in the work of vigilantly searching out and marking, with neatness and dispatch, the errors of the unfortunate compositors in the next room, whither we proceeded.

The job and book-composing room is one of the most spacious, lofty, best arranged, best lighted, best regulated and pleasantest ever provided to mitigate the misery of the printer. The equipment of material of all kinds—types, frames, cabinets, furniture, imposing-stones, and all the paraphernalia of a first-class establishment of the kind—is complete, and embraces every style of new faces and every modern improvement that can add to the efficiency of the force, the attractiveness of the work done, or to the economy of time and labor. The same remarks apply to the book-bindery, on the same floor adjoining on the south. . . .

Retracing our steps through the composing-room and across the central hall, we visit the poster composing-room, where the large bills are gotten up that have spread the fame of the company all over the West and South. Then the Home and Farm and Periodical composing-room. Then back to the northwest corner, where we find the artists and engravers—eight in number—hard at work under the supervision of Mr. W. F. Clarke, an accomplished knight of the pencil and graver.

Up one flight of stairs and in the north-east corner of the building we enter the electrotyping department and are introduced to Mr. A. Coquard, the skillful and ingenious foreman, and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse, the finisher. Here, as elsewhere, improvement in processes, superior workmanship and economy of time obtain. And the seven employes turn out—with perfected appliances, a powerful dynamo run by steam,

and the exercise of trained judgment—as much work daily as was formerly done by four times the number of workmen.

Bidding adieu to this home of molten metal, electric baths and precipitated copper, we enter the elevator, and in a few seconds step out into the press-room, in the basement.

Few indeed, of those who tread securely along the sidewalks of Fourth and Green streets have an adequate notion of the work that is going on almost beneath their very feet. Here are located the boilers and engines, the lightning web presses upon which are printed those great newspapers (the Courier-Journal and the Evening Times), the newspaper stereotyping apparatus, and the seventeen cylinder and nine small job presses of the Courier-Journal Job Printing Company—together with the immense vaults wherein are stored the tons upon tons of book, news and poster paper of all grades required to feed those monsters of iron and steel that toil throughout the long hours of the day and night. . . .

WITH SOLIDITY AND EVENNESS

Beneath our very feet another kind of manufacturing was going on — another kind of goods (not newspapers or firearms, hobbyhorses or toothpaste, carriages or gumdrops) was being turned out:

The financiers of Boston (closely interlocked by now with the big banking houses of Philadelphia and New York and our other great cities) were busy as bees in the summertime — and they were turning out their own brand of sweetening:

The Whitney machine for the manufacture and moulding of legislation was complex but efficient. It achieved its wonders in broad daylight. Considering what it did and how it was done, the astonishing fact is that no outcry to speak of was ever raised at its performances. It was vastly bolder than Tammany and made fewer excuses for what it grabbed. But

*Thomas W. Lawson's
Story of the Amalgamated*

its chief engineer was a leading citizen, and his assistants all gentlemen of great respectability and admirable antecedents—and in Boston, social and civic diction are shields behind which much may be concealed.

Corrupting a Legislature is not something a man may do with a fillip of his finger and thumb. However bold the operations the convenances must be observed.

When really large designs are entertained, the manipulator begins before the preceding election and has had his "lawyers" at work throughout the country, seeing candidates and ascertaining their feelings. So a certain percentage of votes are signed and sealed in advance, ready for delivery at the proper time.

But there is always a crowd of new men who must be taken care of on the spot, and these must be approached with tact. Some amateurs have fanatical notions of honor which interfere with both their own and the interests of franchise-grabbers. To deal with all these contingencies, to take care of captured votes and to shape legislative proceedings along safe lines, require the services of almost an army of men.

At the head of Whitney's forces was his lawyer, George H. Towle, big of brain, ponderous of frame, and with the strength of an ox. A man of terrific temper, he knew not the meaning of the word fear. Nothing aroused him to such frenzy as to have to do with a legislator who unnecessarily haggled over the price of his vote or influence. On such occasions, when a lieutenant had reported that Senator This or Representative That would not come into camp, Towle, with an oath, would simply say:

"Take me to him, and I'll have his vote in ten minutes—or there'll be occasion for a new election in his district tomorrow!"

Second in command was Mr. Patch, Towle's secretary and factotum, his exact opposite in every way. Where Towle was brutally straight to the point, Mr. Patch was as smooth an intriguer as ever connected himself with secrets by way of keyholes and transoms. It is a Beacon Hill tradition that for years Towle on final-payment day would have the members of the Massachusetts Legislature march through his private offices one at a time, and, handing each of them their loot, would proclaim: "Well, you're settled with in full, aren't you? That represents your vote on——and on——." Then he would loudly identify the bill and the particulars of the service, while behind a partition with a stenographer would be Mr. Patch, who after the notes had been written out would witness the accuracy of the stenographer's report. When the Legislature assembled again, old members, the same story goes, would be requested to call on Towle to renew acquaintanceship. Then he would allow them to look over his memoranda—"just to keep 'em from being too proud," as he gently phrased it.

Subordinate to Towle and Patch was a long line of eminently respectable lawyers known all over the Commonwealth as "Whitney's attorneys." These men participated at nominations, orated at elections, and took care of the finer preliminary details. The first line of attack was composed of practical politicians of various grades—ex-senators or representatives, and local bosses, who were known as "Whitney's right-hand men." Below these were the ordinary lobbyists, the detectives and runners, who kept "tabs" on every move and deed, day and night, of the members of the Legislature.

This was the Whitney machine—and it worked together with that fine solidity and evenness which can only be attained with lots of practice and much success. . . .

Headquarters for Whitney's Massachusetts Pipe Line were opened at Young's Hotel, Parlors 9, 10, and 11, Rooms 6, 7, 8, second story front. Parlors 9 and 10 were the general reception-room, while 11 was for the commander himself and the holding of important and "touchy" interviews. The Rooms 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 were used for educational purposes.

. . . At 5:30 the real business of the day began. Mr. Patch was generally on the ground first, carrying the books in which the bribery records were kept, for be it remembered that the efficiency of the Whitney machine was largely due to the thoroughly systematic manner in which its operations were conducted. Nothing was left to chance or to anyone's memory.

A VEIL IS DRAWN

Precision and calculation — these were the order of the day. These had conceived and engineered our great industrial system. And these were the mathematics by which the industries were developing into monopolies and trusts, the trusts were being taken over by holding companies, and the holding companies were held by the large banks — whose boards of directors often included the heads of the holding companies as well as the heads of the trusts under them:

These were the new controlling wheels within wheels (hollow-ground, and emptied of conscience and honest care for one's fellowman). And these were the interests — Rockefeller and du Pont, Rogers and Morgan, Whitney, Mellon, Aldrich and Grace, and another handful or two — that were shaping our country's course by means of the almost absolute

power they were able to exercise over the nation's pocketbook and over the policy-makers in Washington and every state of the nation.

They were setting the direction of our lives, they were steering the ship (it was getting to be the biggest and fastest in the world). But this was a democracy, and so the course that was being charted had to appear to come of the public's free will and through the main channel of public opinion — namely, the newspapers. The Hearst papers in particular were helping to prepare the way now for the most radical and ruthless course our country had ever embarked upon.

The trusts were stronger than ever (in spite of the politician's talk and even the legislation aimed at curbing the trusts) and new ones were springing up — steel and munitions were already in the making. And the people were still dazed from the business disasters that had come with the depression of '93. We had been fighting the advance of unemployment and wage reductions, hunger, and the kind of extreme want that people associated with the old worlds (but not with America the golden!). By protest and picket line, walkout and strike, we had been waging the fight of our lives (for our friends and our fellows, as well as our families). We were taking our stand at last — in the face of injunctions and curfews, threats and militia, and the presence of Pinkerton and other industrial spies among us. We were taking our stand, through our growing unions and through the new organizations of liberal and bold-minded men and women that were coming to life. We were taking our stand for a better economic deal —

and then, before we knew it (but not before the big interests knew it), we found ourselves in a different kind of fight. We had been dragged (and drugged) into a war with Spain — for our country's "honor," we were told.

But there was more than honor (if honor at all) to be gained from that war. There were huge profits to be gained from graft, as well as government concessions (and the line between the two was frequently very thin — it was more lucrative, for instance, to sell spoiled rather than good canned meat to the army, though it was too bad if more of our soldiers happened to die from food poisoning than from the Spaniards' bullets). The men of finance had wanted the war, and they were the ones who got the profits, while American big business got a new lease on life

— a hold on Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines (solid stepping-stones to trade and power in the Caribbean, the Pacific and Asia).

Everything worked as planned (it was a new version of the old Hayes plan to get our minds off hard times by keeping us worried about what might happen elsewhere). But now the South was no longer the only major colony and proving ground for our big money men with capital to invest and goods to sell (and always the need for cheap raw materials) in order to stave off overproduction and hard times at home. We were moving across our borders now, to other parts of the world (blindly, taking the germs and the bullets, doing the job for the diggers of the Pit).

But there was a real and growing danger for us and our country in this new course of adventure. These new acquisitions were no easy purchase from a Mexican tyrant in the days when there were fewer nations and less concern for the achievement of nationhood. These new grabs of territory and territorial rights were no single purchase of Alaska from a willing Russia, no simple annexation of the Hawaiian Islands by means of a deftly engineered "revolution." This was aggression — and we were dealing with people who were determined to shake off the imperial Spanish yoke, not in exchange for a new American harness (made in Wall Street, though it was stamped Washington), but in order to live as free men on their own soil. And they began to fight us — from behind their boulders and their bushes, from their treetops — as we had fought the British more than a century before.

More than four years after our occupation of their islands, the Filipinos were fighting us — and they were fighting hard:

When officials are so discreet, the private individual feels justified in running risks in an endeavor to present the situation (which is so nearly affecting our prestige and our well-being) to the people—who, after all is said and done, will have to pay the piper.

Symptomatic and illustrative is the case of an important member of *Stephen Bonsal's Report on the Philippines; 1902* the civil government who is about to return to the United States on leave. The gentleman is a college man, a lawyer, and a former volunteer officer.

I had many talks with him, and was much interested in hearing what

he had seen during his three years in the Philippines as commander of troops, and latterly as governor of a province, and I was sorry that a man who talked so intelligently, who evidently based his conclusions upon facts shrewdly observed and astutely weighed, should take such pessimistic views of the situation.

"Every day the conditions are becoming worse," he said. "They are threatening to become chronic. Unless we can let light in from above, unless there is a change of policy very soon, the guerrilla warfare will not end for fifty or one hundred years, and then only when we have 'rubbed out' the present inhabitants of the islands.

"And of course this rubbing-out process will take even more time out here than it did on the plains, because the climate is against us and because the army and policy will not have behind them a stalwart frontier population backing them up and taking part in the fight when necessary. Something must be done soon to avoid the possibility of a hundred years' war—it is almost too late now, but yet something might be done."

"What would you suggest?" I asked him.

"Oh, well, you see that is not my business. It is a very pretty fight as it is between the civil and military authorities, and I should be a fool to get mixed up in it. Besides, I have troubles of my own.

"What I will say, and even this must be confidential, is that we are confronted with a situation which, in my opinion, is not to be met with the panacea of the civil commission—which is invariably to open a new bureau, man it with a chief and three or four score of clerks, equip it with swivel chairs and several batteries of typewriters—nor yet by the military recipe, which seems to be to coax from the War Department 5,000 more fresh troops and send them hiking through the country for months at a time after an evasive foe, until worn-out and diseased, anaemic and disgusted, they begin to die like flies in a frost, and are put on transports and sent home again, dead or alive, but always, as far as this life is concerned, finished—used up in useless service."

"When you get to Washington," I said, "you will doubtless see the president and the authorities. You will tell them what you have seen as an officer in the field and as an administrator. You have had such exceptional opportunities that your testimony will have especial weight attached to it."

"When I get off the steamer," answered the discreet official, "the very first thing I do is to purchase a padlock. I will clasp that on my

mouth and throw the key down the deepest well I can find. No—it is a very pretty fight as it is, and I am not looking for more trouble."

Undoubtedly the cautious, if unpatriotic, behavior of this official is typical of the conduct of many other officials, military as well as civil, in the islands. They talk very freely and frankly about the situation among themselves, but seem averse to allowing any of the information which they possess to pass the Pacific. The excuse for this trans-Pacific reticence, generally given me when I pressed for explanation, is that the poor narrow-minded folk at home are so apt to misunderstand that it is better to say nothing.

One of the most amusing scenes in the human comedy which I have witnessed since I began to go behind the scenes takes place when in due process of time, and despite four or five captains apiece, an American transport arrives at San Francisco from Manila:

All the revelations of the voyage are over, and when the representatives of the press come on board a veil is drawn over everything unpleasant. The crippled soldiers must keep out of sight, the metallic boxes are covered with tarpaulins, and the consumptives are admonished by the hospital stewards to "shut up their barking."

An era of good feeling is inaugurated which almost bridges the chasm between the civil and military factions. All agree that everything is over except the shouting. Only when the local press representatives become precise and ask for whom they should shout longest and loudest do the voices become at all discordant:

Some say, "Old Wheaton." Others are for Funston—"the only general the soldiers cannot keep up with." And then there are praises for McRitt, who first sized up the situation; for Otis, who crushed the rebellion; for MacArthur, who pacified the Philippines, and for "Old Chaffee," for whom there is really nothing left to do—but who does it so well.

Patted on the back, pleased with themselves and all the world, the press representatives are being escorted over the side when the captain-quartermaster appears. He was a dentist three years ago, but now his duties are both military and naval.

You can see him any clear day on the bridge. And any smooth day, when the ports are open and you can breathe, he ventures for thirty seconds at a time into the dormitories of the men down below, and says how sweet and clean they are.

"You know, boys, how I hate newspaper notoriety," he begins. "Still,

I think the time has come when something ought to be said about the transport service. Why, only last month we wrecked seven of our ships without losing a single man. Now tell me, boys, what other transport service in the world, or commercial line, for that matter, can point to such a record?"

And the press representatives, speechless, go over the side promising the desired paragraph.

Then the consumptives resume their coughing . . .

GAZING AT MY IMAGE

Here was the ominous accompaniment to the dawn of our empire days: the sounds of the sick and the dying, the hush of censorship (and the quiet rejoicing of the war profiteers in the background). And in counterpoint — the rising clamor of the new, professional military men for a bigger army and a grander navy.

The master plan for further aggression (loans followed by landings) was drawn up, and it was already being executed: intervention in China and the grab of the Canal Zone in Panama, and soon to follow were the landings of marines in Haiti and Santo Domingo, the occupation of Veracruz in Mexico, and the landing of more marines in Nicaragua. We had bases in China, bases in the Pacific, and a base in Cuba and other parts of the Caribbean. Teddy Roosevelt was in the White House now (and he liked to play soldier).

But above all, American bankers were busiest now "studying the European situation closely." They had extended heavy loans to England and to England's allies (France, among others) whose economic and political domination in Europe and other parts of the world was being challenged by another rising empire (whose kaiser, and the generals and bankers around him, also liked to play soldier).

Here at home, in the meantime, large numbers of our people were living in a state of want and neglect. Millions of folk in our land could not afford to enjoy any of the modern lighting or plumbing or other conveniences our manufacturing was famous for (there were thousands of people in the hills and mountains of the Smokies and the Cumberland range who could not even afford to buy a chimney for the single, kerosene-burning lamp that lit each log cabin). There were children among

us who had never seen a doll (let alone own one!) and who had started to work before they were twelve.

There were millions of Americans here at home who were being ostracized and denied their citizens' rights — even persecuted and terrorized and murdered — because of their religion or their race, their unorthodox political or economic beliefs, or merely on account of the darker color of their skin:

One day near the end of my second term at school the principal came into our room, and after talking to the teacher, for some reason said, "I wish all of the white scholars to stand for a moment." I rose with the others. The teacher looked at me, and calling my name said, "You sit down for the present, and rise with the others." I did not quite

The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man; 1912 understand her, and questioned, "Ma'm?" She repeated with a softer tone in her voice, "You sit down now, and rise with the others."

I sat down dazed. I saw and heard nothing. When the others were asked to rise I did not know it. When school was dismissed I went out in a kind of stupor.

A few of the white boys jeered me, saying, "Oh, you're a nigger too." I heard some black children say, "We knew he was colored."

"Shiny" said to them, "Come along, don't tease him"—and thereby won my undying gratitude.

I hurried on as fast as I could, and had gone some distance before I perceived that "Red Head" was walking by my side. After a while he said to me, "Le' me carry your books." I gave him my strap without being able to answer. When we got to my gate he said as he handed me my books, "Say, you know my big red agate? I can't shoot with it anymore. I'm going to bring it to school for you tomorrow."

I took my books and ran into the house.

As I passed through the hallway I saw that my mother was busy with one of her customers. I rushed up into my own little room, shut the door, and went quickly to where my looking glass hung on the wall. For an instant I was afraid to look, but when I did I looked long and earnestly. I had often heard people say to my mother, "What a pretty boy you have." I was accustomed to hear remarks about my beauty—but now, for the first time, I became conscious of it, and recognized it:

I noticed the ivory whiteness of my skin, the beauty of my mouth, the

size and liquid darkness of my eyes, and how the long black lashes that fringed and shaded them produced an effect that was strangely fascinating even to me. I noticed the softness and glossiness of my dark hair that fell in waves over my temples, making my forehead appear whiter than it really was.

How long I stood there gazing at my image I do not know. When I came out and reached the head of the stairs, I heard the lady who had been with my mother going out. I ran downstairs, and rushed to where my mother was sitting with a piece of work in her hands. I buried my head in her lap....

Since I have grown older I have often gone back and tried to analyze the change that came into my life after that fateful day in school. There did come a radical change, and, young as I was, I felt fully conscious of it—though I did not fully comprehend it.

Like my first spanking, it is one of the few incidents in my life that I can remember clearly. In the life of everyone there is a limited number of unhappy experiences which are not written upon the memory, but stamped there with a die; and in long years after they can be called up in detail—and every emotion that was stirred by them can be lived through anew. These are the tragedies of life. We may grow to include some of them among the trivial incidents of childhood—a broken toy, a promise made to us which was not kept, a harsh, heart-piercing word. But these, too, as well as the bitter experiences and disappointments of mature years, are the tragedies of life.

And so I have often lived through that hour, that day, that week in which was wrought the miracle of my transition from one world into another—for I did indeed pass into another world. From that time I looked out through other eyes, my thoughts were colored, my words dictated, my actions limited by one dominating, all-pervading idea which constantly increased in force and weight until I finally realized in it a great, tangible fact.

And this is the dwarfing, warping, distorting influence which operates upon each colored man in the United States. He is forced to take his outlook on all things—not from the viewpoint of a citizen, or a man, nor even a human being, but from the viewpoint of a colored man. It is wonderful to me that the race has progressed so broadly as it has, since most of its thought and all of its activity must run through the narrow neck of one funnel.

And it is this, too, which makes the colored people of this country, in reality, a mystery to the whites. It is a difficult thing for a white man

to learn what a colored man really thinks—because, generally, with the latter an additional and different light must be brought to bear on what he thinks, and his thoughts are often influenced by considerations so delicate and subtle that it would be impossible for him to confess or explain them to one of the opposite race.

This gives to every colored man, in proportion to his intellectuality, a sort of dual personality: there is one phase of him which is disclosed only in the freemasonry of his own race. I have often watched with interest and sometimes with amazement even ignorant colored men under cover of broad grins and minstrel antics maintain this dualism in the presence of white men.

“FREEDOM OF THE SEIZE”

There was plenty to worry about, here at home — there was plenty of work to be done by everybody (and for everybody's good). Among other things, millions of our people were developing a “sort of dual personality” — a potentially grave danger to themselves and to everybody else.

But all we could hear, almost wherever we went, and almost everywhere we looked (in magazines and newspapers and even books) had to do with what was going on “over there” in Europe. With the exception of a few scattered groups here and there — militant socialists and other heirs of the anti-imperialist and democratic movement which old Carl Schurz himself had helped to found at the turn of the century — we were moving blindly toward a destiny that was not of our choosing (though we still liked to think of ourselves as captains of our fate and masters of our soul). Like the great ship *Titanic* a few years earlier, we were moving ponderously toward the unknown, half-submerged threat to our institutions as well as our lives. We were moving toward disaster:

By 1917 we had been dragged into the European War that had started three years before. This was a war for “democracy,” we were told (honor was not mentioned this time). Little or nothing was said aloud or in print of the millions which the American bankers and trusts had invested on the Allied side (war was getting to be the best of all investments — the possibilities seemed limitless!).

There were some among us, however, who saw through this latest big

money adventure (they were more than had seen through the double-talk and the double-dealing of the wars we had waged against Spain and the Filipinos, or the Panama grab which had furnished us with a site for the great Canal we had since built). One of the men who saw quite clearly through this newest big-business promotion of wholesale slaughter among nations was Peter Finley Dunne, who wrote his satirical but pointed jibes under the name of Mr. Dooley:

“Ye murdherer, ye blackhandler, ye stage Pirate, ye comic opera composer, ye Carnegie hayro, ye note-writer, ye bookmaker, ye Molly Coddle, ye Paul Throon Smith, ye Mexican bandit, ye Eyetalian Villa, ye Billy Sunday Supplement Edithor, ye Weather cock, ye Charlie Chaplain statesman, ye hypocritic, ye gold brick artist, ye hot air facthory,

Mr. Dooley on “The Freedom of the Seize”; ye—bring me a dictionary, Hinnissey, I’m ex'austed,” said Mr. Dooley.

1917 “Are ye calling me names?” asked Mr. Hennessey.

“No,” said Mr. Dooley. “I was merely expressing me opinion of the auto-cart, as Hogan calls him (I think it’s a new name for Hinnery’s limonzine). He claimed that he kept the world out of war for forty years and thin without givin’ the people of Jarminy a rifirindum on the cimithry they would like to be buried in, turned them loose to scatter peace’s blessin’s commingled with pieces of heads and arms and legs among the Bel and other gins and to bring liberthy to Your-up—the liberthy of choosing whether they wanted to be blown up and dhrowned or only blown up without bein’ dhrowned. Think of the tiligrams and bouquets and candy we used to sind the Keeper of the Peace. Now anyone who mentions the treasonable word ‘Peace’ is locked up to keep the peace-company.

“Hinnissey, we are fightin’ for the grandest cause that ever stood a crippled pathriot ag’in a wall and for the sake of the small naytionalities, to say nothin’ of other small things, shot him to pieces.

“We are fightin’ to show the people of Jarminy or all that will be left of thim when we get through with thim, the beauties of governmints that derive all their unjust powers from the consint of the governors. The auto-cart sint the b’ys out to the threnches and down to McGinty without givin’ the pathriots a chance to stuff a ballot box at a spicial illiction. When our intilligint lads enrich the soil of la Belle France as

Hogan says or when they furnish a banquet for the lone sharks of the deep, they will have the satisfaction of knowin', as Sinator LaFalittle says, that their mis-representatives had an opportunity of votin' 'Yes' without bein' hung be a Fiji like the Dumasses or the Cigar of Roosha.

"We are fightin', Hinnissey, for the freedom of the Seize. Any 'Give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death' American who loves liberty too much to rally round the noble banner of the Mistress of the Seize will be immediately seized and will have this wish granted without unnecessary delay. (Interment private. Owin' to the high cost of givin', please omit all flowers, except cauliflower). We have already seized the Kaiser's ships and we are now going down to the bottom of the seas to seize his submarines if we sees them first. If not, there will be another terrible crime against humanity to be charged against the Tootin."

"We are fightin', Hinnissey, for internaytional law. Any naytional law that gets in the way will be handed over to the underthaker. We are fightin' for freedom of speech—if you will only keep your mouth shut. We are fightin' for freedom of the press—in Jarminy. Whereever the tongue of the Kaiser's King Cousin is spoken or wishpered, to reason is almost treason," said Mr. Dooley.

"We are fightin', Hinnissey, to keep our Alleys from starvin' even if they are now starvin' in our alleys. The poets sing: 'Tis sweet and glorious to die in a ditch for one's counthry,' as Hogan says, but how more glorious is it to starve to death for one's Alley in an alley!"

"Everyone from Noyster Bay to Goat Island is either flocking to or histin' the colors. Some are wearin' thim on their shirts and some on the inside of their hats. The too-proud-to-fight-himself Mare Daffy of Joakland thinks that we can secure peace with vichtry be wavin' flags in front of fashhunds and hyphen Huns and callin' pussyfists, cowards. He is now workin' on a new proclamation, the perusal of which the Board of Strathegy thinks will throw the Kaiser into hysterics. Willyum Jinnings Bryan, Gawd bless him, proudly wearin' a double cross prisinted be the prresident, is now a nurse in the red cross. David Starr-fish Jordan, escorted be a squad of police, escaped from Baltimore and is reported to be headed for the threnches. Jawn D. Rottenfeller has organized a rigiment of I.W.W.s. to plant bombs under the Kaiser's palace. J. Paintpot Morgue-wagon, Alton Barker, Eli Loot, Theodore Rough-neck, Joseph Choake, Wm. H. Daft, Charles Lughes and other bellowfists did so much fightin' for war before the war started that they are now all in. They are recuperatin' at the Old Ladies' Home, hors de

combat as Hogan says, which is Frinch, Hinnissey, for: 'It's a horse they won't come back.'

"The Chambers of Commerce are urgin' everyone to enlist—except themselves. The preachers of 'Love your inimies' wives' are tellin' us how Gawd would love to see iviry Dutchman boiled, French fried and stewed. For opposite and obvious reasons, as the Chief J. would say, I concur in the last form of punishment," said Mr. Dooley.

"The giniroosity of our pollyticians is touchin'. Hinnery Cabin Lodge's gardner has inthroduced a risolution prisintin' the United States to Johnny Bull (and it's no 'bull') and apologizin' for that arch-traitor Washin'ton. An Ill. Con'man is in favor of givin' tin billyun dollars to that champeen of democracy, King George, and he doesn't care if he ever pays it back as long as we do. He is certainly a mad un.

"The bands are all playin' that beautiful chewn loved be the demi-crazy: 'Gawd shave the King.' Enlistin' is brisk. It's amazin' the number of pathriarchal min and wimmin that have jined the navy," said Mr. Dooley.

"Have ye inlisted yet?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"No, but I am goin' over now to injuice Schwartzmeier to become a submarine corpse and jine Pether Fullo Funne in a farewell lunch of sourkraut and pumpernickle before they are declared seadishes and seased—tost into the sea," said Mr. Dooley.

"Don't you think it's a grand thing to fight for freedom of the seas?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"What does it profit a man to gain freedom for the seas if he loses his own freedom and is himself seized?" said Mr. Dooley.

"WE WERE BURIED AND BURIED—"

If there were people at home who disliked and disapproved of the war, and even condemned our participation in it, there were others whose feelings in that same vein were stronger still:

No sound of cheering, for example, could be heard coming from the boys in the bleak trenches in Belgium and France. No gesture of flag-waving was evident in the way they talked (when they talked) or wrote of their experiences — in the letter, among many others, written by a lad of Oregon to his friend back home who worked with the Chamber of Commerce:

Dear Friend Pye: The last time I wrote you, I was in the "pink" of condition and I believe it was the night—or two nights—before we went into the hardest fight of my experience. It fell to our lot to take the crest and a portion of the other side of the Passchandaele Ridge. Well! we took it and hold it still—but, of course, that goes without saying!

*A Letter from an Oregon
Boy at the Front;
Nov. 20, 1917*

Of all the campaigning experiences I have had, that one will be forever uppermost in my memory. I'll try and relate to you the affair from the start, until the time I got my "knock out."

We waded into the front line, about seven miles, through mud and mire, blood and water, sometimes going up to the neck and at other times hanging on in strings to our rifles to help pull one another along. The load! We each had two hundred rounds of ammunition, two smoke bombs, six rifle grenades, ten bombs, two water bottles, two ground signals, two other heavy signals, a shovel, our ration for forty-eight hours—and a lot of miscellaneous things that go to make a modern soldier a perfect walking armory.

Of course it rained (as is the only weather we have in Belgium). Fritz shelled us unmercifully all the way in, and our casualties were somewhat heavy.

However, we got in, and believe me, if ever men held out for thirty-six hours, under one of the heaviest bombardments in the history of the war, it was us—for he simply turned onto us what he calls "annihilating" fire. We were buried and buried again and again. It seemed he had all the world's artillery set at us. Our trench was smashed to atoms—and alas! many of our boys too.

We simply lay in the earth with our faces buried in the ground, waiting for that thirty-six hours to pass. Each minute we expected the end.

The signal came at 6:05 A.M.—and believe me the whole line jumped up and away we went.

Even though it had meant death, I was never so glad to "jump the boys" in any attack before. We stumbled forward, we rolled and crawled and what I remember, the boys were singing and howling. I guess it was a relief to get away from that waiting for it.

The bombers, the section under my charge, I never saw. Soon after the start I suddenly seemed to go sky high, my rifle smashed and all my equipment blown off me. I pulled myself together and kept dangling forward till I reached our objective, when I was told that I was wounded.

It was rather amusing—for I hadn't got a thing to defend or fight with, except the shovel.

Two of the boys dressed my thigh, and before I got too weak or too stiff, I commenced the longest and most agonizing crawl of my life. I had to keep moving, or sink. And I crawled clear to Ypres and then remembered no more until I was in a hospital wagon.

Our wounded were getting sniped cruelly by the Boche and at times one almost despaired of getting out at all . . .

By the time the armistice was declared in November of 1918, the soldier's despair had been carried among the people of every country in Europe. The war was beginning to boomerang even as far as we were concerned:

One of the main objectives, for all the powers involved, had been to stave off depression and unrest at home. But the end of the war brought bankruptcy and near-collapse to several of the largest participating nations (to the supposed victors in Europe as well as to "defeated" Germany and her allies). And the end of the war brought more than unrest to most of them:

It sank the foundation (with precision, though not with calculation) for radical — and often violent — social changes everywhere. It laid the sill for economic and political upheaval in every land. It raised the studding of revolution on a world scale.

. *Seventeen* .

T A K E - O F F

*If you sing it with me, sing it like you live –
And I can tell by the way you sing it how you live.*

L E A D B E L L Y

“WITHOUT MOON, BUT STARRY”

Even before the first world war was halted by the armistice, all over Europe the people were protesting against the continuation of the long struggle, and the wretchedness and misery, the poverty and suffering (to say nothing of the mutilation and slaughter) that came with it. There were mutinies and riots, strikes and insurrections — and the people were paying dearly for them. The climax came in the cold winter of 1917 when the Russian Revolution burst upon the world.

After that, and after the war, the new wave of social revolution spread to other lands — to Germany and Hungary and other countries in Europe, to China (where a republic was finally set up under Sun Yat-sen), to India, to Turkey and other parts of the Near East, and to Latin America. The people everywhere seemed to be reacting now against the shock of their own despair brought on by the destructiveness of the war.

Here at home, our advances in science and medicine, and technology in almost every field, were greater than ever. Yet suppression was the order of the day — suppression of any move to organize new unions or to strengthen the old ones, suppression of any liberal or radical group which aimed to bring the people generally (and the more downtrodden in particular) broader benefits and greater rights, by introducing new laws, amending the Constitution (suffrage for women had just been won

that way) or even modifying our system of government to give our social body a needed sense of economic security. The official keynote was suppression — with the result that many of us were frightened, were fleeing from thought and any sense of responsibility, were seeking solace and oblivion in the stupefying, twilight world of the cinema and the cabaret, alcohol, drugs, and sexual promiscuity.

But others among us were standing their ground, pointing the accusing finger, and naming the names of the big controlling interests and their political minions who were responsible for this slow strangulation of their own people as they had been responsible for the death and destruction wrought by the war in other lands. They were standing their ground — and they were paying dearly, too:

Men like the two humble Italian workmen who believed in a better social deal for all men, and who didn't hesitate to speak their minds — and their reward was a false charge and a falser conviction of murder. Men like the shoemaker, Nicola Sacco. Men like his comrade and friend (and the comrade and friend of all working men), the little fish-peddler, Bartolomeo Vanzetti, waiting to be put to death by the state of Massachusetts — but meanwhile writing a letter to one of his supporters (one of the millions throughout the world who protested the innocence of the doomed two).

Thanks to you from the bottom of my heart for your confidence in my innocence; I am so. I did not spittle a drop of blood, or steal a cent in all my life. A little knowledge of the past; a sorrowful experience of the life itself had gave to me some ideas very different from those of many other umane beings. But I wish to convince my fellow-men that

*Letter from B. Vanzetti;
July 22, 1921*

only with virtue and honesty is possible for us to find a little happiness in the world. I preached: I worked. I wished with all my faculties that the social wealth would belong to every umane creatures, so well as it was the fruit of the work of all. But this do not mean robbery for a insurrection.

The insurrection, the great movements of the soul, do not need dollars. It need love, light, spirit of sacrifice, ideas, conscience, instincts. It need more conscience, more hope and more goodness. And all this

blassing things can be seeded, awoked, growed up in the heart of man in many ways, but not by robbery and murder for robbery.

I like you to know that I think to Italy, so speaking. From the universal family, turning to this humble son, I will say that, as far as my needs, wish and aspirations call, I do not need to become a bandit. I like the teaching of Tolstoi, Saint Francesco and Dante. I like the example of Cincinnati and Garibaldi. The epicurean joi do not like to me. A little roof, a field, a few books and food is all what I need. I do not care for money, for leisure, for mundane ambition. And honest, even in this world of lambs and wolves I can have those things. But my father has many field, houses, garden. He deal in wine and fruits and granaries. He wrote to me many times to come back home, and be a business man. Well, this supposed murderer had answered to him that my conscience do not permit to me to be a business man and I will gain my bread by work his field.

And more: The clearness of mind, the peace of the conscience, the determination and force of will, the intelligence, all, all what make the man feeling to be a part of the life, force and intelligence of the universe, will be brake by a crime. I know that, I see that, I tell that to everybody: Do not violate the law of nature, if you do not want to be a miserable.

I remember: it was a night without moon, but starry. I sit alone in the darkness, I was sorry, very sorry. With the face in my hands I began to look at the stars. I feel that my soul want goes away from my body, and I have had to make an effort to keep it in my chest. So, I am the son of Nature, and I am so rich that I do not need any money. And for this they say I am a murderer and condemned me to death. Death? It is nothing. Abbominium is cruel thing.

Now you advise me to study. Yes, it would be a good thing. But I do not know enough this language to be able to make any study through it. I will like to read Longfellow's, Paine's, Franklin's and Jefferson's works, but I cannot. I would like to study mathematics, physics, history and science, but I have not a sufficient elementary school to begin such studies—especially the two first—and I cannot study without work, hard physical work, sunshine and winds; free, blassing wind. There is no flame without the atmospheric gasses; and no light of genius in any soul without they communion with Mother Nature.

. . . I will write something, a meditation perhaps, and name it: Waiting for the Hanger. I have lost the confidence in the justice of man.

I mean in what is called so—not, of course, of that sentiment which lay in the heart of man, and that no infernal force will be strong enough to suffocate it . . .

A ROUNDED WHOLE

It was a dark night again for the American people and the people's cause. For six long years the two men were kept waiting in a prison cell, while their appeals were heard, and the whole world protested against the patent frame-up of the case. For six years — and then they went to the electric chair. A moan and a shiver went through the dazed hearts of men everywhere that night (the way it must have been on another night when people knew what was taking place on the hill known as Golgotha).

The martyrdom of Sacco and Vanzetti and of others, both before and after them, who pleaded a similar cause in behalf of the general weal, raised the barriers still higher between the haves and the have-nots in our country (and throughout the world). The conflict was growing sharper, and the means to stave it off in favor of the status quo were becoming more cruel. It was a time of large-scale graft and corruption, of the rise of gangsterism, which was penetrating every aspect of our lives — our unions as well as our industrialist groups, our country clubs along with our law-enforcement agencies. We were heading for another crash — everyone seemed to know it, while trying hard not to believe it.

It came in '29, and the wheels rolled almost to a standstill. There was a vacuum over our nation now, like the one that had hung over the countries of Europe before the storm of revolution struck. There was a dangerous calm, as people waited, and stood in line for the hand-outs of soup and bread (the whole country was getting to look like one big Bowery Mission) or ran for their lives as the police, the militia, or even the soldiers rode them down (for speaking their minds).

Things couldn't have gone on that way much longer — there would have been an explosion from within, or we would have been shoved into a war with Russia (she had committed the mortal, unforgivable sin of pulling herself out of the orbit of the big bankers' world markets). But there was an election just around the corner where we might at last find the prosperity Hoover had been promising us since the crash

three years before. We figured a switch to the Democratic party might do it, and we picked a man of generous ways who inspired confidence without having to make a lot of promises. He had a flair for navigating (we were badly in need of someone to steer us through this threatening calm) and he believed in bold political action:

Franklin D. Roosevelt (FDR, we soon got to calling him) inaugurated a policy of concern for the American people at large such as the country had not seen since our attainment of nationhood under the guidance of A. Lincoln. FDR's program brought back hope to the United States as a nation and a people — and by '36 it promised to go still farther on the road of greater economic democracy:

Four years ago I dropped into this city from the airways (an old friend come in a new way) to accept in this hall the nomination for the Presidency of the United States. I came to a Chicago fighting with its back to the wall—factories closed, markets silent, banks shaky, ships and trains empty.

*From a Speech by
Franklin D. Roosevelt;
October 14, 1936*

Today those factories sing the song of industry, markets hum with bustling movement, banks are secure; ships and trains are running full. Once again it is the city of smiles. And with Chicago a whole nation that had not been cheerful for years is full of cheer once more.

On this trip through the nation I have talked to farmers, I have talked to miners, I have talked to industrial workers, and in all that I have seen and heard one fact has been as clear as crystal—that they are part and parcel of a rounded whole and that none of them can succeed in their chosen occupation if those in the other occupations fail in their prosperity. I have driven home that point.

Tonight I give the same message to the business men of America, to those who make and sell the processed goods the nation uses and to the men and women who work for them . . .

Let me make one simple statement. When I refer to high finance I am not talking about all great bankers, or all great corporation executives, or all multi-millionaires . . . When I speak of high finance as a harmful factor in recent years I am speaking about a minority which includes the type of individual who speculates with other people's money—and you in Chicago know the kind I refer to—and also the type of individual who says that popular government cannot be trusted and,

therefore, that the control of business of all kinds, and, indeed, of government itself, should be vested in the hands of one hundred or two hundred all-wise individuals controlling the pursestrings of the nation.

High finance of this type refused to permit government credit to go directly to the industrialist, to the business man, to the home-owner, to the farmer. They wanted it to trickle down from the top, through the intricate arrangements which they controlled and by which they were able to levy tribute on every business in the land.

They did not want interest rates to be reduced by the use of government funds, for that would affect the rate of interest which they themselves wanted to charge. They did not want government supervision over financial markets through which they manipulated their monopolies with other people's money . . .

America is an economic unit. New means and methods of transportation and communications have made us economically as well as politically a single nation. Because kidnappers and bank robbers could in a high-powered car speed across State lines it became necessary, in order to protect our people, to invoke the power of the Federal Government.

In the same way, speculators and manipulators from across State lines—and regardless of State laws—have lured the unsuspecting and the unwary to financial destruction. In the same way, across State lines, there have been built up intricate corporate structures, piling bond upon stock and stock upon bond, huge monopolies which were stifling independent business and private enterprise.

There was no power under heaven that could protect the people against that sort of thing except a people's government at Washington. All that this administration has done, all that it proposes to do—and this it does propose to do—is to use every power and authority to protect the commerce of America from the selfish forces which ruined it . . .

Because we cherished our system of private property and free enterprise and were determined to preserve it as the foundation of our traditional American system, we recalled the warning of Thomas Jefferson that "widespread poverty and concentrated wealth cannot long endure side by side in a democracy."

Our job was to preserve the American ideal of economic as well as political democracy, against the abuse of concentration of economic power that had been insidiously growing up among us in the last fifty years . . .

A dangerous thing was happening. Half of the industrial corporate

wealth of the country had come under the control of less than two hundred huge corporations. That is not all. These huge corporations in some cases did not even try to compete with each other. They themselves were tied together by interlocking directors, interlocking bankers, interlocking lawyers.

This concentration of wealth and power has been built upon other people's money, other people's business, other people's labor. Under this concentration independent business was allowed to exist only by sufferance. It has been a menace to the social system as well as the economic system which we call American democracy. . . .

The struggle against private monopoly is a struggle for, and not against, American business. It is a struggle to preserve individual enterprise and economic freedom.

I believe in individualism. I believe in it in the arts, the sciences and professions. I believe in it in business. I believe in individualism in all of these things—up to the point where the individualist starts to operate at the expense of society . . . We have all suffered in the past from individualism run wild; society has suffered and business has suffered.

CLOUD OF FIRE

Individualism — the kind FDR spoke of — was running wilder than ever now, not only among the big-business groups who hated him and all that he stood for, but also among the revived German trusts, among the large Japanese banking houses, among the powerful financial groups of Italy. Under the direction of the Fascist leaders who had risen to power in those countries (with the aid of their high financiers and a few of our own, too) a new pattern of world aggression was being mapped.

The future effectiveness of the plan was already being proved by the Fascist powers, by their open and other intervention in Manchuria and Ethiopia, in Spain, and in China. And we waited (there were real profits to be made from the sale of war materials to the aggressors, and the big-money men still had means of “pressuring” the government their way).

We continued to wait — through the German Nazis' absorption of Austria, of Czechoslovakia. We stood waiting as they marched into Poland and began to overrun most of Europe, and launched a devastat-

ing air war against England. And we waited as they sent their armies racing into Russia (only Congress could declare war, and there were plenty of friends of big business there, and even friends of some of the high Fascist leaders, too).

Not until they walked into our back yard, not until the Japanese made their smashing attack on our Pacific defenses at Pearl Harbor, did we really move to save our burning house.

We had begun to lend and to lease some war material and some provisions to the nations under attack by the Fascist powers. But we had to work fast now. Within a matter of a few months, our working men and women had built a war-production machine able to fill the needs of our own armed forces (women as well as men, now, mechanized weapons and equipment for everything, and planes and tanks everywhere) and to supply our allies over the world with a good proportion of the "stuff" they had to have.

And we were fighting hard now, in North Africa, in the Pacific, and on the European continent. We were fighting on the sea and under it, on land, and in the air. We were *America in action* — of all races, all creeds, all colors, all national origins (but one nationality now).

We were, among others, Ben Kuroki — of Japanese extraction, his home in Nebraska — flying the dangerous Ploesti run:

We didn't sleep very much that night, and there was none of the joking that usually went on among our crew. We tried hard to sleep, because we knew it would be a long trip and we had to be at our best, but you can imagine how easy it was.

The first sergeant blew the whistle at four in the morning. While we ate breakfast the ground crews, who had been working on the planes for the last two days, gave them a final checking over. Those planes were beautiful, parked wing to wing in a long line on the runway.

We took off at the crack of dawn. It was a perfect summer day, warm and balmy. The lead plane of the group started out, and the others followed at precise intervals until finally the whole group was in the sky in perfect formation. Our group joined other groups from nearby fields at pre-arranged places. It was all split-second timing.

We were keyed up. We knew it was going to be the biggest thing

*From a Talk Given by
Sgt. Ben Kuroki; 1944*

we had ever done, and we were determined it would be the best. It was the same with the ground crews; they had always taken great pride in the ships, but this time they had gone overboard to get them in perfect condition. They shared our excitement and anxiety, too.

From Bengasi we flew straight over the Mediterranean. It was very calm and blue that day. We were going along at about 5000 feet when suddenly we saw one of the planes ahead take a straight nose-dive. It went down like a bullet, crashed in the water and exploded. For half an hour we could see the smoke from it. It gave us a haunting feeling, as of approaching disaster—we could see that not a man on that plane had a chance to escape.

A couple of hours after we left Bengasi, we were crossing the mountains of Italy, going up sometimes as high as 10,000 feet to get over them. Then the Adriatic and into Jugoslavia, through Bulgaria and across the Danube into Romania.

Over the Danube valley, in Romania, we went down to about 300 feet, so low that we could easily see people in the streets of Romanian towns waving at us as we went over. They must have thought we were friendly bombers because we were flying so low. Or maybe they recognized the white star on our wings and were glad that we were coming.

About ten miles from the target we dropped to 50 feet, following the contours of the land, up over hills and down into valleys. Our pilot would head straight for those hills, and every time I thought sure we'd crash right into them—but he would pull us up just in time, and just enough to get over the ridge, and then down into the next valley. Coming back we were flying part of the way at five and ten feet off the ground, and some of the planes returned to base with tree tops and even cornstalks in their bomb-bays.

We had a very good pilot. He was our squadron leader, Lt. Col. K. O. Dessert, and his co-pilot was our regular pilot, Major Epting.

This was the 24th mission I had flown with Major Epting and the same crew, except for Dawley, the tail gunner who was hurt during our first raid. Our ship was named in Major Epting's honor; his home town is Tupelo, Mississippi, and so we called the plane "Tupelo Lass."

The major, who is 23 years old, is one of the best pilots I've ever seen. He pulled us out of a lot of tough spots when we thought we were gone.

And between Major Epting and Col. Dessert they got us through Ploesti without a scratch—but it was a miracle that they did.

We came into the oil fields at about 50 feet and went up to about 75

to bomb. The plane I was on was leading the last squadron of the second group over. Five miles from the target, heavy anti-aircraft started pounding us. When we saw the red flash of those guns we thought we'd never make it. We really started praying then. We figured that if they started shooting at us with the big guns at that distance, they would surely get us with smaller and more maneuverable batteries. We remembered the British anti-aircraft men who had said we'd be dead ducks for anything under a 40 millimeter cannon. At our height you could have brought a Liberator down with a shotgun.

Ploesti was wrapped in a smoke screen which made it very difficult to find the targets. When we got over, the refineries were already blazing from the bombs and guns of the planes ahead of us.

Red tracers from the small ground guns had been zig-zagging all around us for half a mile or more, and the guns themselves were sending up terrific barrages. Just as we hit the target, gas tanks started exploding. One 10,000 gallon tank blew up right in front of us, shooting pillars of flaming gas 500 feet in the air. It was like a nightmare. We couldn't believe our eyes when we saw that blazing tank high above us. The pilot had to swerve sharply to the right to avoid what was really a cloud of fire.

WITHOUT SPECIFIC WARNING

The fighting in Europe was finally over (and so was the life of FDR, less than a month before). Only Japan was left — and she was crumbling fast. But we were impatient now to get her unconditional surrender at any cost:

We got it soon enough — at a cost that would not be measured for years and perhaps decades to come. We dropped the atomic bomb on the people of Hiroshima (was Ben Kuroki's grandma there?), and then we dropped another on the folk of Nagasaki (was our hero Ben's little niece maybe there?). We prayed for the victims before the bomb-carrying plane took off each time. And that was that — except for the 100,000 men, women and children we dissolved (and the thousands we cooked and crippled for life) along with the two cities. It was going to be hard to forget that.

There were some church leaders among us who were asking God's

forgiveness for us — because they felt that we were guilty of a grievous sin:

We would begin with an act of contrition . . . We are deeply penitent for the irresponsible use already made of the atomic bomb. We are agreed that, whatever be one's judgment of the ethics of war in principle, the surprise bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are morally indefensible. They repeated in a ghastly form the indiscriminate slaughter of noncombatants that has become familiar during World War II. They were loosed without specific warning, under conditions which virtually assured the deaths of 100,000 civilians.

From a Report Made at the Request of the Federal Council of Churches; 1946

No word of the existence of atomic bombs was published before the actual blasting of Hiroshima. A prior demonstration on enemy soil (either in vacant territory or on a fortification) would have been quite possible and was actually suggested by a group of the scientists concerned.

The proposed use of the atomic bomb was sure to affect gravely the future of mankind. Yet the peoples whose governments controlled the bomb were given no chance to weigh beforehand the moral and political consequences of its use.

Nagasaki was bombed also without specific warning, after the power of the bomb had been proved but before the Japanese government and high command had been given reasonable time to reach a decision to surrender. Both bombings, moreover, must be judged to have been unnecessary for winning the war. Japan's strategic position was already hopeless and it was virtually certain that she had not developed atomic weapons of her own.

Even though use of the new weapon . . . may well have shortened the war, the moral cost was too high. As the power that first used the atomic bomb under these circumstances, we have sinned grievously against the laws of God and against the people of Japan. Without seeking to apportion blame among individuals, we are compelled to judge our chosen course inexcusable.

At the same time, we are agreed that these two specific bombing sorties cannot properly be treated in isolation from the whole system of obliteration attacks with explosives and fire-bombs, of which the atomic raids were the stunning climax. We are mindful of the horrors

of incendiary raids on Tokyo, and of the saturation bombings of Hamburg, Dresden, and Berlin. We are mindful also that protests against these earlier obliterative methods were met chiefly by appeals to military necessity, whereas the eventual report of the Air Force's investigators has now admitted the military ineffectiveness of much of this planned destruction. All things considered, it seems necessary to include in any condemnation of indiscriminate, excessive violence not only the use of atomic bombs in August, 1945, but the policy of wholesale obliteration bombing as practised at first by the Axis powers and then on a far greater scale by the Allies.

We recognize the grievous provocation to which the Allied leaders were subjected before they adopted the policy, and the persuasiveness of wartime appeals by military leaders to the superior competence of soldiers to decide military policy. But we have never agreed that a policy affecting the present well-being of millions of noncombatants and the future relationships of whole peoples should be decided finally on military grounds. And we believe the right to criticize military policies on ethical grounds is freshly justified by the proved fallibility of competent professional soldiers in dealing with such problems in this war:

In the light of present knowledge, we are prepared to affirm that the policy of obliteration bombing as actually practised in World War II, culminating in the use of atomic bombs against Japan, is not defensible on Christian premises . . .

LET 'EM EAT COTTON

The war was over (the dead were very dead until we could really understand and explain how the war had come about, and why we had fought). But it seemed as though our problems were just beginning. For one thing, we were still a rich country, while the rest of the world was poor and even bankrupt from the war. The big problem was how to use our power and our wealth and productivity for the rest of the world's good and our own as well. To accomplish that, we could no longer remain too far, in our own direction, from the direction the rest of the world was taking. There lay the main trouble —

for while most of the world seemed to be moving (or groping) toward some form of a cooperative, planned, and even democratic state, we were

still run by the same big-business interests (bigger and fatter than ever from the enormous profits piled up during the second world war) that FDR had taken to task a decade before. The rest of the world was heading toward a goal of economic democracy, while we were being told — in our schools and our newspapers, our magazines and our mass organizations (even in many of our trade unions), on the air and in the movies — to shun that goal. It was "un-American," they said (it was not un-American, it seemed, to worry yourself into old age, or to drive yourself and others into a paralysis of mental strain and exhaustion, before you were forty).

A few men came forward, however, to point their fingers at some of the postwar problems before us: inflation and housing shortages and new attempts to curb the civil liberties of Negroes and other Americans. Men like the cartoonist Al Capp were stepping forward (sometimes with a mischievous grin on their faces) to expose the country's growing ills and the government's failure to correct them:

... Having seen some of the prices they've tagged on to some of those shanties, I'd say the only shortage was money. But, gee! Those busy little real estate fellows can't solve all the shortages. The main thing is that, in 25 percent of all American cities, any plain, hard-working chap who wants a nice little home for, say, 46,000 dollars, can have

*From a Broadcast over
WJZ-ABC by Al Capp; 1948* one! And the solution for the other 75 percent of America—where young vets and their families are living in cellars, garages, tents and reconverted chicken coops—is simple. Let them all move into that grand 25 percent of America where there are plenty of houses for everybody . . .

We've all had a wonderful time this week reading about the thrilling adventures of Oksana Kasenkina, the Russian lady who leaped from a third-story window and got her picture and headlines on every front page in America—now don't misunderstand me, I don't begrudge her the publicity she's gotten. She practically broke her neck to get it.

But how about our own native subversives? Nobody's been paying any attention to them this week. Don't you think they have feelings? Two thousand Ku Klux Klansmen tramped all the way to a cow pasture near Stone Mountain, Georgia, this week, and whooped it up until the cows ran home. It was a real, royal, ripsnortin' Un-American session:

They screamed that if the United States Government tried to enforce the United States Constitution, blood would flow in the streets. They burned crosses and boasted that they'd kill large groups of their fellow-citizens—and may I say that these are the lads who can do it?

They had a fine old bloodcurdling time denouncing democracy and everything America stands for. But what attention did all this get 'em? Nobody investigated 'em. The best they could do was a small item, buried among the corset ads.

No wonder our fine old native American Un-Americans feel let down. No wonder they sometimes feel it's hardly worth the laundry bill, when they see all this juicy publicity going to a foreigner who merely leaped out of a third-story window.

But don't give up, boys—I have some advice for you. You can beat this foreigner at her own game. Why don't you all jump out of third-story windows? . . .

EXCLUSIVE! This flash has just come from Washington:

The price of beef is going up, and fish and fowl too. But the price of cotton is coming down!

Mothers of America—here's your chance to beat the high cost of living: feed your kids less beef—and more cotton!

Instead of meat-balls, feed 'em cotton-balls. Buy a good book on how to cook cotton. Keep a bale of it in the ice-box in case friends drop in. Instead of oxtail soup—give 'em cotton-tail soup.

Cotton and eggs would make a dandy dish—that is, if anybody could afford eggs. And then there's that delicious Mexican dish, Yvonne de Carlo—I mean chile con cotton.

Ah yes, folks, with beef prices up and cotton prices down, the answer to your famished family is simple: **LET 'EM EAT COTTON!**

It might not be as juicy as beef, but it's cheaper—and it wears better.

WALL STREET WAS QUIET

If we were growing more and more unpredictable to the rest of the world, evidently we were becoming no less so to ourselves. For in the national elections of 1948 we upset all the prophecies and all the calculations, which pointed to a landslide for the Republican candidate for president.

The blueprints and the bets, the public-opinion polls and the experts'

forecasts (to say nothing of the astrologers' configurations) all went up in smoke when we astonished the whole world (no more than ourselves) by bringing a Democratic Congress into power and voting Harry S. Truman into the office of president which he had assumed upon the death of President Roosevelt three years before.

Two days after the election, the people of New York (and throughout the nation) were still awed by the scope and possible future meaning of the great upset they themselves had wrought:

The common man walked, or rode, to work yesterday a little stunned by the miracle he passed when he r'ared up on Tuesday and re-elected President Truman.

He reacted to his achievement as any little man might act when he shouts in a wilderness and hears the echo, tremendously amplified.

Meyer Berger's Story of New Yorkers after the Big Election; Nov. 4, 1948 Walking in a daze to the subway, or sitting dreamy-eyed in the commuters' train, he scanned newspapers to confirm his miracle. He paused by blaring shop radios to hear it reconfirmed.

On Broadway, in Brooklyn, in The Bronx, Queens and Staten Island he relished it again and again, but it tasted oddly in his own mouth when he discussed it with neighbors and with utter strangers on New York's sidewalks.

One man in Times Square said: "It's something like the night President Roosevelt died. You can't quite believe it. You have to talk it over with someone—anyone—to make sure you've got it right."

Just after eleven o'clock, when the radio carried the news that Governor Dewey had officially conceded the election, public reception was varied but still followed the trance pattern.

From windows high in Times Square, shreds of paper were thrown to the wet wind. They twisted in the air, blew northward, and lay against heaps of Election Night debris.

In the garment center, too, windows flew open briefly and brilliantly colored cloth remnants—red and yellow and blue and green—were given to the damp wind. The remnants clung to ledges and to window sills, to taxicab roofs and bus tops.

Yet there was little cheering. The voters had not come out of their daze. They snatched newspapers from newsstands an hour later to stare raptly at the black-type legend "TRUMAN WINS," but their

eyes betrayed something that spelled less than complete comprehension.

The police anticipated a spontaneous celebration. They sent extra mounted men clattering into the garment district and into the Square. But there was no celebration. That was still not the public mood. The people who had performed the miracle had not yet accepted it.

Seeking still further confirmation of this wonder they had created, thousands of persons turned from raucous radios and from bold-face headlines to call newspaper offices . . .

Still the crowds moved through the city streets in their common daze. In The Bronx, in Flatbush, in downtown Brooklyn, in Queens and on Staten Island, men and women talked freely with strangers and a note of awe was in their voices.

The Sanitation Department wearily sent trucks, flushers and extra crews into the garment district and into Times Square to heap up, and cart away, the accumulations that had rained from windows when Governor Dewey acknowledged the Truman triumph.

The talk in one-arm restaurants, in barber shops and in the subways took on a familiar pattern. It was generally to the effect that—as one Brooklyn waitress put it—“Dewey didn’t look like the man to be president. He was for the rich and Truman was for us poor people.”

. . . Wall Street was ominously quiet, the morning after the night before. No ticker tape there, no paper ribbon, no cheers. Brokers and their clerks went moodily to their elevators and to their desks with the night’s news under their arms, and grimly got to their work.

One Wall Street broker said: “I can’t figure it out. I’m the most baffled guy south of Fulton Street. My brother, he’s the most baffled guy north of Fulton Street.” . . .

Wall Street was quiet—but whether from uneasiness or confidence in its power to shape our future (and that had always been the means to depression or war, or both, for us) was not yet known.

In any case, this is what mattered: the newly chosen president was free now to go full-steam ahead (and damn the torpedoes from big business and the bigots and the others with little interest and less love for the people or their welfare). He was free to carry out the program of economic and political participation for everyone which he had pledged with such militant spirit.

Yes, we had told Harry Truman to go ahead and break the standstill

in our lives at home and in our dealings abroad (directly and through the United Nations). President Truman had our go-ahead signal to labor for peace.

We were warming up now for our biggest take-off (Brownsville, Texas, up to Detroit, San Francisco across to all airports on the old Atlantic strip). We were the wheels (and ours the belts and the machines). We were at the controls, and ours was the power:

The kind that had never been held by man before (we had stopped playing around the outside of things — we were inside the mighty atom now, we were getting into the still mightier universe within the atom's parts). We had finally uncovered the secret — we had knocked at nature's innermost door, and it was beginning to swing open (unto us, dazed by the first glimpse and the first touch of the beauty and endless power within).

But it was also within our power to plan the future now — would we do it? Here was the new question on top of the old one (what do we seek?). Would we plan our nation's life and thereby show the anxious and challenging world the example of a prosperous and a happy people as well as a free one?

It would take concern and devotion and even passion, as well as skill and energy, to be able, at long last, to call the whole earth not our imperial melon (sliced into bases of power and potential aggression on every continent and every sea), but our home (all people our own kin, even as we were still trying to do here upon this continent). It would take wisdom as well as knowledge to break through the nuclear wall of social and spiritual decay that was pressing in closer and closer (resourceful and daring though we were).

We would have to salvage our soil (loaned to us without interest) from the disintegration of its woods and forests, and the precious loam beneath them. And we would have to save ourselves as well as our soil:

First, we would have to strike a firm yet not a static equilibrium among ourselves: build the houses we so sorely needed (those of us who had fought as well as those among us who had suffered and struggled at home during the recent war), stop the inflation (cut the high prices, and distribute the goods to each other). We would have to redirect the rising waters of our many rivers — and control the rising ruthlessness of our big business and other interests craving privileges for the few. We

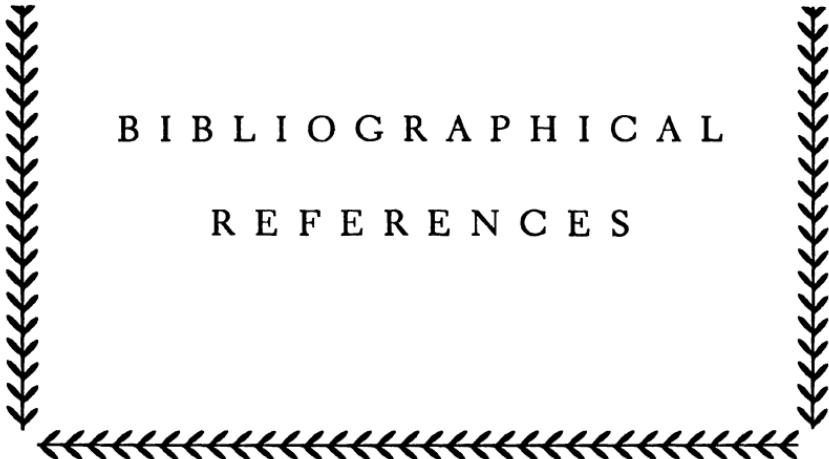
would have to abolish hunger and want among all of us (even among the millions of our Negro brothers and Jewish sisters, even among the Navajos and the other American Indian tribes whom we had wronged over the centuries and were still injuring by neglect).

Everywhere upon this continent, in every one of the states united forever, more and more of us were seeking the answers to the basic question (as the few of us had sought in our beginnings — at Plymouth and in Cibola, on the Schuylkill and along the Frenchmen's great lakes). But now, on the cold Sinai heights of Utah, as around the burning crucibles of our own Bethlehem (Pa.), in our crowded slums (and our over-crowded asylums) we were facing the test of all our power:

Right above the old question (what do we seek?), which was as alive as ever, there was the new one (would we plan the future now?), radiant with the force and splendor of the inner universe we had begun to tap. Here was the test posed by the old needs along with the new, demanding the answers:

Would we advance to meet their challenge — poised on our toes, welcoming both questions with an embrace (even as a wrestler, seeking the outcome in the fair match)? Recognizing their twin challenge, would we welcome the two questions (even as the earliest Zuñis had greeted their own Beloved Twain — Preceder and Follower) as the sure means toward our full realization?

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